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THE SHORES

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THE SHORES

OF

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

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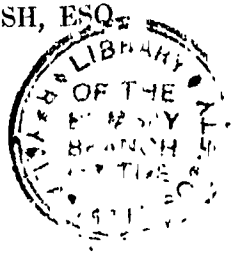
BY

FRANK HALL STANDISH, ESQ.



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1837.

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TO

SIR ROBERT HOLT LEGH, BART.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE INSCRIBED,

AS A TOKEN OF ESTEEM FOR THE MANY EXCELLENT QUALITIES

WHICH HE POSSESSES, AND THAT CLASSIC TASTE

WHICH HAS GUIDED THE STUDIES OF THE AUTHOR,

AND TO WHICH HE IS SO MUCH INDEBTED.

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PREFACE.

MANY years have now elapsed since I first became a wanderer, and my happiest days have been spent in the countries which I have attempted to describe.

What was formerly a journey undertaken merely for enjoyment and for change of scene, has now become an expedition in pursuit of health; the gout, which forbids indulgence in sensual pleasures, has thrown me upon intellectual gratifications; and I shall endeavour, in the pages I give to the public, to stimulate my readers in pursuit of the arts and literature, resources which help to lighten the load of life, and render their lovers generally happy.

The parts of the world I treat of are famous in history; the shores of the Mediterranean have

been always interesting. The arts have risen and fallen on them, and have been resuscitated again. The productions of nature are there most abundant and most famous; in short, they combine within their limits all that is most necessary for man to know, and of all places they are most easily visited in the circle of the traveller.

In this volume I treat of some parts of Spain, of Malta, Sicily, and Naples: to embrace all I intend, from the pillars of Hercules to the Bosphorus, will require many years of health and leisure and freedom.

I have given my work the title which I thought suited it as a generic or general one; but some of the places I treat of are not on the Mediterranean Sea.

CONSTANTINOPLE,
October 27, 1835.

CHAPTER I.

CADIZ.—January 1, 1835.

Cadiz was the birth-place of the agriculturist Columella, the poet Camius, and the historian Balbus. It may therefore lift its head a little against the charge of the Sevillians, that Hercules shut its gates against Apollo: what is certain is, that each stone of its buildings has been raised from the treasures of America, as the natives of Vera Cruz say that their city is built with the bones of the Europeans who have perished there. Cadiz, seen from the sea, has a charming appearance, and seems to rise from the element which surrounds it, like a pearl from the shell; being at the extremity of that island which the fabulists tell us was inhabited by the triple monster Geryon, the victim of Hercules. Thanks to steam, a trip from Falmouth to Cadiz may be accomplished in a week; and the happy adaptation of a principle in physics, the first development of which the Spaniards, amongst others, claim to themselves now enables the merchant or man of pleasure to

consider this seat of a fairy queen of the ocean as a watering-place to England. The climate, though warm, is not subject to sudden changes, and I should think it peculiarly well suited for the gouty or rheumatic. The winter, or cold weather, lasts from the middle of December to the end of January, and even that may sometimes compete with an English summer. Cadiz is in 36° of latitude, or rather more. In early times the city must have been very small; and the most ancient one, which was destroyed by the encroaches of the sea, and the ruins of which are seen at a small distance at low water, could not have been very large. Tradition, which magnifies in most instances, has stated that Spain was much more densely inhabited under the dominion of the Moors than it is now, and their expulsion is said to have diminished sensibly and permanently the Iberian population. This, however, is doubted by some learned men; and they say in proof, that cities represented to have held many hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, when examined in reference to the extent of their old walls and sites, by no means justify the supposition that they could possibly have contained so many. The expulsion of the Moorish race, doubtless, lessened very materially, in the first instance, the whole sum of the inhabitancy. They are represented, however, as a race which did not encourage population, being always at war with

the Spaniards, and moreover a thieving, idle, disorderly set; so that, after their departure, the industry of those who occupied their places, with their settled habits, favoured the improvement of the country, and the propagation of children. The Phœnicians are said to have founded Cadiz, and to have built a temple to Hercules in its neighbourhood, the site of which was where Torregorda now stands. The population of Cadiz is about sixty thousand in number; it has four gates, and a public walk or alameda, besides the promenade which may be effected round the town. It contains in its precincts twenty-eight churches, including the cathedral and the different convents. The Captain-General O'Reilly regulated and put in order the hospital, which is of a large form and good architecture. The new cathedral, as it is called, was begun in the year 1792; but connoisseurs find fault with the mixture of its architecture; and it is not as yet half completed. Good drinking water is not to be found in Cadiz, but is brought from Puerto de Santa Maria, and the cost of it is such, that with what has been paid for the above supply for the last forty years, an aqueduct might have been made from Medina Sidonia, where the water is excellent, to the town. The position of the town of Cadiz, in spite of its beauty, is liable to objection. Had it occupied the site of the Isla, and the once famed Caraccas, or Spanish arsenal, been established where the

town now stands, the one would have been better situated, and the other have enjoyed the advantage of an inland country communication, which Cadiz now wants—the town in some respects approaching to the confinement of a ship—a long narrow slip of land must be traversed, with the sea on both sides, as far as the Isla, which is two leagues distant, before any country can be enjoyed. This famous road of the Isla cost a million of dollars, or, at least, a million of dollars disappeared through its undertakers. At no distant period it was simply a track over the sand, which, however, being subject to continual derangement from the inroads of the sea, the government ordered a road to be made, and placed a groundwork below, which was strengthened by transverse arches; and it is on this that the present fine causeway depends, the ocean washing it on both sides. As a specimen of the peculation and robbery by agents of public works in Spain, which has always existed in times both ancient and modern, it may suffice to say, that the tolls and taxes at present collected to keep in repair the fourteen leagues of road from Cadiz to the Venta Del Cuervo, beyond Xeres, and of which this road forms a part, amount to forty thousand dollars a year, of which about four thousand are expended on the road, and the remainder of the money passes into the pockets of the commissioners, trustees, and agents. This

may be taken as a rule for estimating the application of all public funds in Spain, whether in the management of a road trusteeship in Andalusia, or the conduct of a minister of finance at Madrid. The old Phœnician, or Roman, or Moorish, road from Cadiz to the main land, was more to the right, and is now under water, the sea having encroached upon it. I have found butchers' meat and vegetables better in Cadiz than in any other town in the south of Spain that I have visited. The character of the natives is thus described by a Spanish writer. "The manners of the well-educated people in Cadiz are free, affable, and pleasing, and the fair sex are particularly distinguished by an endearing disposition, which is amiable and elegant, accompanied always with mirth and cheerfulness. The lower orders are rough, but jocose, very vain, presumptuous, and boasting, lovers of their ease and idleness, and given to smuggling." The public amusements at Cadiz are an Italian opera, two Spanish theatres, cock-fights, and other exhibitions of a similar kind. There is a circus for bull-fights; but those of Port St. Mary's are better, as is the place of exhibition also. At no great distance on the main land there is good shooting. The ladies in Cadiz all use the mantilla, or veil, which covers their head and breast; and the general colour of their dress is black. The men wear the costumes of France and England; but the

real Spanish citizens' dress is a jacket, round brimmed hat, sometimes mounting to a point, waistcoat with tags, short breeches, with leather gaiters, and a cloak. The diplomatic dress was always black. A net for the hair, which fell down behind, was an ancient mode similar to that of the Roman retiarii; but it has disappeared since the invasion of Buonaparte. Dress has however always varied in colour, and each province has its peculiar costume. I think those of Malaga and Valencia the prettiest. Stories are told of the dexterity of robbers in all countries; and Spain boasts her Robin Hoods and Newgate heroes as well as England. I call to mind the relation of what happened a few years ago in this town. A man called the Rubio de Espera, from his complexion being fair, and the place of his birth, Espera, which is at a little distance from the town of Ecija, entered the house of a Cadiz merchant named Francesco Ortiz, with a few followers, inquired for the master, who was ill in bed, and then for his wife, who, with some other ladies, was engaged upstairs. He told them with great composure not to be alarmed, that her husband should not be molested, but that the object of his visit was to obtain money, which he must have; and required her keys, which were given up. The Rubio and his companions inspected all the rooms on the floors, passed through the apartment of the sick man without causing

any disturbance, left his watch, which was at his bed's head, their leader observing that the invalid might need it to know at what hour to take his medicine, and departed, having possessed themselves of five hundred dollars in silver, and all the articles of gold and silver they could find. Sometimes, however, these domiciliary visits do not terminate so peaceably; for an English merchant was stabbed and killed at his desk a few years ago, and it cost much labour to have the assassin brought to justice. Indeed, he did not suffer till I think a year or two after the murder. Of late, justice has been rather better administered than formerly; but I recollect a time in Spain when a man with money or interest might set almost every law at defiance, and very generally even murder passed without punishment. In a work written by an acquaintance of mine, and entitled "Sketches of Spain," the Spaniards are spoken of in the highest terms, and exalted, as it were, out of the reach of the eye of censure by the cloud of compliments in which they are enveloped by its amiable author. Venus could not raise a more ambrosial mist to hide her darling from Menelaus, than this gentleman has done of compliments to screen his favourites from censure; but there is a feature in the character of one class of them which is quite sufficient to put their goodness of heart in a very equivocal point of view. A man in office will have an order of

arrest or for seizure of property against even a friend; he will see him pass in the street, and not either warn or disturb him, but will go when his victim has retired to rest, and with wanton cruelty, and, as it would seem, for the mere purpose of showing his authority, take him from his bed to a prison, or remove his property and effects at the most inconvenient time. Indeed, if we are to judge of the Spaniards without considering their peculiar situation, and their having been obliged, owing to the inquisition and a despotic government, to study deceit for self-preservation, no nation would, in my opinion, be entitled to be considered more despicable, corrupt, and unfeeling. The lower class of English, who are brutal enough in all reason, and torment cocks, dogs, horses, and most other of the brute creation, for their amusement, to say nothing of some of the higher orders, who patronize boxing, and similar recreations, have still the lash of the disapprobation of their more reasonable countrymen hanging over them; but in Spain no voice of reproof is raised against cock-fighting, which by the bye generally takes place on the Sabbath, nor against bull-fighting, in which two of the most useful friends to man amongst the quadrupeds,—the horse and the horned breed—are exposed to torture, and which also most frequently "*hallows* the Sabbath,"—nor against combats with knives, in which a group of spectators will see two human crea-

tures destroy each other, and look on laughingly, without taking any measures to prevent the most wanton homicide. When an Andalusian is much enraged against any one, he makes the sign of a cross, and will wait with patient but undiminished thirst of vengeance, until he attains his purpose. The sign of the cross is considered a holy vow of revenge.

I have omitted to mention that most of the smuggled goods are brought into Cadiz through the common sewers. There is a prohibition for any Spanish vessel to go more than seven miles from the coast in search of contraband traders, and the English cruisers involuntarily favour the latter, from the strictness of the laws to which the revenue service is subject.

CHAPTER II.

SEVILLE.—February 15, 1835.

Whoever visits Seville will find it abounding with objects of interest, as it combines the monuments and antiquities of Roman, Mahommedan, and Catholic possessors. Its aspect is picturesque, and with the exception of Rome, there is perhaps no ancient city extant which more forcibly attracts the attention of the philosophic visitor. The epoch of its foundation remains in doubt. Ausonius poetically designates it by the name of Hispalis.

> "Jure mihi post has memorabere nomen Iberum
> Hispalis."———

Julius Cæsar gave it the name of Julia, and the Romans that of Romula. Its walls, which still remain entire, were built by Cæsar, but have been repaired by the Moors, and subsequently by the Spaniards. They have fifteen gates. The population of the town at the present time exceeds one hundred thousand inhabitants; but in the time of the Moors it is said to have been

nearly quadruple. I must refer those who wish for minute details to the various guide books, and will therefore only mention that there is a cathedral, twenty-four parochial churches, and five annexed ones, thirty-eight convents for monks of different orders, and thirty for nuns. In addition to these were twenty hospitals, of which, however, there are now only five principal ones, the rest having been reduced; twenty hermitages, and ten other additional places of worship. It was in Seville that the first tribunal of inquisition was erected, and it has always enjoyed the fame of being the most Catholic town in Spain. Amid the decay of Popish splendour, the processions and religious feasts still here maintain an imposing magnificence, and strangers still flock to the shows of the Holy Week, and the day of the Corpus Domini, or celebration of the sacrament. Imagination has figured the Sevillian beauties to be greater models of perfection than perhaps a minute investigation will justify, or the unheated judgment of a calm spectator allow. I should imagine the sex more lovely in Cadiz, Malaga, and Tarifa, than in Seville; but an Andalusian is always an Andalusian; and, as Alfieri observes, there is something most original and Spanish in the appearance and the forms of the inhabitants of this town. Their manners are generally good; and though the people of Triana, (which may be called a suburb of the town, being on the oppo-

site side of the river, and joined to it by a wooden bridge,) are rough and vulgar, yet they do not adulterate the courtesy of their neighbours. Wars, losses at sea, which are attributed to the English, perhaps with some justice, a corrupt court, and an iniquitous legislature, have all combined to ruin Spain; and the splendour which once adorned the Peninsula is no more. The pride of the natives revolts at the idea of receiving favours and hospitality which they cannot return; parties and politics have estranged friends; the influence of the clergy still foments intrigues in families, so that society is generally confined to a meeting of the nearest relatives only. There are, however, some houses in each large town which are still open to foreigners, and numerously attended by the natives. Much has been written on the manners of the Spaniards, and I confess more than I think at all necessary. I do not find their manners amongst the well-bred essentially different from those of other countries; whereas all travellers represent them, or think them, to be of a different sort. They look, so to speak, through a coloured medium, and are occupied in attacking, defending, and explaining, what they imagine to be deviations from the modes of thinking and acting which the Spaniards have in reference to other nations. I confess I cannot say that they are as polite as the French, and they are certainly not so well instructed as the Germans or the

English; but they have as good manners as either of the latter, and are as lively as the former. With the Italians, over whom they express a national superiority, they yet have many points in common, and are not disagreeable to treat with, or eccentric in their general conduct. They have, however, their faults, and their besetting sin is pride; they are unquestionably a "stiff-necked generation," and cannot persuade themselves that having once been great, they are not still so. This feeling pervades all their conduct; their religion, which the priests, for their own views, make them cherish, has also an effect on the tenor of their lives, and gives them an hypocritical air; and the two together, pride and fanaticism, are the master passions which have subjected the Spaniards to the imputation of being prejudiced and corrupt. I perhaps may fairly tax them with insincerity; they are, it is certain, full of compliments, but their compliments are all unmeaning. If they offer you their house, it is as a Persian offers you his; you may enter the door, but you can make no use of it. If a Spaniard offers you his service, it is only to be used when you have common interests together. There is one point, however, in which they are more polite than the English; they uniformly avoid saying any thing to wound the feelings of another. This courtesy prevails even in the lower classes; whereas, if you get amongst the gentry in England, (not in-

deed the higher orders,) any well-principled man is disgusted by the gossippings and slanders and hints that are brought out; sometimes even against friends, and apparently for no other purpose than to make mischief. Seville is situated in 37½° of latitude, and 10° 25′ of longitude, on the banks of the river Guadalquivir, and in a plain surrounded in the distance by rising grounds. The river was formerly navigable as far up as Cordova, and a plan is now in agitation for resuming its use. It empties itself into the sea nearly opposite Cadiz, which may be some six or eight leagues distant. The descent of the level in the stream is so small from its source, that another European nation would already have formed a line of boat communications almost from the Sierra Morena and Upper Andalusia to Tarifa and Gibraltar. San Lucar, which is at its southern mouth, would thus have been enriched by the departure of vessels, and have gained in consequence, whilst the communication with Cadiz would still have been kept up and open. The more ancient name of the Guadalquivir was Boetis; as Seneca says in his Medea,

"Nomen qui terris dedit Boetis suis."

Its present name is derived from the Arabic, and signifies a large river. It has often overflowed its banks, and in the year 1784, nearly caused the destruction of the town, bursting

the drains and damaging many buildings. There are in Seville twenty-one fountains, three public baking-houses, nine slaughter-houses, three markets for flesh, fruit, and vegetables, nineteen tower clocks, and several printing establishments. The butchers' meat is indifferent, and the vegetables very bad, owing to the cheapness of the manure, which makes the land too rich; but from Alcala de Guadaira good esculents are to be procured, while near Seville they grow rank. The climate here is cold from the beginning of November until the latter end of February; and though the town is called the frying-pan of Spain, and the heat is excessive from the middle of June to the end of August, at all seasons the air is very penetrating, and I should imagine unfavourable to the weak-chested. The most favourite walks, and which have been ornamented and perfected by the later civil governors, are the "Christina" and the "Delicias," both on the sides of the river. The Christina has a superb terrace of stone-slates, brought from Tarifa, in which are seats for those who wish to repose after walking, or to view the pedestrians. There are besides several alamedas, and a place planted with trees, called the Plaza del Duque, which also forms a walk. In San Heronimo di buena Vista, Torregiano, who boxed Michael Angelo in Italy, who formed the statue of Henry the Seventh in Westminster Abbey, and died in the inquisition

in Seville, lives again in his representation of the patron saint; and Murillo captivates in the church of the Capuchins, while he overwhelms the spectator in that of the Caridad. Luis de Vargas, a pupil of Raffaelle, is perishing on the walls of the "Giralda," or cathedral tower, and the organs of George Bosch thunder through the aisle of the building, rivalling the instruments of Rotterdam and Haerlem. The Exchange, which holds the archives of the Indies, was built by Herrera, the architect of the Escurial, and is regarded amongst the best architectural specimens that the town affords; while the Alcazar, or Moorish palace, erected sixty or seventy years before San Fernando conquered it from the Moors, ravishes the view with its arabesque decorations, and has immortalized its African King Abdalasis, by whose order it was called into existence. There are to be seen the gate of the hunters, where the knights waited for their king, galleries and courts ornamented with gilding and coloured plaster-work, a hall for the ambassadors, and a royal riding school, with beautiful gardens laid out in parallelograms of box, and planted with flowers; baths also, which are entered from the garden, and extend under the building to a considerable distance, supposed to have been formed for the accommodation of their women in the time of the Moslems. Much of the Moorish ornaments and frieze have been covered by the barbarous plasterers of

the succeeding centuries; but their filth is in a process of removal, and some defects have been admirably supplied by Dominguez, the present restorer. The tobacco manufactory is said to have cost eight millions of dollars, and gives occupation to nearly four thousand people. It was finished in the year 1757. The cannon-foundry is magnificent, though now disused. The royal prison was built by a Sevillian lady, named Guiomar Manuel, in the year 1418. It is in one of the lounging streets of Seville, but by no means remarkable for beauty; on the contrary, rather dirty and dark. There is a private house which attracts notice, from having been built after the model brought from Jerusalem of that inhabited by Pontius Pilate, by Don Enrique di Ribera, the first Marquis of Tarifa. It is now the property of the Duke of Medina Cœli. There are at this house, as well as at the Alcazar, various remains of ancient statues; and in the old Alameda, two columns from a temple that existed in the town, with statues on the top, one of which is supposed to be that of Julius Cæsar, and the other of Hercules. The general range of the thermometer in Seville is from eighty to ninety degrees of Fahrenheit in the house during the hot months; but were the buildings contrived as in northern countries, it would certainly average much higher: the circumstance of the edifices all enclosing a court, which has generally a fountain

in the centre, and a curtain reaching from side to side above to keep out the sun, renders an interior comparatively cool on the hottest day, as contrasted with our mode of construction. It is also the custom to lodge on the ground-floor in the summer, and above stairs in the winter: each floor is supplied with a kitchen, and the other necessary appurtenances for a family. It is said that Grenada is warm in winter, and Seville cool in summer, whilst the opposite natural extremes prevail in the two places. The Andalusian servants are but indifferent, being proud, lazy, and irritable. The natives of Gallicia, however, migrate hither, and are patient, honest, and willing. They are almost the exclusive managers of the wine shops, and reply with civility to abuse which an Andalusian or Malaga man would answer with his knife. Indeed, wine has peculiarly baneful effects on the Spaniard, and he will commit excesses under its influence, which nothing short of intoxication would tempt him otherwise to do. Drunken women I have never seen in the Peninsula; and girls in families are seldom allowed either wine or spirits at meals. After the discovery of the new world by Christopher Columbus, and the conquest of the principal part of America by the Spaniards, Seville became a place of much mercantile importance, and its commerce flourished, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, so much that it sent vessels to the West Indies

and Philippine Isles, and enjoyed a separate tribunal of commerce from that of Cadiz. All this, however, has now fallen away; and though Seville continues to be a place of thoroughfare, having some trade in wool, iron, and quicksilver, and a great deal in oranges, and being well-situated in the country, yet the advantages are trifling to a commercial settler in the town. Waste land, however, may be bought for a dollar (Spanish hard) an acre; and I have been told that olive grounds will produce a handsome profit to the planter, and their purchase is perhaps at present one of the best modes of applying capital. Oranges are very slow of growth, but produce on an average a dollar a tree for fruit. Pomegranates are also desirable fruits for cultivation. Houses have sunk in value, and are always, even in good times, troublesome and expensive property; so much is expended in paint, cleaning, repairs, and loss by tenants, that tenements are valuable to their holders only when they can be readily disposed of. The most remarkable portion of the cathedral of Seville is the tower or Giralda, which was built by Gever, an Arab, and an inventor of Algebra, and was raised, in 1568, one hundred feet higher than it was left by him. In the time of the Moors it was terminated at the top by a capital of painted tiles, on which were placed four balls of brass. The Giralda may have been used by its first constructor as an ob-

servatory; it served afterwards as a minaret to call the Moslems to worship, and figures now as the signal tower of the finest church in Spain, if that of Grenada be excepted. I have heard, however, the cathedrals of the north, and amongst the rest that of Canterbury, preferred in their interior arrangements to that of Seville; but in outward appearance, none that I have seen surpass or even equal it in picturesque effect. The breadth of the aisles is very great in proportion to their length, and removes the impression of the narrowness and contraction of the Gothic order: they are all also of the same height. In the cathedral are twenty pictures by Murillo; the one most remarkable is that of St. Anthony on his knees, and the child descending amidst a glory and crowd of angels. It is one of the great works of the master. In the church of the Caridad, there are five, and amongst them the famous pictures, which are supposed to be the best by Murillo, namely, of Moses striking the Rock, and the parable of the Loaves and Fishes; they are twenty feet in length by ten high. The first of the two pleased me best. Four were taken from this church by Marshal Soult, and are now in France. There are seventeen in the Capuchin convent, and these have the fame of being superior in quality to those in the Caridad, though not on the same extended scale. There are others scattered about the town in churches and

public establishments, so as to make altogether more than fifty; and perhaps if a person wishes to study Murillo well, although Madrid contains many of the best specimens of that master, it is at Seville where he will gain the greatest knowledge of his style and character. The private collections have a few pictures scattered up and down; and Mr. Williams, the British Consul, who is perhaps the best judge alive of the Spanish school, and joins the qualities of a connoisseur to the talent of an artist, (things not always conjoined, for I have sometimes found artists sad judges of pictures), has fifteen or sixteen, and amongst them the portrait of Murillo by himself, which was bequeathed to his friend Iriarte in his will; of which however I have the original, which is less finished than this repetition. It was to the Franciscan Convent, which the French destroyed, that the world is perhaps indebted for the successful development of the genius of Murillo. The paintings of the Claustro Chico, which are now dispersed, were his undertaking, at a time when he was poor and unknown, and employed solely from his offer to work at a cheaper rate than any of the other artists. Their execution made him popular, and he has now, with his posthumous reputation, taken a place by the side of the great Raphael. It is indeed hard to say, that a painter who imitated, though he embellished, real life, should be compared with an artist who was always aiming at

the highest class of ideal beauty; yet when we look upon the best works of Murillo, though they may sink a little below the dignity of Raphael, in grace and colouring they are certainly entitled to vie with him. In point of drawing, Raphael may be more classic; but Murillo is more easy, and more successful in his groups. Between a single figure by Murillo, and one by Raphael, I should perhaps be at a loss to choose; but his pictures of composition are not equalled in happiness of invention by the Italian. What I advance may be judged a solecism: let the sceptic or dissentient spend a few years in studying the works of Murillo, and he will then, I think, waver a little in his excessive faith, or his prejudice for Raphael.

The existence of robbers in Spain, and more particularly in Andalusia, will continue as long as the iniquitous system of the government duties and monopolies exists. Their gangs are composed principally of ruined smugglers, who, obliged to cut their loads and fly on pursuit of the Custom-house officers or military patrols, find themselves in a state of destitution, and join together, at first in small parties, and afterwards, if they find a skilful leader, in large bodies, bidding defiance to any ordinary escort, and stripping whatever travellers they meet, whom, however, they rarely injure, if resistance be not used; and finally causing alarm to the inhabitants of the

small villages near which they halt. They are often well dressed; and José Maria's band, I have been told, was picturesque in the extreme. They were well mounted, had a gun slung on each side of their horses, two pistols, a sword, and a dagger. They conducted all their operations by word of command, and were implicitly obedient to their captain. He, however, afterwards accepted pardon and pay from the government, on the dishonourable condition of betraying his companions; giving a signal proof of the emptiness of the proverb of "honour amongst thieves." His reward was however portioned out, and his treachery was repaid, for he fell by the hand of his lieutenant; who, being pursued by him, approached with a tender of submission, and when within a few yards' distance, raised his gun, and shot his former commander through the head.

The journey from Cadiz to Seville, or from Seville to Cadiz, may be performed by water in a steam-boat, as there are two which ply on alternate days, or by land in the diligence. By water, the journey takes eleven hours, but by land more than four-and-twenty; and the former mode is the cheapest and safest. I have omitted to mention, that a cotton factory, on the newest principle, has been lately erected and set to work near Seville. The proprietor, and the machinery, are Belgian. It seems to me far from the river, and far from the town, to which the operatives have to return

after their work; and I doubt whether the present proprietors will make it answer; but it is to be remembered that it is the first factory that has been reared in Andalusia; that the ice is broken, and other speculators may take up the business, and profit by the example: and it is in that point of view to be considered as a very valuable and important acquisition to the province in which it is established. Near to Seville, on the north, is the small town of Alcala de Guadaina, to which the inhabitants of Seville retire for the spring and autumn seasons to enjoy the country. The air is very pure, being in rather a high situation, and being purified by bakers' shops, the bread of which supplies Seville.

CHAPTER III.

ITALICA.—February 24, 1835.

Ye who would see Time deriding the works of Man, hasten to Italica, and behold an amphitheatre overturned, baths overwhelmed, a town engulfed, and a convent occupying the palace of the Cæsars. An earthquake is supposed to have been the cause of this revolution; and Santa Ponce, only about two leagues distant from Seville, is the halting-place for the explorers of what was once a large Roman city, and of which little now remains. A good tesselated pavement was discovered some years ago, and enclosed; but the building having no roof above, the rain, and the thefts of travellers, have left only trifling remnants of it for the curious. Huge fragments of the Circus are now heaped promiscuously together, and gypsies nestle in the ruins of the corridors, or in the dens where were enclosed the victims for the public games. It is matter for sober reflection, as the traveller stands above these ruins, to consider that they were once filled with the healthy and the gay, and that as they

have passed off, so all shall fulfil the common lot, and recede from life's busy scene; whilst the sun rises as he is wont, and the face of nature, and the spring with returning vegetation, smile on a future generation, and will smile for ever on those to come, but cannot bring back what once has been. Italica was the birth-place of Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius; and has had the honour of being perhaps the only one of the cities under the Roman dominion which furnished a man whom the empire styled by common consent "The Good;" a title to distinction which public opinion now invests with honour far above all other fame. Conquerors pass away, dislodged as they are by other conquerors,—wits flourish, and have a credit which "plays round the head;" but none survive to the admiration of posterity, unless their intentions have been upright, and they have endeavoured by their conquests or their speculations to benefit society, and to relieve suffering humanity.

The work of Laborde gives, in plates and notices, the best information relative to Italica, with a plan of the tesselated pavement to which I have alluded, when it was in its perfect state; he having the good fortune to see it soon after its discovery. The traveller of sensibility, however, should see the pavement first, and the description afterwards. Mons. Laborde shows what it was, not what it is; and no one from its

present appearance could imagine it to have been either elegant or interesting: the corpse remains, but that spirit of beauty which animated it has fled. This, however, is the case with many ruins; and we must be satisfied and thankful for what is left, and not repine at Time, which spares nothing, having left us no more.

CHAPTER IV.

PORT SAINT MARY'S.—March 10, 1835.

Port Saint Mary's, during the time of the Moors, served as a place to confine the idle and the refractory; something to the same purpose as Botany Bay or the Hulks with us. The remains of one of their forts are still to be seen; though I have not been able to learn either the date of its erection, or the history of its construction. In point of space, the town is as large as Cadiz, though the inhabitants are only about 25,000 in number. I cannot say that it possesses any very great charms; though there are some fine houses in it, and some agreeable walks in the neighbourhood. The bar to enter the river is in bad weather very dangerous, and the passage to and from Cadiz uncertain. They have not yet adopted a steam-boat for the purpose; and they say they dare not, for fear of throwing a large number of boat-men out of employ. Sherry merchants swarm here; there is a good manufactory for beer; and it may be called a stirring and active town. Caleza drivers, mariners, bull fighters, smugglers,

gypsies, and all the worst classes of society, are depicted in their genuine deformity. Combats with the knife are very frequent among the inhabitants of this town; and murders and robberies by no means unusual occurrences on every feast day. The English residents, who are mostly little wine-merchants, affect smartness; and a dandy at Port Saint Mary's is called a peri,—perhaps derived from the word perico, which means a small pet parrot of the women. The castle to which I have already alluded may perhaps have been erected soon after the conquest of Andalusia by the Moors, as they would at that time have turned their attention to guarding the sea border, and that period is the meridian of the Arab glory; for they were then most advanced in power, civilization, the arts, and learning. The ground part of this building, which was once a mosque, is now a chapel, and in good preservation. Port Saint Mary's, San Lucar, and Xeres, are famous for the wine called Manzarilla, which in its variety is the basis of what is called sherry with us, the Amontillado wine, which is a growth of Manzarilla; and being mixed with what is called "vino duro," produces sherry; it is not therefore a pure wine, as some imagine. "Vino duro" is the juice of the sherry grape boiled down, and is used for colouring; but is only good when very old to drink alone.

CHAPTER V.

XERES.—25th March, 1835.

THE habits of the common interior population of Andalusia are purely Moorish. At fairs they have tavern singers who hold a note with their voices, at the same time striking the table with their hands, for more than a minute before they change it, and the more dolorous and monotonous the tune the better are the listeners pleased, who sit round, and place their glasses on the ground beside them. If asked to a repast, the unsophisticated land-owner will place a small stool at a distance from the table, lean forwards with his chin on the plate, and eat like the Orientals with his five fingers, which they say God has given to them for so doing. In their bargains, a merchant will throw so many bags of silver on a cloak spread on the ground to receive it, for his purchase of cattle, and ask no receipt; in fact, all is primitive, unsuspicious, and unsophisticated in their intercourse. Their ideas are so limited that they consider their only countrymen those of their town or province; the others they will ad-

dress as Castilian, Biscayan, or Gallician, according as they are natives of the provinces from whence they are announced; but scarcely consider them as fellow countrymen. A square filled with ill-looking cloaked ruffians in slouched hats, betokening by their aspects a predatory and audacious character; streets, or rather lanes of houses without any pavements, and broken up by holes and heaps of rubbish, a few good houses scattered up and down these lanes, and a cathedral buried under a hill, are the prominent features in this celebrated town, the name of which rings in the ears of half Europe every day at dinner-time. Xeres, besides being without any good public amusements, is unsafe as to its immediate neighbourhood, from the circumstance of the frequent murders and robberies committed there. Scarcely any one is secure in the town after nightfall; and to diverge on a party of pleasure into the country is never prudent, unless with a good store of arms. Indeed, no more care is paid here to the life of a human being than to that of a sparrow. The gate of the Cartuja bears the print of a ball which killed a man whom it was levelled at, whilst he fled to the convent for protection from his assassins. No historian, ancient or modern, as Mr. Barrie informs me, (a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with early Spanish history, the Spanish language, and with Spain,) whom he has read, assigns a date to the

foundation of the present city of Xeres. Padre Fray Rallon, in his history of Xeres, which exists in three large folio volumes, supposes it to have been transferred from the Roman colony of Asta (one of great magnitude and celebrity), after its destruction by the Vandals. Asta stood about three miles north of Xeres; and it requires little more than to travel and have a road book, to check the pride of man:—the site of Asta is now a farm, without even one house, and scarcely a ruin of any kind, perceptible upon it. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave;" but it is not merely so as confined to human creatures, for the antecedents to glory, which are generally wars, level all the works of man, as well as man himself. Those who strain and toil, and ruin themselves sometimes, to found families and build houses, should think of these things, and consider, that when not merely families but whole empires pass away, true philosophy consists more in enjoying the present than counting on the future. The most beautiful use of prosperity is to make people happy, when it can be done, and to see them happy; counting on the state of the uncertain generations of a century to come, is making a lamentably false use of the power of wealth: to unite both is more, I believe, than is allotted to humanity. To return to Asta: the several Roman historians who treat of Andalusia (Bœtica) mention Asta as a place of

importance, and the birth-place of some of their illustrious men. The earliest authority on Xeres quoted by modern writers is the Arab historian, "El Moro Razis," who says nothing of the town, but much in praise of the soil and climate, so that he might have talked of the name of a district of country without a town at that period. Rallon, whom I have before quoted, and who wrote in 1689, says, "King Alonso the Seventh of Aragon made an incursion, in the year 1131, into the Moorish country of Andalusia, took Xeres, a famous city, burned it, and levelled the walls with the ground." The name, Xeres, comes from the Arabic word "Xeres," which means pastures and inclosures; in Spanish, "Pastos y Dehesas." The same writer, in another chapter, says, "About this time (in the year 1171), the Almohades Moors are supposed to have rebuilt Xeres, and raised its walls with great splendour;" and again he observes, "King Alonso El Sabio (the son of St. Ferdinand) took Xeres in the year 1264, and peopled it with Christians, and divided the property of houses and land amongst his chiefs and followers, whose descendants are the possessors to the present day." It is surrounded with walls, the ruins of which we now see. When taken it had only four gates; after the capture, eight "postigos," doors, not gates, were opened for the convenience of the inhabitants passing in and out of the city. Ten

" Caballeros" were placed in charge of guarding each of the four gates. The distinctive title of " Veinte quatro," now inherited by some people at Xeres, had no reference to the number of gates. It was in its origin an elective municipal magistracy, twenty-four in number, and sold for money by one of the Spanish kings as a privilege of inheritance, to the great injury of the people. It was, I believe, of Roman origin, a privilege of the citizens to elect their own magistrates. Seville and other towns had their *Veinte quatros* before Xeres. The historian Zuniga says, at the date of 1286, " The King (Don Sancho el Bravo) in Pontevedra, eighteenth of August, confirmed an ordinance of the city of Seville for its good government. Some of its laws continue in practice to the present day, and are to be seen in the book of its ordinances, which, in manuscript parchment, is preserved in its archives. In it I find mention made for the first time of the name of Veinte quatros, in a clause of the following tenor:—" I, Don Sancho the King, grant all these things as expressed, save and except as regards the Veinte Quatros Çavaleros y Omes buenos, which the Consijo (municipality) have named for this purpose, from which list I take away and remove"—(here follow the names of four rejected, and four more substituted by the king). This occurs in the third book of the first volume of the Annals of Seville. Zuniga

again mentions "Veinte y quatro Cavalleros, Regidores de la Cuidad de la Sevilla," in the year 1569 (in the fifteenth book of the fourth volume, same edition, Madrid, 1795). The above proves the origin of the Veinte quatros to have been respectable citizens, "Omes buenos," elected or named by the corporation to assist in the good government of the city, and that the king had a veto on the appointment. In short, the Veinte quatros of the present day are "Regidores perpetuos," or perpetual magistrates, an employment now bought, or inherited from ancestors who bought it. The present possessors use their privilege for their own profit, plundering and oppressing the people. According to Rallon, Xeres had its Moorish kings, and a splendid palace within the walls, called El Alcazar, of which not a vestige now remains. The palace was destroyed, partly by fire, and afterwards by neglect, subsequently to the conquest. The present house called Alcazar is a modern erected building of no elegance. The old walls that surrounded the Moorish palace remain in tolerable preservation. Neither Rallon, nor Caro, nor Zuniga, who wrote exclusively and extensively of the antiquities of Andalusia, assigns any date to the first erection of these walls or the town. The distance from Port Saint Mary's to Xeres is two leagues, over a part of the mountain of Saint Cristoval, called De Buena Vista. The passage

is easy between the two towns, but I know of nothing very striking on the road, save the remains of an ancient tower to the right, where Don Pedro the Cruel is said to have confined his wife, Donna Maria La Blanca de Bourbon. Donna Maria died subsequently at Seville, and Don Pedro was slain, I believe by his son or brother. I know of no paintings of note at Xeres, save some in the Cathedral by Cespedes, and his works are not worth, in my opinion, the trouble of studying. Xeres is one of the richest towns of Lower Andalusia, and its population is about sixty thousand souls. The butcher's meat is indifferent, and provisions in general dear.

CHAPTER VI.

CARTHUSIAN CONVENT, near XERES.—April 1, 1835.

THERE are two kinds of places which have always been interesting to mankind in general, and to those of contemplative dispositions in particular, and these are courts and convents. A court is the species of focus to which all ideas of greatness, power, and I may say ambition of happiness, tend in the general run of mankind; and convents are the retreats to which, when ambition is satisfied, or disappointments sour the humour, or infirmity weakens the body, or good men think rationally, all speculations tend. There is a peculiar species of contrast between courts and religious establishments; they reside, as it were, in the antipodes of human thought.. At a court all is the business of this world,—at a convent all of the next. The Catholic religion, however, has caused churches to be more splendidly adorned than even courts; whether to strike the vulgar with awe, and more easily obtain a mastery over them, or whether from an idea that no cost is too great to be expended on

buildings which are hallowed to the exercise of religious duties, and constructed for the honour of the Great Ruler of the Universe, in whose hands are the issues of our present and future existence, I shall not determine. The Carthusian convent, of which I now treat, is at the distance of a league from Xeres, and I confess the position has appeared to me more delightful than that of any other building of the same magnitude which I have seen in Spain, Italy, or France. Both Valombrosa, near Florence, and Montserrat, near Barcelona, are striking and beautiful positions; but the convent of the Cartuxos is placed on the edge of a gentle declivity; below are verdant and fertile plains, through which meanders the Guadalete; to the left is the Sierra de Ronda, and the distance is bounded by the sea. It has been observed as a defect, however, and justly, that there is an absence of wood in the view. The convent was founded and built at the expense of one man, who besides endowed it with large estates in land, which it possesses at present. The church was built in the year 1478. The name of the pious founder of this magnificent temple was Don Alvaro Oberto de Valeto, who died in 1482, and is buried in the church, in front of the great altar. The church contains some good paintings by Zurbaran, of which perhaps the portrait of San Bruno may be most popular. It is the one which pleases me the most; it is, however, infe-

rior to the picture at the Carthuça at Seville, of the interview of the same Saint with the Pope, and I prefer that as a good specimen of the best style of Zurbaran, even to the famous picture of Saint Thomas, also at Seville. The works of Zurbaran are very scarce, and he has almost always employed his pencil on unpleasant subjects. His Friars with white drapery are by most preferred to those of another colour; the folds of his cloth are true to the life of the stuff, if I may be allowed the term. In the management of light he is as powerful almost as Rembrandt, but he fills his pictures with light, and Rembrandt lets in very little. He is a great and an original painter, and one whom any artist might study with advantage. In ten years that I have been acquainted with Spain, I have met with no good picture of composition by him for sale. Indeed, all I possess is a Desert with St. John, which formerly stood over an altar-piece in a church in Seville, and came last from the collection of Mr. Williams, who gave me its history. The value of the possessions of the Carthusian convent is said to be about £200,000 sterling. The following is the account of the Spanish land in size and value. The Spanish acre or measure of land (Aranzada) varies in quantity in various provinces; indeed, it may be said, in every township; but in Xeres, which neighbourhood I now treat upon, it contains one hundred yards square, the

Spanish yard being eight per cent. less than the English yard. The English acre contains 4840 square yards, English measure. One aranzada of good land, well cultivated, produces in Xeres, in a good season, from twenty to twenty-two fanezas of wheat, and the faneza weighs one hundred and five pounds Spanish, being four per cent. less than English weight. The neighbourhood of the Carthusian convent has its classic and romantic associations; it was there that the fate of Spain was decided in favour of the Moors in the great battle of Guadalete, so called from the river of this name, in the vicinity of which the combat took place. The Peninsula accepted a new dominion on the plains of Salado, or Claudina, as they are now called, distant from the Guadalete about a league north, and about the same distance north-east of the town of Xeres. To the south-east of this plain runs a small rivulet, which is dry in summer, that falls into the Guadalete close by the Carthusian convent; and some historians call the battle by the name of Salado, from this rivulet of salt or brackish water. The Moorish castle of Melgarijo is on one side east of this plain. This celebrated battle was fought, according to Mariana, in the year 714 of the Christian era. Don Rodrigo, the last king of the Goths, commanded the Christian army, and not having been seen or heard of afterwards, was supposed to have been killed in the action;

but some two hundred years afterwards a monument or sepulchral inscription was discovered in the church of a town called Visco in Portugal, saying "Aqui yace Don Rodrigo, el ultimo de los Godos," which throws doubt on the matter. The historian Condé, however, who, as far as he goes, is considered the best authority on the subject, says that Don Rodrigo, the king of the Goths, was killed in the battle of the Guadalete by the hand of the Arab chief Taric, who sent his head to the Emperor Mirza or Mouza in Morocco, and it was from thence forwarded to Damascus, where the Grand Caliph lived. This would seem to place the death of Rodrigo in fight beyond doubt. The Moorish dominion ended in Spain on the 2d of January, 1492, when Grenada surrendered. Descendants of the Moors have, however, remained ever since in Andalusia. Near to Ayamonte, on the confines of Portugal, the natives all have the strongest features of the Arab, or rather Negro, race, and the kings of Spain in those parts allowed the inhabitants black judges to decide legal questions, which were pleaded in Arabic, long after the cause of the cross was victorious, and the Moslems extruded from their dominion. Short and easy as the distance is both from Xeres and the Carthuça to Port Saint Mary's, it is not always safe; in fact, travelling in Spain, particularly if any divergence be made from the main roads, is and always has been inconvenient and

dangerous. Alfieri, the Italian tragic poet, whom I have already quoted, observes that one who does not possess much health, money, and patience, cannot support a journey in Spain; and a friend of mine, who had travelled in Egypt and Turkey, as well as over almost all Europe, wrote to me from Bayonne, whilst I was at Madrid in 1822, in the following terms: "After heartily thanking the Almighty for a safe exit from a country the most horrible and abominable in the universe for travellers, particularly for foreigners, I sit down to say, &c. &c." I have always thought that the dislike the Spanish have for foreigners proceeds from envy, and it appears to foreigners to be more barbarous and unjust in the Spanish than in others, (though indeed all nations prefer their countrymen, except perhaps the English, and look with jealousy on strangers,) for the reason that they are a people so far behind the rest of Europe in the arts, sciences, and liberal government. The Greek language is scarcely studied in a Spanish college; and in all Cadiz I was not able to find a Greek teacher, nor in Seville either. Their mathematics, navigation, engineering, natural science, all are languishing and have been languishing for years. Let any one read the small tract by Jovellanos, called "Pan y Toros," and see how that eloquent writer treats his own countrymen; besides being well written, it is instructive, and shows Spain as she really was then and is now. The beauty of

the Spanish women is more, I think, in what is concealed than in what is shown, and more in form than in face. Amongst the English there are more pretty faces in a proportion of three to one than amongst the Spanish, as far as I can judge; but a Spanish girl is formed at fifteen, indeed, in the south of Spain, even marriageable at twelve, and then they are plump, round, and well formed; whereas among the northern nations a female shape is rarely developed before twenty, and even then never has that breadth, fullness of bust, and short waist, which the Spanish form betrays. The grace of walk in the Spanish women is unquestionable, and has not been too much praised; it arises partly from study, but perhaps more from nature; they have, in Andalusia, almost all long legs for their height, consequently little weight to carry in proportion, and their insteps are remarkably thick and muscular, and though rising high, the sole is flat to the ground, whilst their feet are small, and ankles very strong; this enables them to spring from the haunches, to walk firm, and to be elastic and graceful in their gait. The way of holding their heads, handling their fans, and all their other little captivating arts, are a species of heritage from mothers to daughters, and go back for their origin as far perhaps as the language they speak. The climate of Andalusia has been deservedly praised, and the climate and the women are what

all travellers dwell on with satisfaction, when suffering under the various inconveniences and exactions incidental to a residence in the country. These are the green spots in the desert, the sweet drops in the salt ocean. The seasons, however, must be watched with care; the air is very penetrating in all places that I have visited; and in Cadiz, which is considered to have the mildest and most even temperature, there is a proverb that says, "Put not on summer clothing till the fortieth day of May," in other words, the 10th of June. I was attacked with rheumatism and gout by wearing summer trowsers in March, although the weather in Cadiz in that month is warmer than an English July. I have experienced February and March as the most unpleasant months for wind and rain, as also December this year, which has indeed differed in season from most; generally the weather in March is warm and genial; very often it is found to be so in January; however, any one may be sure of a delightful and hot climate from April to December, and the remaining four months are very supportable, particularly for the inhabitants of the north. I may remark that the Levant or east wind varies in complexion with the seasons; in winter it brings cold, and in summer heat; yet it is not considered unhealthy. The fogs at night, and damp mists, are to be avoided throughout the year.

I am now on the point of leaving Spain, a

country which in my very early days I looked to as a distant, romantic, and almost inaccessible clime: it was first fixed in my attention by the stories of the invasion of its terrible Armada, and by a prejudice against Catholics, subsequently by the combats of my countrymen with the French, and afterwards by the fables of its love stories, and the praise of its beauties. I have visited it four or five times, and it has always held a place in my interest, and has certainly somewhat contributed to my pleasures. I therefore confess that, in spite of its faults, I quit it with some regret, hoping at some future period to return, and to visit parts of it with which I am as yet unacquainted.

CHAPTER VII.

GIBRALTAR.—April 13, 1835.

It has been observed that a woman is generally the secret cause of most quarrels. One thing is certain, that the rape of the daughter of a petty nobleman, Count Julian of Ceuta, cost his kingdom to Roderick, her ravisher. Mousa, the Saracen governor of the western provinces of Africa, espoused Count Julian's quarrel, invaded Andalusia, and erected the fortress of Gibraltar in the year 725 of the Christian era, under the conduct of his general, Tarif, from whom the mountain was called Gibel Tarif,—Gibel meaning mountain in the Moorish tongue. This rock, or mountain, is seven miles in circumference, and forms a promontory of three miles in length; it is joined to the continent by an isthmus of low sand, and lies in 36° of north latitude, and 5° west longitude from the meridian of London. What was once only a barren fortress has now become an ornamental town, and taken precedence in the military scale of importance of Algeçiras, which is nearly opposite, and was in ancient times a city of importance. Gibraltar has been more

than a century in possession of the English. The garrison has a supply of food for seven years, and mounts more than seven hundred guns, which in case of need would require more than the whole collected force of the garrison for their working. I have heard that there are six hundred men daily on duty in the town. Those who are fond of crags, cannon, and geraniums, will here find abundant room for admiration. The Alameda is a delightful walk, but is almost deserted; the libraries are good, and that of the garrison contains a great supply of ancient Spanish literature, as well as many of the most valuable modern works on science and natural history. The only fruits which the soil supplies are lemons and grapes. Cattle are imported from Ireland and Barbary. Spain supplies some vegetables and fruit. Many of the merchants have country-seats at San Rocque, a Spanish town on an eminence, at about two leagues distance. The population is very mixed, and the English laws relating to foreigners and foreign trade very strict. The views from all the eminences are striking and grand; the Spanish and African coasts, with the sea between, fill up the distance. The passage to Tangiers and to Ceuta is only of a few hours' duration, and there are daily opportunities of passing the straits. It is hardly to be expected that in a town dedicated to Bellona, the arts should be greatly cultivated, and I am not aware of any of the works of either

painters or artists existing in Gibraltar; indeed, our possession is only interesting as a specimen of an almost impregnable fortress. Before the invention of gunpowder, its natural position made it impregnable, and with the advancement of the science of war it has continued so. A few trees have been raised by artificial means, and the ingenuity of the English has in some degree prevailed against the impediments of nature; but barrenness is still the prominent feature in the aspect of the ground. Trade is active and brisk; the price of provisions similar to that in England. A traveller who has seen the excavations in the rocks, which are armed with cannon, and Saint Michael's or Saint George's cave, with its stalactic pillars, (the extent of which has never been ascertained,) will find his time hang heavy on a long sojourn. The view along the Spanish coast to Gibraltar, as seen from the sea, is charming; and Trafalgar Point, which is noted by a martello tower, recalls to the patriot feelings of pride in the glory of the British arms, and sympathy for the immortal hero who fell in asserting the honour of the British flag, and securing the independence of his country. The climate in Gibraltar during the three summer months is oppressively hot, and during the remainder of the year subject to frequent changes. The winter is rainy and stormy: during the month of last December the town was nearly overwhelmed by masses of stone de-

tached by the floods of rain which fell. As we approached Gibraltar we saw Apes' Hill, on the African coast, to the right; Cabrita point, on the Spanish, to the left; and Gibraltar, or Calpe, in the centre. On our journey from Cadiz to Gibraltar nothing particular occurred: we left the former place at about ten in the morning, and reached Gibraltar at about nine at night. We were immediately allowed to land; but the vessel being very comfortable, I preferred remaining on board to changing my lodging for the night.

Fresh-water springs abound at Gibraltar; there are several wells for the supply of the garrison and town, and there is one within fifty yards of the neutral ground on our side. There are scorpions on the rock, but they are not very numerous or hurtful. Ipecacuanha has been recommended as a specific against their bite. The venom of the tarantula sting is, they say, neutralized by the sound of music. I record these things as travellers' stories; perhaps, as is said by Dr. Johnson of forewarnings and dreams, they are not to be too much trusted to, nor altogether disregarded.

The introduction of steam navigation is both a great comfort and a great convenience; for what is more delightful than the certainty of passing quickly over the barren sea? The company one has on board these vessels also contributes much to the pleasure of the voyage, and in some passages I have been delighted with my associates; on the

present occasion the party consisted principally of officers proceeding to join their respective ships and regiments, with whom I had no ideas or sentiments in common, and therefore I found my time hang heavy enough. All that I prayed for was fair winds and a quick passage; and the commander of the vessel did every thing he could to render us comfortable on board.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT SEA.

On the 14th we re-embarked. We passed Malaga and Almeria, and were at the Cape de Gata, or Horn, during the day of the 15th of April, and on the following, the 16th, came in sight of the African coast, opposite to Zerzahal, within about forty-five miles of Algiers. The passage we had made, thanks to steam, and the able management of the commander of his Majesty's steam vessel Tartarus, was nearly four hundred miles in forty-eight hours, and during almost the whole of our voyage we were in sight of land. The ocean was in a perfect calm, and my feelings were alive to the recollections induced by the interesting and classic waters over which we sailed. Towards three in the afternoon of the same day we passed Shassorah, on the African coast, and were near enough to have a good view of the town, and the small mosque at a distance, erected by the Arabs to the memory of their holy men. On the morning of the 17th we were in

the bay of Bujeya. We observed cultivated fields on the African coast, rising almost to the summits of the hills, and the outlines of the rocks and mountains prettily varied and broken by bays and inlets, which intruded at intervals. We had long passed what were called the Granaries of the Romans, situated to the westward in Morocco, but sufficient fertility was exhibited even in the spot under our inspection, to warrant the most favourable conclusion of the profits to be derived from the occupation of the Algerine territory. On the evening of the 17th it came on to blow from the north-east, and the temperature of the air fell quite to that of a northern climate, although we were coasting Africa; the night was stormy, and the vessel rolled disagreeably; the bad weather continued all the next day, the 18th, on the evening of which we were at Galeta Islands. The navigation of the coast here requires considerable care, from the circumstance of there being many rocks to pass; the return vessels all keep out to the northward, and never approach Africa. I saw the commander's anxious countenance at dinner, for we had not seen the sun for two days; our vessel also did not well obey the helm; the nights were pitchy dark, and had we run aground, we should have probably gone to pieces in a few minutes, and have all been drowned, without hope of escape,

unless some one had done as Ulysses says of himself,

> Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ, τρόπιν ἀγκας ἑλὼν νέος ἀμφιελίσσης,
> Ἐννῆμαρ φερόμην.

When, however, we descried Galeta Island, his countenance brightened, and he was no longer in uncertainty about our course. We passed the Gulf of Tunis during the night, and on the morning of the 19th were opposite to Cape Bon, having a fair wind and a calmer sea. We passed some low lands detached from the coast, called Zembrita. Locusts, which depopulate whole provinces in Africa, are here often driven into the sea and on the coast, and are known to infect the water for many leagues; they are of a brownish yellow colour, and variegated about the belly and legs with a bluish flesh colour. They are armed with jaws and furnished with feelers; their eyes are particularly dull, with perpendicular streaks of white in them, besides which they have three transparent specks in the front of the head; on all the feet the claws are double, and the hind ones are formed for leaping, exactly like those of the common grasshopper. Some attribute the origin of the plague to the putrefaction of these vermin. The approach we made to Malta was round the island, and nothing can be less prepossessing than the view which Gozo and the rocks present from the sea. They strike the

visiter who sees them for the first time as dry, ragged, and barren stone, from which the rays of the sun are reflected with painful effect to the eye of the beholder, and have the appearance of sterility without being in any degree imposing. Those who travel, however, go to see new things, and I reconciled to myself the trouble of a voyage to see what was hardly worth seeing, with the consolation that my curiosity was at least gratified; and curiosity is indeed the great stimulant of life. On the 20th of April we arrived at Malta, and were condemned to five days' quarantine for having touched at Gibraltar: but we had reached the

> "Νήσον Ὠγυγίην.... ἔνθα Καλύψω
> Ναίει ἐϋπλόκαμος, δείνη θεὸς."

It is undoubtedly proper that the health of many should not be exposed for the convenience of a few, but the detention we experienced was entirely unnecessary, and though the accommodation in quarantine at Malta is very good, still the quarantine building is a prison, and little palatable to those who have already experienced the confinement of a ship, and long for free space to move in. On the 25th we were at liberty.

CHAPTER IX.

MALTA.—May 5, 1835.

THE first thing I observed on entering Valetta was that our hackney coachman was what they call in Spain "Echando corta Mangas" at another,—all who have visited Andalusia will understand what I mean. This peculiarity of manners, trifling as it is, must have been of Moorish origin, as the Maltese are half Arabs, and their language is a dialect of those people, with whom they can with ease converse, and by whom they are understood. This being the Island of Calypso, where her grotto is pointed out to this day, I expected great female beauty in a country where Ulysses was detained seven years by female fascinations, but found nothing in the streets save the sad reality of ugly faces among the women. I understand, however, that there are good looks amongst the higher orders, though they keep retired, and apart from the general run of society. The position of Malta is in 33° 40′ longitude, and 35° 54′ latitude. It is similar in climate to Cadiz,

but more in extremes. In winter the cold is much more severe, and for the three summer months the heat is very oppressive. The Sirocco, or east wind, almost dislocates the limbs. Ptolemy, the ancient philosopher, calls Malta part of Africa; Pliny and Strabo, on the contrary, consider it as an European island. Gozo is supposed to have formed part of Malta anciently, and to have been separated from it by an earthquake, as Sicily was from Italy, and Gibraltar from Africa. The breadth of Malta is twelve miles, in length twenty, and circumference sixty. La Valetta, which is the town now most frequented, and where the ships lie, is called after the Grand Master of that name, who founded it in 1566, though it was not completed till five years afterwards, by Paolo del Monte, his successor. Cotton was formerly grown here; but the principal culture at the present day is the mulberry tree, which thrives well, though it yields nothing in its produce of silk to that of Italy. There are also excellent fruits, and the finest medlars I ever tasted, resembling an apricot both in colour and size. The population of Malta and Gozo approaches to an hundred thousand inhabitants. Trade however is on the decline, and the arts are little encouraged. The original appellation of Malta is said to have been Melita, from the Greeks, who highly esteemed its honey. Uneven streets, with flights of steps; houses

which in other countries would let for the prices of palaces, which they are in reality;—bells, more offensive than even those of Seville; drums, red coats and blue, "I say, Jack," heard at every turn;—English forms, in their graceless prudery of dress, dull poverty abroad, the prisons full, the churches empty, ignorance general, and discontent amongst the natives increasing;—such is the picture of the capital of Malta in the present day. The provisions are cheap, and the fortifications twenty miles in extent. I visited Civita Vecchia, the ancient seat of government, and found it the city of the dead; a few beggars and swine were the occupants of the streets. The houses are fine, and the churches elegant. In the cathedral there are some pictures by Malthias Preti, called the Calabrese, which are tolerable. It may not be amiss to mention that Malthias had two more names—Preti and Calabrese. I mention this, as I formerly sometimes myself imagined that Malthias, Preti, and Calabrese, were three different artists, whereas they are one and the same. I saw the grotto where St. Paul remained for three months, and where he is said to have extinguished the venom of the serpents in the island by the favour of God. He was shipwrecked on the shore of Malta, in the month of February, and lighting a fire to warm himself, of brushwood, a viper bit him. The barbarous inhabitants expected him to die, as the

reptile's bite was considered mortal; he recovered, was reverenced as a divinity, converted the natives, and from that moment the serpents were innoxious. Such are the traditions of the saints, such are the stories credited by the vulgar, and such are the harmless anecdotes that amuse the curious. The church of Saint John, at Valetta, built by the Grand Master Jean de Cassiere, about the year 1508, was one of the richest in the world, and held the same rank for wealth in Christendom that the cathedral of Seville has done since. Amongst other plunder, the French melted down a silver lustre that had one hundred and ninety branches; the produce was approaching in value to sixty thousand dollars, each worth in English money about half-a-crown. A solid chain of gold which hung from the ceiling produced an equal sum. Little now remains remarkable, save the Mosaics, and a picture by Caravaggio, representing the decapitation of Saint John. Caravaggio, dark and turbulent as was his spirit, has embodied in this picture the colour of his own mind, and all about it is dark, sombre, and severe. It is however a fine painting, of large size, and I should imagine a good work to study for those who are desirous of being acquainted with the manner of the master. His portrait of the Grand Master La Valetta, in the palace, is a fine production, but it has been injured, and though there is a simple severity in

the position of the figure, and the treatment of the subject, (bring the full-length portrait of a man in armour,) yet has it neither the warmth of Titian, nor the grace of Vandyke. The life of Caravaggio is a romance. Unsteady and intractable, he fled from place to place, and, after a succession of violent deeds, terminated his life by a premature and unexpected death. His works, perhaps, have gained in interest, from the rare character of the man; I should, however, not prefer them to those of Spagnoletto. The walls of the church of Saint John are painted almost totally by Malthias Preti, whom I have mentioned before; he is, however, a weak painter; the best of his works are to be seen in Italy, and he never rises above mediocrity. There is a portrait of the Grand Master Pinto, who ruled in Malta for thirty-two years, made of mosaic in Rome, which is well executed, as is likewise his Mausoleum, which also was sculptured in Rome, by a Maltese artist. In the palace there is something of the Cavaliere Massimo, who was pupil to Spagnoletto, or at least of the Neapolitan school, and a fine painting by Guido, representing Christ standing by the cross, of large size and good execution, but it is not a pleasing picture, the Divinity being stern in aspect. Malta is famous for buildings, and from an eminence small villages and houses are to be seen in every direction. At Mosta, which is not far from

Civita Vecchia, a new church is in course of erection, of magnificent form and dimensions, of which, however, the front is scarcely finished; and from an eminence above, on the 3rd of May, I distinctly saw the Sicilian coast. The gardens and the palace of San Antonio, the residence of the Grand Masters, and the Boschetto, formed by the Grand Master Verdala, who was also made Cardinal at Rome, from the favour he enjoyed with the niece of the Pope, are likewise objects of interest. The Ditch of Porta Reale was made at the expense of Pope Pius the Sixth, and what is now called the Botanical Garden was the work of the Grand Master Lascasis, who is buried in the chapel of St. Michele, in the church of St. John. The following is the account of the great aqueduct. It was erected in 1615 by the Grand Master Alofe di Vignacourt, for the benefit of the inhabitants in the south part of the island; its source is at a place commonly called "Diar Handur," and it runs by leaden pipes under ground, the water branching out in all the places through which it passes, till it reaches Valetta, and communicates with both the public and private cisterns. It is 7424 yards long. I must say, however beneficial this aqueduct may be, it is not to be compared with those of more ancient date, as seen in Spain and Italy; it however answers its purpose, and the constructor will be remembered with gratitude. The house of industry, by which

the poor are clothed and hungry fed, is one of the fine establishments for which the island is indebted to the British. Let the proud, prodigal, and ambitious conquerors and kings, after the dissipation of millions, and the slaughter of tens of millions, look at these retreats for innocence and worth—

"Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictâ."

The last Grand Master Hompesch, eleven months after his elevation, ceded Malta to the French in the year 1798, but they offended the natives, who revolted, and placed themselves under the government of the British, being too weak to support themselves alone. Malta has been successively under the following governments:—the Phœnicians, to whom is attributed the Giant's Tower, the Greeks, the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Vandals, the Goths, Belisarius of the Eastern empire, the Arabs, the Sicilians, the Germans, the Order of Saint John—the members of which had been expelled by Solyman from Rhodes, and were placed here by Charles the Fifth—the French, and the English. Between Malta and Gozo there is a small island called Comino, famous for nothing but corn, about one mile in breadth and three in length; it was anciently called Ephestia.. Gozo, called by the Saracens Guadesh, and by the Greeks Gaulos, has a population the half of that of Valetta,

namely, fifteen thousand souls; it enjoys good air, the soil is fertile, many parts of the island are pleasant, and it contains more trees than Malta. Cicero preferred its honey even to that of Mount Hybla, and it redeems the character of want of beauty which is observed in Malta; in Gozo almost all the women are handsome, with fine forms. There are some buildings in the island remarkable on account of their antiquity, and amongst them the Giant's Tower. This extraordinary erection is of a circular figure; the stones are polygonous, irregular, and, like the Druidical remains, without cement; the greatest part of them are eight or nine Parisian feet long, and six broad. Its construction is by some called Saturnian or Cyclopean; two large stones of eighteen feet in length, and six in breadth, form the entrance of the edifice. Bones have been found here of a large size, and some have imagined it to have been the habitation of a race of giants; the excavator, Mr. Somerville, is of opinion that it was a temple erected by the Phœnicians in honour of the goddess Altharothee, whose effigy was found expressed on different coins. Gozo has always shared in the government and destinies of Malta. There is good shooting of quails in the island, and the British governor retires from Malta to Gozo for repose and recreation. The chief town is called Rabato, and there are six villages. The passage is

generally uncertain from Malta to Gozo, and if the bad weather sets in, a tour of the island must be made to return to Valetta; indeed, such occurrences often happen. Since my residence in the island of Malta I have found the weather chilly, and at dinner with one of the gentlemen settled here, we had a fire in May. The gout, my old enemy and constant attendant, has tormented me continually since my arrival, and I was glad to hear of the expected steamer to take me to Sicily. The opera at Valetta is an Italian and English one, and there is an Italian or rather French *prima donna*, and an English one, which two are often at war, as may be supposed. The English, as matter of nationality, support the latter. The theatre is neat and orderly; the performance but moderate. I cannot say that I think there is much at Valetta to render a long residence agreeable, and the climate, though certainly a fine one, is not one which wards off rheumatic affections, being very changeable in intensity both of heat and cold. Those who are fond of the formal English will find them in Malta, and the Maltese society is dull enough. I have been told, that when known the Maltese people are very agreeable and very kind. There is a proverb, "two Genoese to a Maltese, and two Maltese to a Greek." I have not experienced, however, any of their knavery in a great degree, but they are commonly reckoned prone

to imposition. I may however note, that in contradiction to this received opinion, I have heard the Italians reproach the Maltese with stupidity, and though want of honesty and stupidity sometimes go together, yet the dull man does not generally pass for a good knave. There is a Maltese regiment of about five hundred strong, which consists almost totally of natives of the island. The Maltese have laws of their own, and there is also an admixture of English jurisprudence. Causes, however, cannot be removed, I believe, from the courts at Malta to those in England. The code of laws in Malta is the Code de Rohan; but this is undergoing revision, and the courts are to have native judges, instead of English, who have held the office till now. The religion is Catholic. The language of the island is a dialect of Arabic, but it is even more copious, or rather has more sounds, than the mother-tongue. It has, I believe, no literature, but may be studied by the Arabic characters; many Italian words have crept into common conversation. It is very ungrateful to the ear, being guttural and harsh. A gentleman occupied in framing a Maltese Grammar and Dictionary, in order to render it a fixed language, says that he proposes to form two sounds, which neither the Latin nor the Arabic characters express, by the addition of points to the Arabic characters. In any case, however, as indeed happens in Arabic,

these sounds must be previously learnt by ear, before any marks can convey their meaning. I do not subjoin these letters so marked, because I cannot, by English characters, convey their sound. I have been told that the Armenian Alphabet gives sounds to the Turkish language more clearly than the Arabic character in some words; although the Turks use the Arabic character in al matters of business and pleasure, perhaps some Armenian characters might be introduced with advantage into the Arabic alphabet, for the use of those who think it worth while to study the Maltese. To those read in Homer I have not, perhaps, sufficiently mentioned the Cave—for it is now a mere cave, and all beauty, if ever there was any, has vanished—

ἔνθα Καλύψω ναίεν ἐϋπλόκαμος.

nor have I noted either her gardens or meads, but really so barren a soil can only appear beautiful in the text of the poet, which I subjoin, for the curiosity of those who choose to visit the place themselves, and contrast the ancient beauty with the sad modern reality. The poetry, however, will alone give the place an interest, and perhaps the enthusiast, who recites the lines on the spot, may conjure, a vision to himself of ancient loveliness:—

ἦεν· ὄφρα τέγα σπέος ἵκετο, τῷ ἔνι νύμφη
ναίεν ἐϋπλόκαμος· τὴν δ' ἔνδοθι τέτμεν ἐοῦσαν.

πῦρ μὲν ἐπ' ἐσχαρόφιν μέγα καίετο, τηλόθι δ' ὀδμὴ
κέδρου τ' εὐκεάτοιο, θύου τ', ἀνὰ νῆσον ὀδώδει,
δαιομένων· ἡ δ' ἔνδον ἀοιδιάουσ' ὀπὶ καλῇ,
ἰσὸν ἐποιχομένη, χρυσείῃ κερκίδ' ὕφαινεν.
ὕλη δὲ σπέος ἀμφὶ πεφύκει τηλεθόωσα,
κλήθρη τ', αἴγειρός τε, καὶ εὐώδης κυπάρισσος.
ἔνθα δέ τ' ὄρνιθες τανυσίπτεροι εὐνάζοντο,
σκῶπές τ', ἴρηκές τε, τανύγλωσσοί τε κορῶναι
εἰνάλιαι, τῇσίν τε θαλάσσια ἔργα μέμηλεν.
ἡ δ' αὐτῇ τετάνυστο περὶ σπείῃς γλαφυροῖο,
ἡμερὶς ἠβώωσα, τεθήλει δὲ σαφυλῇσι·
κρῆναι δ' ἐξείης πίσυρες ῥέον ὕδατι λευκῷ,
πλησίαι ἀλλήλων τετραμμέναι ἄλλυδις ἄλλη·
ἀμφὶ δὲ λειμῶνες μαλακοὶ ἴου, ἠδὲ σελίνου,
θήλεον· ἔνθα κ' ἔπειτα καὶ ἀθάνατός περ ἐπελθὼν
θηήσαιτο ἰδὼν, καὶ τερφθείη φρεσὶν ἧσιν.
ἔνθα τὰς θηεῖτο διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης.

CHAPTER XI.

AT SEA.

On Thursday, the 6th of May, I embarked on board the Real Ferdinando Neapolitan steamer, and on the morning of Friday, the 7th, we were in Syracuse Harbour. This town, which was once able to maintain an army of 100,000 foot and 10.000 horse, and set the Romans at defiance for three years, though headed by Marcellus, is now nothing more than a small fishing town. Its situation, as seen from the Harbour, is pretty, and the adjacent country seems fertile and romantic; it is almost on an island, and appeared to me a little like Cadiz. One of the gentlemen on board, who had lately returned from the East, said it put him much in mind of an Arabian town. We exhibited a clean bill of health, but it bore the remark of a vessel being in quarantine at Malta from Egypt, several of whose crew had died of the plague; this was sufficient for the nervous health Committee to refuse us pratique; all our remonstrances were in vain, until orders should be received from Palermo,

which it would require nearly a week to obtain. We therefore determined to proceed to Messina, from which place an answer might reach us in one day. We accordingly sailed in the evening, and arrived at Messina on the following morning. We were refused pratique, in consequence of the decision at Syracuse, and were examined in succession by a doctor of the town. A favourable report was however forwarded to Palermo, an answer returned on Monday, and on Tuesday morning, the 11th of May, we disembarked, and proceeded to the Hotel della Gran Bretagna, at Messina. This last detention was even more annoying and unjust than the one at Malta; patience, however, is a virtue that is no where more tried than in travelling, and indeed it is as necessary to the traveller as his letter of credit or his passport. I found the weather bad, and the passage disagreeable and tedious, and an attack of gout obliged me immediately to take to my bed on reaching land. We had rain in torrents, with cold for three days out of the five; they however said that the season this year had changed, and some gentlemen from Syria and from Greece assured me they had encountered nothing in the East save snow and ice. Great ancient names are still extant among the Italians; the steward of our steam-boat was called Virgil. Care should be taken by all travellers not to approach Sicily from any port that is the least sus-

pected of sickness, as the authorities will send them to Malta to perform quarantine; and what I have already recounted will enable them to judge how delicate the Sicilian boards of health are in admitting vessels, even from their favourite port. During the time the cholera existed at Gibraltar, although Malta was perfectly free from the complaint, a long quarantine was insisted upon, restraint was laid on trade; and, commerce from that port, which is very great with the island, suffered material injury on that account.

CHAPTER XII.

MESSINA.—May 16, 1835.

WHOEVER has driven out at Barcelona finds precisely the same plants and fields, divided in the same way, as at Messina. The mulberry, fig, and cactus, abound here, with olive-trees and vines. The climate in general is warm, but by no means hot, at this time of year; besides, the breeze from the sea always gives it a refreshing coolness. There is a pleasant promenade as far as Faro Point, which is at ten miles' distance, where the giant heads of Pelorus terminate, and give their name to the Cape. Those who visit the mountains to the west of Messina, will find nature in its savage wildness,—rocks, precipices, and caverns; all, indeed, that may be anticipated from a soil often rent by earthquakes. Hamilcar, the Carthaginian general, took Messina by assault, and levelled it with the ground. Dionysius the elder rebuilt it. It was devastated by the plague in 1743, and nearly ruined by an earthquake in 1783. It has, however, risen again beautiful from its ruins. Scylla, so often sung by the poets, is a

high rock, rising rugged and perpendicular from the sea, which now washes its base on the Calabrian coast, opposite to Faro Point in Sicily. On its summit there is a fort, and a small hamlet which bears the same name, and extends to the base: the six-headed monster of Homer is no longer seen, and a brilliant sky, not dark clouds and mists, form the pure serene concave of heaven. There is a lunar tide in the straits, and in the canal of Messina there is occasionally troubled water; but the whirlpool of Charybdis now occasions no apprehension, even to large fishing-boats. Indeed, it would pass unnoticed, were it not from our being inspired with reminiscences of antiquity. Its site is distant from Scylla thirteen miles,—not, as described by Homer, only an arrow's flight! We are not however necessarily to suppose that what is not to be found now may not have existed in the time of Homer; the promised land, which was at the epoch of the Jewish dynasty as fertile as the cultivated parts of Egypt are now, has been overwhelmed with sand, and is wholly desert; and this great change took place within a space of time much less remote from our age than when Ulysses was supposed to have lost his fleet off the Sicilian coast. The volcanic nature of this part of the globe may have caused the change of currents, and indeed the change of continent, and may have now made a safe passage of what was once a dangerous one.

Messina can boast an eminent sculptor, and friend of the great Michel Angelo, in Gagini, who was born in the year 1480, and lived to a very great age. He has not perhaps the imposing grandeur of the Italian, but may rather be said to follow, in grace of statuary expression, the delicate taste and feeling of Raphael's pencil. The pulpit in the great cathedral is by him, and is composed of two solid pieces of marble, beautifully worked, although the outline of the ornaments has been chipped in places through the neglect of its guardians. The cathedral, which is now the only remaining part of the larger edifice, having lost its steeple in the great earthquake, presents rather the appearance of a Moorish building. It has a body with two wings, which in the inside form aisles, and are supported by twenty-four pillars of Egyptian granite, of about four feet diameter, by nearly twenty in height, all one solid piece. The great bell, which fell with the spire, has been converted into an equestrian statue of Charles the Third of Spain, which is on a pedestal in the small square fronting the cathedral. This bell was of immense size, being nearly sixty feet in circumference, and sixteen villages in the neighbourhood of Messina could hear it when tolled. Close to the great altar hangs a standard which the ill-fated Murat displayed on the coast of Sicily at the time he landed in Calabria. It bears the inscription of "Murat, King of Naples

and Sicily." This now serves merely as a memento of ill fortune; had his attempt been crowned with success, it would have been consecrated and hallowed as the standard of a hero. One of the members of the church invented an ingenious dial, by introducing through an aperture in its roof the rays of the sun, which are reflected on the marble below, and this is graduated so as to show the hours. I observed no pictures worth notice; but the great altar is very fine, besides the splendour of the gilding, it is remarkable for being covered with beautiful specimens of "*pietra dura*," and lapis lazuli, and the carved woodwork is also good. I visited the Franciscan church of the Capuchins, which is interesting from its beautiful situation; it commands a charming view of the straits and Calabrian coast. Its members live on charity, but are enabled to administer bread and soup daily to the poor, who throng there sometimes to the number of two hundred; the males and females have alternate days. The church contains two good pictures of the Nativity, one of which is a known Caravaggio, and another, a little painting of the Transfiguration, forming the door to an oratory in one of the chapels, is called by Raphael; this, however, I doubt; from what I have seen of it, I should rather attribute it to Garofalo; by whomsoever painted, it is very beautiful. I visited the collection of the Signor Grano, but saw nothing in his

gallery much to be remarked, save a head of our Saviour, attributed to Polidoro. In the church of the Cardalois there is a painting over the altar by a pupil of Polidoro, called Aldobrandi; I cannot say that it pleased me much: it is a representation of the Epiphany, but is very cold in colour and hard in drawing. On our entrance I saw the body of a man lying on cushions in the dress of the day, with the face covered, which they were going to bury. I thought at first he slept; but in a few minutes a wooden box was brought in, the body was raised, and lifted into it by the bystanders, a string of beads was thrown upon the hands, and the lid of the box closed with two hooks. In this simple form he was to be consigned to the grave, prayers having been already chaunted for his soul. He had, however, attained a full maturity of age; his life had been prolonged beyond the calculation of the Psalmist, and more than eighty winters had bleached a beard now never to grow again. I confess I look with pain on burials and on deaths; on

> The first dark day of nothingness,
> The last of danger and distress,

when hopes and fears and tumultuous passions, all that agitates and afflicts and delights mankind, are swallowed up together in the dark cavern of the grave, no room being left for amendment of life, no opportunity to repair the wrongs inflicted

on their fellow men. In the Museum there is a school for children on the Lancasterian system, but it is languishing; the gallery too contains a miserable collection of pictures. There is one among them, of Christ casting out the Devils, which seems to be by Salvator Rosa, and a large picture of some scripture mystery by Bocca Negra, an imitator of Murillo, and indeed a painter of some merit, and I thought these two the best in the collection. The last painting represents a friar holding a cross in the air, with another to his left in meditation on the ground; angels are assisting, of which there are a pretty group above in the sky. Those who wish to enjoy a view equally fine with that of the Capuchin convent, should visit the monastery of Ladies of San Gregorio, and they will be amply satisfied. The frescos in the church certainly have merit; they are by Filocamo, and done in the year 1723. There are also three large pictures in oil by Quagliata, one representing San Gregorio in meditation, which I think the best amongst them, another of the Madonna del Carmine, and a third of the Virgine Addolorata. These three are all works of composition, and though not comparable in excellence with the high works of the Italian school, are nevertheless worth the trouble of a walk to see. The whole of the church is much ornamented with works in pietra dura, but I confess I prefer handsome and plain marble to

any Mosaic work that is not of the first quality, and even then I think that variegated colours in a place of worship take away from the solemn appearance which it should with propriety present, and that such ornaments should be secondary, and not principal, in the effect, and used, if at all, in the details of the establishments, but never appear in standards and pillars, as I find they often do in this country. All, however, is matter of taste, and what appears to me tawdry and meretricious, may to others seem elegant. Among the remarkable objects at Messina, and indeed all over Sicily, are the horns of the cattle, which grow sometimes to a length of four feet; the animals themselves are very fine, and are used for drawing carts and domestic purposes, and with these huge appendages they have a most imposing effect. In the houses these horns are used for ornaments to sideboards and tables. The fish is very good at Messina, and I am told that the flavour depends on the different kinds being caught within the straits. They have the tunny in addition to almost every other sort, and the red mullets are almost as exquisite as the far-famed ones of Cadiz. The general mode of conveyance in Messina is on mules or donkeys, or in carriages. The hire of a donkey in English money is about eightpence an hour. There are no horses let for hire. The town is well supplied with water, and there are many fountains. Ice is procured from Calabria

or the adjacent mountains, and snow appears on the opposite hills of Italy even at this date, the 18th of May. There are about 80,000 inhabitants in Messina, and many foreign families are established as merchants. There is a subscription reading-room, and billiard table, to which foreigners are admitted without any difficulty. The theatre is open only during part of the year. I am told it is not well supplied with singers, their pay being very small. Living here is cheap, provisions and wine good, and in the town of Reggio, which is on the opposite coast, a single person may be boarded and found in every thing at the rate of about four pounds sterling per month. Messina has no urban militia, but furnishes two regiments of the line to the army. The supreme court of justice is at Palermo, to which all criminal and weighty causes are referred for decision. The code of laws is the same as that of Naples. All that is most interesting at Messina I have seen and noted; there is nothing antique of interest, and as the other towns of Sicily have attractions, I shall proceed to-morrow with a guide on my road to Catania. Of the character of the Messinese it can hardly be supposed that I should be able to form a judgment from our slight acquaintance, but their exterior at least is very bland and kind; they are perhaps less precise and ceremonious in their language and deportment, than the other natives of the island; but I

have heard, and can believe it, that they are warm-hearted and sincere. It requires, however, time to know them, and they are at a first acquaintance rather reserved with strangers. Messina is in the 38th degree of latitude. The patron saint of the town is the Madonna della Lettera.

CHAPTER XIII.

GIARDINA—TAORMINA.—May 21, 1835.

I LEFT Messina for Catania yesterday morning. The first place I passed of note was Santo Stefano, on the sea-shore, which together with the Marina of Mirle, is famous for its growth of strawberries, which supply Messina. We passed the Torre della Scaletta, noted in the old times as a fort to check the attacks of the Turks, and dined at Saint Paula, which is at a distance of about twenty miles from Messina. We had a most luxurious dish of fish, called in Italian *luna*, for which I do not find the English name; it approaches somewhat to sole, but has a richer flavour. We proceeded from St. Paula with intention to sup at Giardina, which is at the foot of Taormina, having passed by the small hamlet of Turei, celebrated for its manufacture of maccaroni. The process is to drive the paste through apertures in a brazen plate, and cut it off by such lengths, long or short, as are desired. In the machine which we saw they were cutting it short, allowing the length of only about an inch

for each piece. The paste is of wheat, but not the same as that of bread, but is what called in Italian *semola.* Four miles further on our road we passed Cape Saint Alessi, an enormous perpendicular rock, steep on every side, close to which the road runs, and which commands a view of the small town of Forzo di Agro, placed like an eagle's nest on the summit of a crag. The foundations, however, of the fort of Saint Alessi are gradually giving way, and the time is perhaps not far distant when the whole fabric will be precipitated into the sea below, as has happened with many firmer-based edifices on this romantic but treacherous coast. We reached Giardina at about seven in the evening, where we slept in a bad inn that all preceding travellers have had the mania of commending in the name-book as excellent, a species of misrepresentation which, though proceeding from kindness to the landlord, is absolutely culpable; for when all praise their reception, the host will become even more remiss in his care and attention to his guests. Inserting the name at all in a book left at a public house of entertainment is ill-judged, or tending only to gratify idle curiosity; and the house of passports is a degrading custom, as the honest man is exposed to the same restraints and observation as the pickpocket and felon. It may be a question whether it be not better that some inconvenience should be undergone by all, and

so criminals and villains watched; but for centuries passports were never thought of, and we are indebted to the system of police of Fouché, the minister of Buonaparte in France, for the introduction of this fetter on the personal liberty of mankind on the continent. We left Giardina at eight o'clock on the following morning, having inspected the amphitheatre of Taormina; reached Acci at one, where we dined, and proceeded to Catania, where we arrived at six o'clock in the afternoon, being a distance of about thirty-one miles from Giardina. We had accomplished our journey very well and easily with the same horses, as there are no relays of post-horses in Sicily. Acci is a neat town, and indeed the handsomest I found on the road to Catania. It has a cathedral, but contains no pictures of much merit. Its patron saint is Santa Verona. To antiquarians, the great point of attention in this journey is Taormina, formerly a city of note, of which now, however, nothing ancient remains save the theatre. Dionysius the elder destroyed a town called Naxus in this neighbourhood; but the inhabitants were united by Andromachus, father of Timæus, the historian (all of whose compositions are lost), about forty years afterwards, and the city of Taurominion was founded on the hill Tauron by him. It is now the abode of wretchedness, and consists only of a few modern cottages; but the theatre remains superior to the

dilapidating course of ages, and fancy might almost again people its stage and galleries at this remote period of time. From the remains, we find that the seats were fashioned from the solid rock, and covered with white marble. It possessed that requisite for all theatres—a fine echo, and was six hundred and twenty-four feet in circumference. Seen from the road, it has a fine effect, and adds much to the pleasure of the view. The whole of the road between Messina and Catania is lovely, and at this time of the year the flowers and verdant shrubs gratify by their odour and their aspect both the sight and the smell. The visual and the olfactory nerves are held in a soft enchantment; the climate is warm, and tempered by the sea, which is always in sight; indeed every sense is pleased. All along the road there are fruit trees, and the mulberry exists in great perfection as food for the silk-worm. We saw a large quantity of the oleaster, with which the Sicilians amuse themselves by drying and making it into snuff for carnival time. The powder appears like real tobacco, and is not very pungent, but when once taken, causes interminable sneezing, to the great diversion of the unaffected. The coast of Calabria forms a magnificent object, terminating in the Capo Sparlivento, and is seen to advantage as far as Giardina, after which it fades in distance. The points of view which struck me

most on our way were from the Capo di Sant' Alessi, previous to arriving at Giardina, and at the Ponte di Caltabiano, after leaving it; the latter affords the most favourable aspect of Etna on the road. Of this mountain, which rises gradually from the ocean, whose waist is braced with snow, whose feet are sprinkled with every flower and sweet-scented shrub, and whose head is bound with burning rocks and minerals, it is no hyberbole to say, that in my opinion a journey to Sicily from England is repaid merely by this view of this recumbent giant. Etna is more worth seeing than all that is contained of the same nature in Spain, Italy, and Germany. Our home scenery sinks into miniature and toy-shop representation, in comparison with this and with the Pic du Midi in France. In Switzerland we want the relief of the larger expanse of water, for the lakes are nothing in comparison to the mountains; but here we have a majestic mountain and a mighty element, the sea, in immediate contiguity and contrast. Vesuvius is striking, but has not the breadth of base of Etna. After leaving Messina, the soil is composed of ferruginous clay as far as the Capo di Sant' Alessi; after that point it is of clay and chalk, and then succeed beds of volcanic matter and lava, which, however, contain many spots very favourable for cultivation. Towards the interior of the country,

near to the small hamlets of Ali and the Fiume di Nisi, there are mountains which used to produce copper, silver, and lead. Pieces of money have been coined from them, with the motto "Ex visceribus meis hæc funditur."

CHAPTER XIV.

CATANIA.—May 24, 1835.

I HAVE visited the far-famed monastery of the Benedettini, of which all the friars are of gentle blood, and have each his own domestic. I have heard the organ in its church, under which the modest constructor, a Calabrian priest named Donato, reposes, and a simple stone marks his cold abode. I have admired the state entrance to the convent, which is all of white marble, both staircase, pillars, and balustrades. I have seen no picture of any value. Among many bad ones, there are two in the church which are tolerable, namely, Saint Gregory approving the commission of the Augustine order, by Camuccini, a modern artist, and Saint Benedetto receiving the sons of a Roman Emperor into the bosom of the Church, by Tofanelli. The members of the convent are eighty in number. Their cloisters and habitations are on a splendid scale. The garden is formed on a bed of lava, and communicates with the edifice by a small bridge. The fiery fluid of Etna, in the year 1669, flowed past this

sacred building at a few yards distance, but harmed it not, and the holy men have turned the platform of black lava into an ornamental series of parterres. There are many hedges of cypress and box, many fantastic figures in yew, and handsome beds of tulips, with trellis work of roses. It put me much in mind of the garden attached to the Alcazar at Seville. The same productions and the same plan reigns here as in Spain. The museum was formed by a "par nobile fratrum," Scamacco and Amico. There are old pots, lachrimatories, bronzes, and most indecent priapuses of every form and size, but nothing struck me as very beautiful, save the bas-relief, representing a girl drawn by force to initiation in the mysteries of Bacchus. The jolly god leads the way, and the attendants follow with the damsel, whose reluctance and modesty are well expressed. I saw their collection of pictures, which is in the same room, and one called by Caravaggio, which is no more than a bad copy of a picture of Christ at the sepulchre, by Spagnoletti, which is in my possession, and was purchased by me at the sale of an eminent collector at Aix, in the south of France, in the year 1832. They also showed me a Last Supper, supposed to be anterior to Raphael, and which is in my opinion by Morales, a Spanish painter, called the Divine, from his having always chosen his subjects from the family of our Saviour or the saints.

I never, however, saw a Morales of that size and with so many figures, but there are heads in it decidedly by him. Whoever looks into the Guide Book of Sicily by the Abbate Francesco Ferrara, will find a very different account told of the two pictures I allude to, yet I respectfully but decidedly take pleasure to differ from the Abbate, and, as Crabtree says in the School for Scandal, though his account may be the more particular, I believe mine is the right one after all. There is no catalogue to the Museum, and indeed the paintings are scarcely worth one; but there are some explanatory cards attached to different objects, which only serve to mislead the visiters. I cannot say that I found the organ in the church so fine as either those of Haerlem, Rotterdam, or Seville; but it is very pleasing, and the tones most harmonious. In the chapels there are many pillars of verde antique, cased over lava. I find here the Sicilian mode of counting time. Half an hour after sun-set their reckoning begins, when they count on till a similar hour next day, up to twenty-four. This to a stranger seems confused, but to those habituated is plain enough; indeed it is as accordant to the distribution of time as our mode, for how often is it that the sun has twelve hours' empire, and the moon an equal number?—only twice a year. I went, after visiting this monastery, to the ancient baths, which are supposed to be coeval with the period when

Marcellus, on his return from Syracuse, built a gymnasium for the town, as mentioned by Plutarch, and which no doubt remains still connected with these baths. The stream of the Ammiano, the present river, is supposed to have supplied these baths with water. All the ancient inscriptions and monuments have been removed to his collection by the Principe Ignazio di Biscari, who was the most active investigator of the ancient remains of Catania. What is left of the theatre is in accordance with the history of its ancient grandeur, but all its columns and ornaments were pillaged with barbarian blindness, to build and adorn the cathedral, by Count Ruggieri. Its length in diameter of the internal superficies, from one wall to the other, is three hundred and ten feet. The lowest corridor exists entire. To the west there was an aperture, which leads by a staircase to the Odeum, a small theatre of one hundred and forty-five feet diameter. The plan of this interesting monument has been illustrated by Signor Musumici. Catania had a large theatre when the Athenians came a second time against Syracuse, and this may be the same. Their General Alcibiades addressed the people in it when the troops entered to join his army. It was at Catania that the famous Stesichorus died, who was the first to make the chorus remain immoveable in the theatre, and to cause it to sing with accompaniments. Androni also was a Catanian,

who taught first the art of pantomime, and how to follow with motions of the body the sound of a flute or any band of instruments. The original name of Stesichorus was Tisiàs; the other he acquired from the alterations he made in music and dancing. He was also an author, and wrote in the Doric dialect; but all his works have been lost, with the exception of a few fragments. He was blinded, it is said, for outraging the vanity of Helen by his verses; and he is deemed the inventor of the fable of the horse and stag (afterwards used by Horace), to prevent his countrymen from allying themselves with Phalaris. He however vindicated his want of gallantry to the sex by being the first who introduced the epithalamium or nuptial song. He died at Catania in his eighty-fifth year. I hardly deem myself competent as an antiquarian to judge of or decide on what is fine in ruins, and certainly were I to speak of the Catanian antiquities, without bearing in mind the respect due to their venerable and aged state, I should declare that I have been disappointed in their aspect; all their beauty is gone, and dirty stone-work only remains to gratify the curiosity. Near the bastion of the Infetti, being the place where those with pestilential disorders were formerly confined, there is on the public carriage-road a small circle of pavement, to which the eye of the traveller is directed, as the site of the ancient temple of Ceres, from

whence Verres stole the statue of the goddess, as related by Cicero, and the entrance to which temple was sacred to the matrons, and to them only. The Catholic church, always desirous of making miracles to its own advantage, asserts that after the middle of the eighteenth century it was destroyed by Leon, son of Copronymus, the wonder-worker, by a nod. In the garden of the convent of the Franciscans of Santa Maria di Gesu there are some ancient tombs, and in this church there is an early painting of a virgin and child on panel, by Antonio Messenese, dated 1497. It is carefully covered with a curtain, and is the best picture in the church;—and if exposed for sale in London, without any history, and dependant on its own merits as a work of art, might perhaps fetch five guineas well sold. I visited the cathedral founded by the Count Ruggieri in the year 1193, and was disappointed with its appearance; there is a picture in it of Sant' Agata, by Paladino, a Florentine painter, and there is in the sacristia a fresco painting, representing the eruption of Mount Etna in the year 1669—it seems that the principal discharge of lava took place from what are called the Monte Rossi, being subordinate parts of the great mountain. The discharge of lava did not enclose the whole town, but only two sides. I visited the gallery of the Principe Biscari, and saw the following fine objects:—A Torso of Jove, found in the the-

atre within the town; a Hercules with modern legs badly put on, from the same place; a Ceres from Castel san Giovanni, near Palermo; a bust of Scipio Africanus from Rome; two magnificent Etruscan vases, apparently representing the toilet and domestic occupations of an Etruscan female, which are said to have cost the prince eight hundred pounds, and a small vase with a white ground and charioteer driving four horses abreast, with very nearly the same trappings as are used in Spain at the present day. There are innumerable other objects of ancient statuary, inscriptions, remains, and armour, as well as many specimens of natural history, but the collection did not strike me, after what I have seen in others in Europe, to contain any thing very beautiful beyond what I have noted. One of the gates of the town, called Porta Ferdinando, is built of black marble, and Syracusan stone above; it has a medallion, with the busts, in basso-relievo, of King Ferdinand and his wife Caroline. Signor Gioeni has a collection of Sicilian natural history, which I am told is worth seeing, although I have not examined it myself, and he possesses all the valuable samples of the minerals of Etna. The library of the expelled Jesuits forms the main part of that of the university of the present day; but Catania seems spiritless in literature, and I know of no antiquarian or lover of the arts who has published in the present day, save the pro-

fessor Ferrara, who has given a text book for the tour of Sicily. Individual writers on select spots have detected and corrected errors in Ferrara, but I confess I think his work valuable; it is certainly useful, and wherever the traveller in Sicily goes, he will find the place generally well described, and details given respecting it by this author. Perfection is not attainable, and great correctness in a mere guide book may be dispensed with sometimes, as such a work is used for general matters only, and not for a complete authority. In the Casa Communale they have a collection of paintings, which is but indifferent on the whole. It contains, however, what I judge to be a picture in the very best manner of Novelli, (called Morealeses from his birth-place), representing San Christoval, and this is certainly a magnificent performance on a large scale. There is a good, but damaged, copy of one of Raphael's holy families, perhaps a repetition by him. Catania has no port or harbour, but there is a little unsafe bay, in which small vessels lie in fine weather. The river Ammiano runs through the town, springing from the giant mount of Etna. It is a classic stream, for Pindar, Ovid, and Strabo, make mention of it. The ancient Catania was built on the side of this river by the Siculi, a people of Italy, who having fled from their own country, and dispossessing the Sicani, the original people of Sicily, the ancient name of

which was Sicania, established themselves there. These were dislodged by the Greeks from Naxus, of which place I have made mention in the last chapter as having given rise to Taormina. It was at one period called Etna; has successively passed through the usual fates of ancient places—was impoverished by Pompeius Sixtus, son of the great Pompey, benefited by Augustus, devastated by the Barbarians, invaded by the Saracens, and under the Normans made a handsome figure; in 1169 an earthquake overturned it, and left fifteen thousand inhabitants buried under the ruins. Suspected to have been hostile to Henry the Sixth, it was put to fire and sword, and suffered a same fate the second time under Frederic, his son. In 1348 it was devastated by the plague; and in 1693 another earthquake buried sixteen thousand of its inhabitants. It is now a handsome town, and has in particular two large and very wide streets, which are certainly fine; the Strada Etnese, which is thirty feet in breadth, and one Italian mile and a half long, and the Strada del Corvo, of somewhat shorter length, and the same breadth. The town has the appearance of being much larger than Messina, but has not more than forty-five thousand inhabitants. The walks in the neighbourhood are pretty, and it is curious to see how spots are cultivated on the black lava. The Indian fig grows there extremely well, and requires very little earth at

first planting; it then by degrees forces its roots into the lava, and turns it into soil. Houses are built on the deposits of the great eruption of 1669, which has driven the sea near half a mile farther from the town than it was before. It caused little damage to the houses, as it partly encompassed, but did not touch, the city. Catania is well supplied with provisions. The climate is very hot in summer. It is in 37½° of latitude. When one enumerates the various fates of cities, it seems to be certain that, whether from a concatenation of natural changes, or from the universal influence of some evil spirit from whom spring the misfortunes as well of communities as individuals, as many evils attend on the register of time in states and towns, as in the short course of a family or even a single life. Who then would desire an eternity, if an eternity of ill and fluctuating fortune be the lot of existence, and who would desire to count long years, if they are to be long years of pain? Man, however, has nevertheless something always to desire, and in spite of reason, attaches an importance to temporary trifles, which extinguish his powers of reflection, and dull and deaden his mental faculties; so that he grumblingly lives on, and when near his end, desires a still longer space of life, wretched as it may be, rather than bid adieu for ever to the insignificant objects which engross his attention.

I have hired a lettiga, at 2½ pezzi of Sicily, about ten shillings English, per day, and in this propose to continue my route to Syracuse; there being in that part of Sicily no carriage roads. I will add a few notices on the mode of proceeding to the top of Etna, although I do not feel myself competent to undertake the journey, reconciling the accounts of those who have undertaken it as far as I can. The first march should be to Trecastagne from Catania, thence to Nicolosi, and then to the summit. The Monte Rossi are near to Nicolosi, which is five miles distant from Trecastagne, and hereabouts finishes the first region of Etna, called the cultivated. The woody or middle regions, in which are situations worthy of Arcadia, succeeds, and gradually terminates in the third, or uncultivated region, which is formed of black sand and ashes. After passing about four miles over this, the traveller arrives at what is called the Casa degli Inglesi, and it is advisable to reach the spot before sunset. After midnight he begins to ascend the cone of the crater, in order to see the sun rise; and if the day be clear, he has the view of the whole of Sicily, except the western part, the extremity of Calabria, and Malta. Trigonometry assigns to the visual power at that height, one hundred and thirty-eight miles in length, and eight hundred and sixty-two in circumference. It is advised not to drink spirits against the cold. The best season of the year

for the ascent are the months of Junẽ and July. The most ancient eruption of the mountain was in the time of the Sicani, a Spanish colony which had passed through Italy, the successors of the Cyclops, those magic creations of Homer. Of their chief, Polyphemus, the great poet says—

> " ἔνθα δ' ἀνὴρ ἐνίανε πελώριος, ὅς ῥά τε μῆλα
> οἶος ποιμαίνεσκεν ἀπόπροθεν· οὐδὲ μετ' ἄλλους
> πωλεῖτ', ἀλλ' ἀπάνευθεν ἐὼν ἀθεμίστια ἤδη.
> καὶ γὰρ θαῦμ' ἐτέτυκτο πελώριον· οὐδὲ ἐῴκει
> ἀνδρί γε σιτοφάγῳ, ἀλλὰ ῥίῳ ὑλήεντι
> ὑψηλῶν ὀρέων, ὅτε φαίνεται οἶον ἀπ' ἄλλων."

The lava of Mount Etna is worked into pillars and ornamental furniture, such as busts, boxes, and stands; it serves for building houses, takes a good polish, and is of various colours. The subterraneous fires of Etna, it seems, influence the character of the natives of the country, as well as the productions of the soil; for the Catanese are called hot-headed fellows by their brother Sicilians—" teste brucciate." I have observed a passionate and obstinate disposition in the lower classes, but nothing beyond this that would make me judge unfavourably in general of the Catanians.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LETTIGA.—May 25, 1835.

I MOUNTED my lettiga, which, for the information of the ignorant, I will describe as a small kind of carriage like a vis-a-vis, supported by two long poles, which terminate on the shoulders of a couple of mules, one being before and one behind, and these led by a man on another mule, and attended by a second on foot with a staff, who animates the animals by calling to and occasionally poking them. The mule on which the man rides in front generally carries the luggage, as in the lettiga there is room for nothing; and as the body of the carriage hangs very high on the shafts or poles, an inequality of balance might upset it. I must observe that the carriage is generally not attached to the poles which sustain it, so that if a mule falls in ascending sloping ground or descending, you roll away till the vehicle is dashed to pieces, or stops of itself. It is a dangerous carriage, and yet accidents seldom

happen with it. This, however, was not quite the case as regards myself, for immediately on quitting the main road, we crossed a small steep footway over a gully, and whether from the animal's inattention, owing to a long rest, or from the ground giving way, down it went into the ditch, and had it not been that it slipped at the commencement of its attempt to cross, and that the poles of the carriage were very long, I should have been precipitated after it, and perhaps seriously hurt; as it was, the lettiga landed on the ground, and I was free from harm. I did not take the road to Syracuse through Lentini, but crossed the country, leaving Lentini and Augusta a great deal to the left; this road was very bad, and no one who has not travelled in Sicily, and with mules, can imagine the value of them. On mounting Montserrat in Catalonia, I went on muleback, and there the road is bad; but the tracks which these animals travelled, encumbered as they were with the lettiga, appeared to me to entitle them in this journey to a praise which would appear overcharged to those unacquainted with the difficulties they had overcome, and the care and firmness with which they placed their feet and felt their way. In some of the worst road, which I walked through, I had more trouble to scramble my way on foot than they had; and in broken ground, where there was water, and I was obliged

to pass in the lettiga, they did not exhibit the least embarrassment, but crossed every thing fearlessly and with safety. For about seven miles from Catania there is a carriage-road, then comes a flat of corn land, with only a track, which is called the Piana de Catania; then succeeds mountainous land; a descent is made to the level at the Salita di Augusta, and at a new village called Prioli, which is nine miles from Syracuse, there begins a carriage-road, which was made within the last year, to the town. I am told that within the space of ten years all Sicily will be visited without trouble, as they are making high roads in every direction with great diligence. At about eight miles from Catania we crossed the Giarretta, which flows from Etna, and was formerly the yellow and rapid Simethus of Silius, and is praised by Athenæus for its mullets. It is now a stream of considerable size, and we passed it in a ferry-boat. The worst part of our road was formerly the most celebrated for its productions, and the culture and produce of the Lestrygonian fields exist no longer, save in the records of antiquity. The great writer of ancient times, who embellishes all he touches, has given an interest to the Lestrygonians beyond even their adventitious connection with this interesting country. They were, as is said by him, the first inhabitants of the island of Sicily; they fed on human flesh,

and they seized the companions and destroyed the ships of Ulysses. They possessed gigantic stature, and were of a migratory disposition, for they passed to Italy, where they built the town of Formiæ, which is sometimes called by their name. Speaking of the reception the Queen of the Lestrygonians gave to the herald of Ulysses, Homer says—

> " ἡ δ' αἶψ' ἐξ ἀγορῆς ἐκάλει κλυτὸν Ἀντιφατῆα,
> ὃν πόσιν, ὃς δὴ τοῖσιν ἐμήσατο λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον.
> αὐτίχ' ἕνα μάρψας ἑτάρων, ὡπλίσσατο δόρπον·
> τὼ δὲ δύ' ἰάξαντε φυγῇ ἐπὶ νῆας ἱκέσθην."

The town of Augusta lies behind the point of Santa Croce, formerly Taurus Promontorium, on a small peninsula, and to this place are sent convicts and malefactors. We saw the odoriferous banks of Mount Hybla a little to our left, as we passed and viewed the town of Meliti, a small place of modern construction, but famous for having had plantations of sugar before that plant was known in America. The ancient town of Alabon, or Alabus, was above on the mountains, which command the Sinus Megarensis, the Bay of Augusta. On the same day we left Catania we reached Prioli, which is nine miles from Syracuse, and thence had a good carriage-road to the town. At about four miles before we arrived, we began to ascend the " Sca-

letta Greca," as it is now called, which is only the brow of a hill, in the rocks of which there are large holes or caves, which were used successively by Turks, pirates, and robbers, by the ancients as quarries, in later times as hiding-places, and they are now untenanted. It was to this place that the ancient boundaries of Syracuse extended, or more properly speaking, one of the four towns which composed Syracuse, and the road runs now between Acradina, which is east, and Techa and Napoli, which are west, straight to Ortigia, on which the town now stands. The others were parts of the old town, and Ortigia was formerly the citadel of Dionysius and the other Sicilian tyrants, who cut a sluice, and made it an island. Timoleon, when he expelled the tyrants from Sicily, and enabled the natives to form republics again, joined it to the main land, and Charles the Fifth of Spain fortified it with the remains of the Prytaneum, and gave it a three-fold belt of water. Syracuse has a much prettier appearance from the land than from the sea view, and put me still further in mind of Cadiz, as I descended the Scaletta Greca. The climate of the town is excellent; there are many instances of great longevity, and every thing is fine and flourishing here, save trade, which is much depressed. It contains twenty thousand inhabitants: there is a walk round the town,

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which is strongly fortified, and the streets, though deserted, are clean, and regularly drawn. It lies in the thirty-seventh degree of latitude. The port is reckoned very good. Lord Nelson used to say that it was the sâfest one he knew in Sicily.

CHAPTER XVI.

SYRACUSE.—May 27, 1835.

—— Alpheum Fama est huc Elidis amnem
Occultas egisse vias; subter mare qui nunc
Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.

THE constancy of Alpheus to Arethusa still remains, though the nymph has lost her beauty, and what was once a stream lovely in itself, and described by Cicero as full of fish, is at present a small straggling pool, in which poor women cleanse foul linen. Alpheus bubbles as brisk as ever in the sea, and the elegant fable of antiquity still causes an interest to the traveller, in the appearance of boiling water that the river assumes, struggling to rejoin his love in the midst of the briny element, which bars further approach, and forbids the caresses he is eager to bestow. The Prytaneum, or justice-hall of the Athenians, called by the Romans basilica, is still pointed out by a pillar of the Corinthian order, (contrary to the usual Doric,) and in later times served as a custom-house. Close at hand is the amphi-

theatre, unnamed by Cicero, and therefore presumed to have been formed after his time, probably during the reign of Nero, as Tacitus mentions about that period that the Syracusans applied to Rome for permission to have more gladiators at their public shows. Somewhat removed, above the amphitheatre, and embracing a splendid view of the town and sea, are the remains of a Greek theatre, cut from the solid rock; and nearly in the middle, on an eminence, appears the "Linfeo," which served for the chaunting of hymns to Apollo before the commencement of the performance. In the amphitheatre is discoverable the libidinaria, or passage through which were carried the slaughtered gladiators, victims of the shows. These sanguinary conflicts, so common at Rome, were not known in the pure times of the Grecian power, and it is some consolation to the outraged feelings of humanity to think that the most refined people of antiquity discountenanced the effusion of blood, that they were equally humane and enlightened, and that these depraved spectacles were only countenanced and encouraged towards the decline of the power and influence of the Romans, who in their more flourishing state always were desirous of copying the Greeks most closely. The Colosseum remains at Rome, a monument of the depravity as well as the magnificence of its founder, Nero. Around the Greek theatre at Syracuse, and between it and the

"Linfeo," are to be seen remains of tombs. In a deep ravine at a small distance from the spots of which I am treating, are the "Lithomia," or stone quarries, which served as prisons for the Athenian army under Nicias and Demosthenes, as magazines for materials to erect the splendid buildings of the town, and, as popular tradition relates, for inquisitorial halls to the tyrants of Syracuse. One of these is called the ear of Dionysius, and the vulgar have generally imagined that this cavern was contrived in order to facilitate the power of the king in ascertaining the secrets and the sentiments of his prisoners. A small chamber exists above in the rock, from whence every sound is heard in accumulating power, that breaks forth below. Opinions, however, of later ages have differed, and the more classic and enlightened say that it was here the thunder was produced to accompany the Eumenides or Furies in their appearance on the adjoining stage; for according to Xenophon, all the Greek theatres had their thunder-rooms; and perhaps had not the barbarian Turks destroyed the library of Alexandria, we might have found enough in Diodorus Siculus to have set this point at rest. Mr. Cockerell, I am told, has calculated that the Greek theatre at Syracuse would have held in its former state forty thousand spectators. In the church of Santa Lucia, the patron saint of the town, exists a painting by Caravaggio of her

interment, in which appear two countrymen as prominent figures, busily occupied in digging the grave. This work of art is reckoned superior to the painting of the same master in the church of St. John at Malta. Caravaggio, of a bold, restless, and turbulent genius, having received the honours of knighthood from the Grand Master of Malta for the merits of his pencil, slew a noble, who jested him on his green and newly acquired laurels; he was imprisoned, but had the good fortune to escape, and came to Syracuse, where he painted this picture; persecuted by the Maltese government, he withdrew to Messina, where he painted a picture of the Nativity for the Franciscans: from Messina, always migrating, he went to Naples, from Naples to Rome, where he was arrested by mistake at the neighbouring seaport of Civita Vecchia, from whence he intended to embark for Tuscany. When liberated, the vessel which contained his effects was near the shore under sail; he followed on foot, and called after it so violently, that the fatigue and heat caused a fever, which soon put a period to his existence. Caravaggio was low in stature, fat in person, and savage in aspect; he was dexterous with the sword, and challenged Guido and Annibal Caracci, brothers in the profession, to single combat. He was however lively and jocose. When at Malta, he found the inhabitants curious and meddling, and resolved therefore to divert himself at

their expense, and caused his attendant, Lionella Spada, the Bolognese, a respectable artist, and whose works are often taken for those of Salvador Rosa, to stammer the Lord's prayer at night, in order that their apartment might attract the notice of those who passed; he himself acting as corrector to Spada. Crowds gathered about the place to hear what was going on; and as the farce continued every evening, at last it came to the ears of the Grand Master, who sent for Spada, and inquired whether he was really ignorant of what every Christian was supposed to know by heart? Spada, on this invitation, repeated the prayer in Greek, Latin, and Italian, affirming that it was his wish, and that of Caravaggio, only to divert themselves at the expense of their simple auditors, and that he had pretended ignorance of the words solely on that account. Caravaggio went always sumptuously dressed, and had about his person large chains of gold, and in his house every species of expensive furniture. His name was Michel Angelo Merigi da Caravaggio; Caravaggio being a small town in Romagna.

On the sea-shore, though now partly covered, and encroached upon by the element, are to be seen marks on the rocks where the inhabitants of ancient Syracuse dressed their leather. The spots are in a circle with oblong projections, like the very broad handle of a frying-pan. Their general extent may be nearly three feet in diameter, and

some I have seen extend even to eight. The famous picture of the equestrian battle of Agathocles, the portraits of the kings of Syracuse, the magnificent gates of gold and ivory, and the Gorgon's head, no more glitter and surprise in the temple of Minerva, but its Doric pillars still remain, and in the present day Christian choirs resound, and the sacrament is hallowed, where Pagan trophies were displayed, and sacrifices smoked. The duomo, or cathedral, can only now be known for what it once was by the learned or the antiquary; and a few suppliants, with many mendicants, are all that indicate now one of the most famous temples of antiquity. The mind, however, involuntarily flies from the present to the past, and this edifice may still in the eye of fancy be peopled with long-robed priests of ancient times, and filled with the credulous crowd: still may the blood of victims smoke in imagination along the pavement of the building, and still may the prophetic eye of the soothsayer be turned to heaven to supplicate favourable omens from entrails which are to determine the lots of war or peace, the fates of cities, and the destinies of distant nations. Close to the high road of Catania are to be seen accumulated masses of rock, with two sepulchral cavities, one rising above the other. The lowest of these eternal habitations is the sepulchre of Archimedes. It is adorned in the interior with symbolic marks, and supported

by Doric columns. Here was the most celebrated and populous part of Syracuse, and it is difficult to believe, were it not an ascertained fact, that the Syracusans were ignorant of the spot where reposed the remains of one of their greatest countrymen, soon after his death; nor was it known till Cicero came to Sicily and discovered it. He had the honour of pointing out the last home of the mathematician, who when living waged war against the bounds set by nature to human ingenuity; and asserted, that could he find a footing, he would displace the world from its orbit. The other tomb, peering over that of Archimedes, belonged to a hero—to Timoleon, who, an exiled fratricide from Greece, preached liberty, inflamed the Syracusans, and in forty days cleared Sicily of her tyrants. Great as was his exploit, and beneficial as the results of it may have been to humanity, the caviller may object to the man, and the philosopher or politician may pause in their approbation of the deed, when they consider that the instrument of the innovation was a criminal, whose life had been forfeited to the outraged laws of his country, and who in his own person had set an example of insubordination to precepts and commands held sacred by all the world. The remains, shattered by an earthquake, are still to be seen of the monument raised to Marcellus for the capture of the town, although his

exertions were more in obedience to the orders of his country than from personal inclination to the task, or indeed military merit; for when Syracuse was taken and plundered, Marcellus wept, and when it fell, it fell by the treason of the Spanish commander, who delivered it over to the Romans. Those who would bask in the contemplation of ideal beauty, must hasten to the Museum, and dwell upon the celebrated Venus which enchants every beholder. This splendid work of Grecian art was discovered near the catacombs, amongst an accumulated heap of broken columns and injured capitals. It is more than six feet in height, and formed from Parian marble. Gourbillon and Count Forbin prefer it to the Venus of Cleomenes: although in noting what I do of the Syracusan beauty, I must also remark what I have heard from persons eminent in the arts, and not blindly follow my own feelings. This Syracusan Venus is a copy. The original, however, which may have been contemporary with it, must have been highly valued and much admired, for there are repetitions, not merely, as in this case, at Syracuse, but also one to be seen in the portico of the house of Prince Rospiglioso at Rome, standing over a fountain, and another in the Royal Museum of Naples, but existing unfortunately in fragments. That it was considered preferable to the Venus de Medicis, may be concluded from the several repetitions which have

been discovered of it, while of the Venus de Medicis only the head, repeated in bronze, has been found at Pompeii; and indeed that part of the statue has been objected to as too small for the body. Michael Angelo restored the arms, which he did unsuccessfully, one of the wrists appearing broken. Of the Venus of Cleomenes we know nothing; of the Venus Campidoglia there are numberless copies. Near at hand, in the Museum of Syracuse, is an Esculapius of small dimensions, but in my opinion of exquisite workmanship, although some are cold in its praise. The contour of the limbs may be traced through the drapery of stone, and to my mind at least, with wonderful accuracy and effect. These two statues form the lions of the collection. Under the modern church of San Giovanni are to be seen the catacombs, of such extent as never yet to have been entirely explored. Greek legends, bones, medals, and earthen vessels, are perpetually appearing again; and were the government to venture some expense in clearing these cemeteries, and disinterring the remains of this most interesting town, no doubt can exist but that immense treasures would be found for the gratification of the curious. It was once one of the most vast, rich, and luxurious cities in the world; indeed, in the time of Cicero, that great man places it on a level with Rome, and above all the other capitals of Greece and Italy. The present possessors, how-

ever, of these remains of classic ground, are supine and cold to research; but it is to be hoped that the same spirit of inquiry will be directed to Syracuse, which has beamed over and disinterred Herculaneum and Pompeii, and that curiosity will be kindled to examine with like attention the shores of the Ionian Sea and the banks of the Anapus. Adventurers from foreign countries are unfortunately not protected by the Neapolitan court: I shall have occasion to mention hereafter that a classic investigation and excavation of the ruins of Selinuntum was begun upon by a party of English, but the government, contrary even to their own opinion of justice, seized what had been found, and transferred it to the Museum of Palermo, allowing themselves to be condemned at their own tribunal, and paying damages for the injustice and illegality of the act. Two Doric pillars mark the site of the temple of Olympian Jupiter, which stood near to the river Anapus, on the other side of the harbour of Syracuse; it was the mantle of this divinity which was plundered by Dionysius, with the remark that a gold covering was heavy in summer, and cold in winter, for which reason he should replace it with a woollen one. The Thunderer has been represented with different attributes in different places; at Olympia he had a crown of olive branches, his mantle was variegated with flowers, particularly the lily, and the eagle perched upon his sceptre.

At Crete he appeared without ears, to imply that the sovereign master of the world was impartial to all; at Lacedæmon he had four heads, that he might seem to hear petitions with greater readiness. Ludicrous as these attributes may appear to those who hide the Creator of all in the sanctuary of impenetrable obscurity, and endow him with almighty and omniscient power, it is nevertheless interesting to those who study human nature to observe, that man forms always a ruler for himself in every nation and every age—whether it be that there is an instinctive feeling in the human mind of the weakness of human power, and it thus creates an artificial resource for itself in prayers to a divinity, when all its proper means fail it, or whether in reality a "divinity stirs within us," and teaches the emanations of his nature to re-aspire to their proper source. There is therefore this existing proof against the theory of the Atheist, that the conviction of a Godhead is inherent in all mankind; a notion which identifies itself with his existence, and is adopted before any proof of its certainty is asked.

On following the ascent of the Anapus, the traveller meets a small, but deep, branch stream to the left, called the Ciane, which, after a course of four miles, terminates in a circular fountain or spring of one hundred and fifty yards in circumference; and here it was that the wanton wanderer Hercules offered a bull in sacrifice to Pro-

serpine when he arrived at Syracuse, ordering the inhabitants of the town at the same time to repeat the ceremony once in each succeeding year; here it was that Ceres, disconsolate for the loss of her daughter after her ravishment by Pluto, found the floating girdle of Proserpine. The calmness and seclusion which reigned around brought upon my mind at once the reminiscences of old times and ancient legends, and I for some moments remained absorbed in the contemplation of the revolving centuries which had passed over this pellucid stream, without sullying its waters, or displacing the plants of papyrus which embrace it like a girdle, and forbid the view to wander beyond its silver face. The papyrus, which here grows in abundance, has not been cultivated in other parts of the island, for its uses have been supplied by other plants amongst the moderns; the Greeks and Romans used it for making paper on which to write, for cloth, for ropes, and for sails. The uses to which this plant has been put by mankind, have given it an interest and a dignity in the annals of the world, more particularly also as all our knowledge, and all that interests and ennobles our nature, has been transmitted on its folds. The Egyptians, that great and remarkable nation, before whose monuments of greatness and power all others are insignificant, preserved their annals, their secrets, and the history of their sciences, on

it, and transmitted them from one generation to another by means of this vegetable; and its culture formerly attracted the interest and attention of the Greeks and Romans,—those master minds from whom we have inherited the stores of philosophy, oratory, and poetry—all that tends to place us as a civilized nation above the savage state. The art of making paper from the papyrus, fortunately now no longer necessary, is lost; the process described by Pliny is unintelligible, or if intelligible, altogether unsuccessful: the mode at present made use of by the curious produces a material fit for the pen, but is attended with much trouble, and if adopted on a large scale would be highly expensive. For modern paper-making we are indebted to the Spaniards, but I should not think any modern paper so durable as that made by the ancients from the papyrus. The papyrus plant will grow to the height of thirty feet, and has a head or top like a broom. It has no leaves. The interior of the stalk, which is composed of hard stringy fibres, with some vegetable pulp, like a reed, is cut into slices, and these adapted together transversely: they attach themselves with the natural glue they possess, and thus is the modern papyrus paper made.

The river Anapus is seven-and-twenty miles in length; the Ciane, from its junction, and thence to the sea, in all six. There are rice-grounds in the neighbourhood; and malaria, which produces

fever, is said to prevail there in the summer. The Italians observe "a gun-shot may miss, but malaria never." I have omitted to mention that the papyrus on the Ciane springs when sown in a few months, and is of quick growth. I visited the subterranean roads of Epipoli, and am told they are of immense extent; four horses can pass abreast in their covered ways: they proceed towards Syracuse, and as aqueducts cross them, were perhaps used as a means of escape from the enemy in cases of difficulty or distress. The Castello Labdalo is now only to be traced in ruins, but they convey some idea of its ancient grandeur, and are joined to the hidden passes of Epipoli, and unite with the famous wall of Dionysius, which, though three miles in length, was constructed in twenty days, giving employment to sixty thousand workmen and twelve thousand oxen. It is said that amongst these ruins were concealed the military chests of the Athenian army; perhaps in some succeeding age to form the fortune and booty of an adventurous excavator.

From what I have seen of Syracuse, I must say that I should like it as a residence, were I disposed permanently to fix myself out of my own country. It contains a theatre, is very clean, the prices of provisions and living are cheap, and every luxury is to be had. I know of no town in Sicily which contains more interesting remains of antiquity, and though it may be called

dull, there are very many small towns frequented by people of limited incomes, and parents desirous of giving a good education to their children at a cheap rate, on the continent, which do not by any means possess advantages equal to those that Syracuse presents. It is close to Malta, from which the journey to England may now be made every month in fifteen days. It enjoys the finest climate imaginable: Cicero observes, that during his residence there of a year, the sun was never hid for a single day. The heat in summer is not extreme, a refreshing breeze always proceeding from the sea. The sirocco was oppressive at Catania; at Syracuse I did not perceive it. In fine, were I ever obliged to choose a residence, and were uninfluenced by relations and connexions, Syracuse would be my choice. I prefer, I confess, on the whole, the towns of Spain to those of Italy, though in point of climate and the choice of provisions no single one is preferable to this. I may observe that it contains Greek and Latin professors, and is furnished with drawing and music-masters. The red Syracusan table wine is the best I have tasted in Sicily; it is not so fiery as Marsala; the growth of Muscatel, or white sweet wine, is however what the people of the country pride themselves upon, and I think with reason. Marcellus, who wept when Syracuse was sacked by his soldiers, bears

testimony by his grief to the attractions the town anciently possessed: the shade of that beauty still remains. The women of Syracuse are very fine; they join the Sicilian vivacity, and eyes of fire, to the elegance of the Grecian face and form, differing in this last from the other islanders.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE ROAD.—June 1, 1835.

The road to Palazzuolo being impassable, owing to previous rains, we were obliged to retrace our steps, and fall into the road at Lentini for Caltagirone. We had Etna and the sea in view for part of the way, and the country in the neighbourhood of Lentini is very picturesque, particularly on the approach to the town; you have rocks in the foreground, and the Lake of Beviere with mountains in the distance, the sides of the view being filled with trees and broken ground. The great misery, however, of travelling in Sicily, arises from the state of the roads, when once the few main ones are diverged from. Any one in a lettiga, or on horseback, has his attention involuntarily withdrawn from the enchanting and interesting scenery to dreadful stony precipices, and the angles of rock and gullies which he has to pass. Although the mules very seldom fall, yet had they done so in many of the places we encountered going to Lentini, we should have

been infallibly dashed to pieces. The Lake of Beviere is formed by an accumulation of streams, and is the largest in the island. It is rich in eels, mullets, and other fish, but spreads its pestiferous exhalations over a circuit of many miles, and renders the country round very unhealthy. The road from Lentini to Palagonia is for the first six miles full of olive trees, and the fields are fertile with corn; afterwards there is mountain land, but it is covered with crops, and when the traveller is within two miles of Palagonia, the country is a paradise. I saw on approaching the town, hedges of the Indian fig, which varied from ten to forty feet in height. Palagonia itself would be called by us a dirty village, but it contains five thousand inhabitants. It is a feudal possession of the prince of the same name, who resides at Palermo. We had no very bad passes from Lentini, but many gullies, and I should imagine in the winter, when swoln with rain, they must be almost impracticable; indeed, in the Sicilian plains it often happens for both men and animals to be lost in the quicksand. The mountain of Etna always remains in sight till close to Palagonia. The road from that place to Caltagirone is a distance of seventeen miles, of which the scenery is somewhat interesting; at about two miles from the town it begins to ascend, and is in some places very precipitous. It appears I am destined to be unfortunate with the

lettiga, for near the journey's end down came the front mule, having slid from the side path, and had it not been for the united efforts of three persons, who saw the animal blunder, I should have been rolled with the miserable box into the road. Travelling in Sicily, either on muleback or on foot, is very well for one who can endure the fatigue, for the passenger sees a beautiful and picturesque country; but when, as in my case, he is confined a close prisoner, and is anxious, to say the least of it, at every bad piece of ground, the trouble he has to undergo is scarcely repaid by what he sees, and it is almost better to pass from place to place by the steam-boat, although with a sacrifice of time, for the period allowed by the regulations of the company does not permit the passenger to see every thing in one voyage; he will however by this means avoid the danger of falls, the annoyance of bad inns, rural repasts under trees, the expense of taking guides and laying in provisions (for once out of a town, nothing is to be found or procured), and the wretched beds and accommodation at the halting-places. In making these remarks, I do not in the least mean to reflect on the Sicilians, whom I have found invariably kind and civil, and the very reverse of the Spaniards. They will give you what they have, and get for you what they can, and will spare no pains to make you satisfied. I think also that the English are popular

with them, for I have always heard that they regret to this day the departure of the English army from their island. An inhabitant of Syracuse told me that all that town required to render it pleasant and lively as a residence, was four English families. I confess I do not think my countrymen understand the art of living and of rendering society agreeable so well as the French or continental nations; and perhaps when he made the remark, my acquaintance may have been willing to pay me a compliment, seeing I was English; but I repeat what he said, to show that the feeling at least of the people is favourable to us, the

"Penitùs toto divisos orbe Britannos,"

as we were reckoned of the ancient inhabitants of the island.

The town of Caltagirone may reckon in population twenty thousand souls. It is remarkable for nothing save a manufactory of clay figures, representing the different costumes of Sicily, which possess some merit, and are sent for sale to various parts of the island. The road from Caltagirone does honour to the fame of the inland communications of Sicily. It is bad and precipitous, and the descent from a small halfway village, called Santa Maria di Nisceme, is positively frightful. Terra Nuova is close to the sea, and had once some trade; but so many

vessels have been lost near it, that owners of ships prefer taking in cargoes at Girgenti. It may have perhaps eight thousand inhabitants, being populous for its size. All I saw of note in the place was a manufactory of plaster figures, which were cast in moulds of clay. These are sent to different parts of Europe, and are what we see exhibited in London: the material of which they are made is found in the neighbouring mountains. The artists who found them are all from Lucca in Tuscany, and I was surprised by their numerous colony. I was asked ninepence only for a very splendid Napoleon. When I saw the effigy of the great man now serving for a chimney ornament, and so vilely handled, I thought of Juvenal and my school-boy studies, reduced as the mighty Emperor of the French now is to what poor Hannibal was then. At Terra Nuova we had a disagreeable sirocco wind, which accompanied us on our road. Near this place existed the ancient town of Gela, which was built, as Thucydides says, half a century after Syracuse. It is called "immanis" by Virgil, and consequently in his time must have been of considerable extent and importance. From Terra Nuova to Licata the distance is nineteen miles, principally of level land, and partly of sea-shore. The river Salso, anciently the "Himera," runs close to the town, and is crossed by a ferry. A neighbouring promontory, which juts into the

sea to the west of Licata, is the spot on which formerly existed the castle of the tyrant Phalaris, famous for his brazen bull of torture. This fort is called "Dædalum" by Antonius in his Itinerary. The river Salso nearly divides Sicily into equal portions, east and west, rising in the mountains of Mandonia; on the opposite side of the island, and running due south to the sea at Licata. On the road from Licata to Girgenti there is nothing of an interesting character to remark upon. The first seven miles are through a very rich and fertile plain, and the traveller then has to pass over some mountainous land; he afterwards gains level ground, and a very steep and dangerous ascent brings him to the filthy town of Girgenti, the position of which is on the side of a hill. This modern city is badly paved, its houses are ill built, and its streets narrow, and it bears an air of antiquity in itself, quite accordant with the impression given by the ruins in its neighbourhood to those who approach it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GIRGENTI.—June 4, 1835.

GIRGENTI contains seventeen thousand inhabitants. The remains of the temples and other antiquities of Agrigentum may be easily seen in a couple of days. The inns of the town are bad, and there is nothing to induce the traveller to remain long in such a place, after his curiosity has been gratified with the sights of the neighbourhood. Perhaps the finest view of the temples of Concordia and Juno Lacinia, the former of which is best preserved, is from the road as you approach the town, and I have observed that in most ancient buildings "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." You have in this place a beautiful plain before you like a green map; these two fine remnants of the antique, with almost all their pillars standing, rise from the plain, the African sea is to the left, and to the right there are high mountains which bound the horizon, and on the side of which stands the modern town. Here are scenes for a painter, and

here the senses may revel in the beauties of nature, and it is on such spots the mind is sobered, and its sensibility moved, on reflecting that the ruins now seen are only the shadows of what once existed, the last ray of glory of an immense capital, which formerly held eight hundred thousand of animated beings, all important in their own estimation, all occupied in providing for the morrow, all busy and bustling in their day, some vain of their country, some of themselves, and none allowing the chilling thought to depress their spirits, that after a few centuries their gods and their buildings, all that had exhausted their purses and their imaginations to render durable and venerable and beautiful, and all their public and private fame, should disappear so absolutely as only to leave a few memorials to mark the emptiness of all human expectations; and that these few are protected, not by the descendants, the kindred in race or blood, of those who erected them, but guarded as it were in compassion by a nation speaking another tongue, with other manners, another religion,—and are respected only by a few travellers, not for the purposes of their erection, nor out of regard for their founders, but from the simple impulse of the human mind to endeavour to speculate on habits and events long past, being equally exposed to vicissitudes as themselves, and whose records will no less perish in the common course

of sublunary changes. The muleteer now drives over the former residences of fashion—the resorts of fastidious and delicate beauty; the goat and the heifer repose on the site of pavements trod by the witty and the great, and the horse and ass may graze on the tribunals from whence proceeded discourses eloquent, persuasive, and instructive—all is now gone, and the ruined temples alone survive to show that this was Agrigentum. The ideas of a half-savage and infant state have generally influenced those of their more enlightened descendants throughout all countries, and popular prejudices survive even after reason, aided by education, has made considerable progress in the overthrow of superstition: we have therefore all ancient temples on rising ground, where the nature of the land permitted, from the pious notion that the gods inhabited the sky, and that, placed there, the suppliants would approach nearer to those whose clemency they were to propitiate, or whose bounty they were to entreat. The cathedral of Girgenti stands on the site of the temple of Polican Jupiter, and its architecture is sufficiently ugly, being a species of bad Gothic; the interior of the building itself possesses no great beauty. The "Polieia" was a festival held at Thebes in honour of the god Apollo, who was represented with grey hair; hence the word "Polieia," from the Greek πόλιος, which signifies grey. The victim of the feast was generally a bull, and

when no bull could be found, an ox was sacrificed, and from hence the sacrifice of oxen was held to be lawful. The canons, always studious of their comforts, have hung the service chairs of the church so as to move upwards when it is needful during the prayers for the holy men to appear to stand, and they thus satisfy the respect due to the faith, and secure at the same time the comfort of the body by keeping their seats. There are four objects in the cathedral of Girgenti worth seeing: a virgin and child by Guido, which, from the poverty of good paintings in the neighbourhood, has been much praised, and of which Signor Politi has taken several copies—but which, though a genuine picture, I cannot say that I much admire; a sarcophagus, which now serves for a baptismal font, and is of the Greek times, engraved with the story of Phædra and Hippolytus. Were the roads in Greece then what they are in Sicily now, such an accident as that by which Hippolytus is fabled to have met his death—the frightening of his horses by a sea monster—must have been quite sufficient to ensure Venus her revenge. This monument I think fine in the grouping, and it is well illustrated by Signor Politi of Girgenti, whose work on the subject is worth reading: I will extract from his essay what I think most interesting. He says, "How and when this precious remnant of the Agrigentine splendour was brought to light, is altogether un-

known, and the researches of others as well as myself on the subject have been equally vain. It is to be presumed that it was concealed at the time of Fazellus, for that diligent writer makes no mention of it. Equally impossible would it be to guess the Agrigentine for whose sepulchre it served, or the artist who formed it; but it may be conjectured to have been made about four hundred years before the Christian era, contemporary with the death of Euripides, author of the celebrated tragedy of Hippolytus, whose fame, at that time green, stimulated the artist to follow the poet with the chisel in his hand, as I shall endeavour to prove in the explanations I shall give of the different tablets. Euripides began his play with the return of Hippolytus from the chase. The sculptor has done the same, thereby showing the preference Hippolytus gives to the worship of Diana over that of Venus, and the cause of the tragedy. In the second tablet, where we find the pensive Phædra with her maids, the expressions of Euripides are strictly represented on the stone, as well as in the third, where we have Hippolytus replying to the wicked nurse, who solicits his love for Phædra, that he will leave the palace rather than consent to dishonour his father, and not return till accompanied by Theseus, then absent. In the marble we have the action of repulse to the nurse, and see objects prepared for a journey. The sculptor here has

united two acts, that of the rejection of Phædra's proposition, and the determination of Hippolytus to depart. In the last tablet comes the catastrophe—a chariot overturned, Hippolytus below it, and the monster above: two of the attendants are in the act of falling on their master." The second sarcophagus, which I reckon among the varieties of this place, is of white marble, and ornamented with a border; the cover is entire, but it has no carving, and is in other respects quite plain. The third is also of white marble, (for there are three), and stands on the back of an elephant, also of the same material. The friars of the cathedral were barbarous enough to inclose it in the large baptismal font or sarcophagus already mentioned, as they imagined it held the water better than the other, which leaked, and it was for a considerable time concealed from the eyes of the curious. It now occupies a place on the ground in one corner of the cathedral, and may be seen by any passenger. The history of these two last funereal monuments is not known, and conjecture, indeed, is all that we can exercise concerning that of the first. I visited the palace of the bishop, who is well lodged, and has a few pictures; the best are the sketch of a portrait by Titian, and a repetition on a small scale, said to be original, of the famous Transfiguration of Raphael; but as far as I can judge from what I have seen of the master, I should say that this little

painting had never encumbered his easel. It appears to me like one of the many copies of Italian pictures made by Mignard and the foreign artists. The worthy owner says, as is almost always affirmed, an English lord offered him some immense sum to possess it. The remainder of the gallery are all works of cabinet size, and are not in any respect better than the daubs which are daily exhibited in the windows of every dirty picture-dealer in London or Paris; in fact, they are altogether unworthy of the place they occupy. The monuments most worth seeing at Girgenti are the temples of Concordia and Juno Lacinia, the remains of the temples of Hercules and of Olympian Jupiter, and the tomb of Theron. The temple of Ceres and Proserpine, on which now stands the church of San Biagio,—that of Esculapius, of which two Doric-Ionic columns only remain, joined to a modern building,—that of Vulcan, of which the inquirer sees two mouldering pillars,—the temple of Poliean Jupiter, of which next to nothing remains,—may be interesting to an architect, but are very unsatisfactory to the general traveller. About what is called the chapel of Falaris, antiquarians seem to be at a loss in deciding on its architecture. Signor Politi, who is an authority, inclines to the opinion that it was Doric-Ionic, the same as the tomb of Theron. The sites of the temples of Atabiris Jupiter, so called from a mountain in Rhodes, and of Minerva, are

pointed out on the Atenian rock, the highest point of the modern, as it was of the ancient, town; but not a vestige remains of their existence. I shall endeavour to describe what I think most interesting. To begin with the temple of Concordia—its dimensions are not very great; the length is one hundred and fifty feet (Italian palmi), the breadth sixty-four; somewhat less than the same measurement in English feet. The columns, on close inspection, appear disproportionately large for the size of the building, though that impression does not strike the sight from a distance; indeed the reverse is the case, and the pillars give an air of lightness to the whole. Here then we have a specimen of the severe and correct style of architecture of the ancients, a model from which the moderns might borrow, and which they might study with the greatest advantage, and forsaking their crazy Gothic and tawdry composite for the severe simplicity of the Doric, gain in the beauty of their fabrics, and make their reputation lasting, and their works admired by all who judge soundly in matters of architecture. A few of the pillars of this temple have been cased with Roman cement, or at least a composition which looks like it, in order probably to convey an idea to the traveller of the original sharpness of their mouldings; and, with very bad taste, an inscription of the date of 1782 has been put over the architrave to mark the

period of the restoration. The whole edifice might be repaired and made perfect without any great expense; but who would not rather see it remain venerable, and resisting the encroachments of time in its unsophisticated state? The door of the interior of the temple is to the east, with two lateral stairs cut in the thickness of the wall, one of which remains perfect. The wall which enclosed the interior on the western side has been dilapidated by the Christians, when they erected the church of San Gregorio delle Rape, and the walls of the interior have been cut into arches by the moderns; for the arch never entered into Greek architecture. This interior ark of the temple had a ceiling, and there was an additional one to the temple itself, with windows which transmitted the light to the intermediate space, where passengers walked, and to which places the staircases led. The ark of the temple had no borrowed light; what came was from the door, and the priests performed all their sacrifices by artificial light. This temple was called the temple of Concordia from an inscription supposed to belong to it being found in the vicinity, which was placed and is now to be seen in the town-house of Girgenti. From this it would appear that the edifice in question was built by the Lilybiteans, inhabitants of an ancient town in Sicily, near where Marsala now stands, though at the same time there is the positive evidence of greater

antiquity from the style of the architecture; and perhaps the inscription may allude to repairs done in the buildings under the Proconsuls, Haterius Candidus and Cornelius Marcellus, whose names appear on it. The real date of the erection of the temple therefore remains uncertain, and will always probably continue so. It has been a matter of controversy whether Gellius, the Agrigentine, famous for his hospitality, perished with his family and his treasures in the temple of Juno Lacinia, or whether he destroyed himself by fire in that of Jupiter Atabiris, when the Carthaginians took possession of the town; for there are marks of fire in both places. In front of the temple of Juno Lacinia may be distinguished a terrace, which served for sacrifices, as is supposed, or for a lounging place for the people previous to the religious ceremonies. In the peristyle of the temple are thirty-four columns, six at each end, and eleven at the sides, of the Doric Greek order. In this temple some say existed the picture of Juno by Zeuxis, in order to paint which he stripped naked one hundred of the finest damsels of the town, in honour of the divinity and exaltation of her beauty, as Pliny assures us. The painter, it seems, delighted, as most painters do, in contemplating the female form freed from the restraints of dress, for Batacchi, an Italian poet, says, speaking of this very picture and its author—

"O quel che cento donne fe spogliare
Per depinger la dea che nacque in mare."

"He who a hundred naked nymphs must view,
To paint the goddess nursling of the sea."

Perhaps with like advantages may he have painted the Helen of Crotona and his Venus Callipiga at Syracuse. Ariosto, that capricious and delightful romancer, whose verses flow like honey from the hive, makes mention of Zeuxis, and says he stole from all the sex to make one Juno. Great, indeed, was the merit considered of a fine form amongst the Greeks. To return to the temple: it is one hundred and fifty palmi in length, and seventy in width: the circumference of the pillars is great, their diameter being more than four feet English, equal to about five palmi, Italian measure. Behind the temple of Juno there is a range of rocks, which, according to Diodorus Siculus, was one hundred and twenty feet high, extended ten miles, and surrounded the city to the south side. In it are to be seen cavities at the present day, which served the Agrigentines as tombs. The interior of Agrigentum was however divided into five cities with walls, after the manner of Syracuse. These were called Agragas, Rupes Antenea, Neapolis, Agrigentum, and Camicus. The Rupes Antenea has had also the appellation of "Colle Minervale." Two rivers traversed this immense town, one the Agragas,

now called the Drago, and the other the Ipsa, now the Naro. The memory of Theron was celebrated with divine honours, after a reign over the Agrigentines of sixteen years, and his tomb has survived the worship which raised to the sphere of the immortals the favourite of his people. It is twenty palmi in length, and seventeen wide. In later times it seems to have served some rustic for a dwelling, and I could perceive an orifice in the side wall, which probably was pierced to allow the transmission of smoke. It has a Doric frieze to Ionic columns. This tomb is placed to the north, contrary to the usual custom of placing tombs, which was always to the south, and criticism, uncertain at all times, and still more perilously uncertain and conjectural in antiquities, has not scrupled to affirm that this was a tomb raised to a horse, and not to a hero. It is quite certain that the Agrigentines raised tombs to quadrupeds, to dogs, and even birds; but there is always an appeal from the acuteness of hypercriticism to the common testimony of posterity, and it would be uncharitable to do away with the pleasing illusion, even were it one attendant on the few remaining well-preserved sepulchres of ancient royalty. A single olive bends to the wind over the remains of the shrine dedicated to Hercules, and a single pillar marks the habitation for a brazen statue, of which Cicero says, "Non facile dixerim quidquid vidisse pulchrius"—al-

though tradition reports that it was somewhat injured in the mouth by the many kisses of suppliants in their fervour of prayer. Verres endeavoured to steal this statue of the god, but the people rose to defend their favourite, as a lioness to protect her young. In this same temple of Hercules at Girgenti existed the famous painting of Zeuxis, on which he set so high a value himself as not to consent to sell it, preferring to give it rather than appear extravagant in asking what he really thought it worth, or to experience the mortification of accepting a price which he might imagine inadequate to its value. The subject was an infant Hercules strangling two serpents. Pliny, in making mention of it, remarks, "Magnificus est Jupiter ejus in throno, astantibus diis, et Hercules infans dracones strangulans, Alcmenâ matre coram pavente, et Amphitryone." On walking amidst the ruins of Olympian Jupiter, the passenger is struck by the appearance of an enormous stone giant, lying prostrate on his back with the hands crossed behind the head. This monster was united by the care of Signor Politi, for the different fragments of stone which formed his body were dispersed over the island; but his diligence has not been requited with the gratitude of the age, and it may be presumed that the idle and the vagabond will ultimately again disjoin the formidable body. This is one of the many "caryatides" which sustained the architraves of

the building, but in what particular part of it they stood is disputed by the learned. The entrance to the temple, or rather the marks by which a judgment may be formed where the entrance was, (for not a pillar is standing of this once enormous edifice,) have been obliterated by a government commissioner, in his endeavours to dig for remains, and the ruin of time and barbarian hostility has been completed by friendly ignorance. This pile of building was however supposed to be the largest of any of ancient Agrigentum; the masses of stone are enormous, and the saying of Plato and Empedocles square well with the evidence before our eyes—"Ædificant tanquam nunquam essent morituri; edunt et bibunt tanquam cras essent morituri"—"They build as if they were to be eternal, they eat and drink as if they were to die to-morrow." Signor Politi of Girgenti has written a treatise on this temple, which is interesting and ingenious. He supposes a carving of stone, showing the destruction of the giants by Jupiter, to have been over the entrance, and he gives a neat conjectural detail of its execution. Models are to be had in the town of all the ancient antiquities; some as they now exist, and others with the parts wanting supplied. They are done in stone, and form elegant and instructive objects of ornamental furniture. The size of the recumbent giant or caryatide is thirty feet in length. The dimensions of

the temple I have stated in my remarks on the remains of those of Selinuntum. Amongst the modern buildings, the church of San Calogero, which is near the Porta di Ponte, is the only one worth seeing, and of the rest of the ancient structures nothing remains save what may aid the conjectures of some visionary antiquary. It was in Agrigentum that Perillus formed the brazen bull of torture for Phalaris, the tyrant of the town, and which, by the revolt and condemnation of an outraged people, served for the torture not only of the inventor, but also of the wretch who used it. Empedocles was perhaps the most famous amongst the inhabitants and natives of Agrigentum. He was a Pythagorean, partly perhaps by vanity and partly by conviction, according to the common disposition of philosophers, and asserted without hesitation that he had formerly been a girl, a boy, a shrub, a bird, a fish, and was now a man. His poetic compositions were recited with those of Hesiod and Homer at the Olympic games, and he was strenuous for the liberties of his city, and patriotic enough to refuse the dazzling offer of kingly power. The vanity of his philosophy, some say, caused him to die by a voluntary precipitation into Etna, in order to be counted a divinity, and a shoe has been produced in proof of the story from the flaming mouth of its crater, said to belong to him: others assert that he lived to a great age, and then

perished accidentally in the sea. The fate of great men is almost always attended with a story; posterity is desirous that a consistency of the wonderful should await them in their last moments, and antiquity withdrew her heroes to the skies amidst thunder and the war of nature. The people of Girgenti are, I am told, notorious for bad faith—they are not so refined, nor are they so mild in manner, as their Syracusan brethren. Strife and quarrels are frequent amongst them, and almost all go armed with knives. The climate of the town is cold and rigorous in winter, whilst the summer is oppressively hot. Arts and the comforts of life are in it a mere blank;—although fresh butter may be made there cheaper than the price paid for hog's lard, there is none found. Strawberries had only just appeared on our arrival, and were not yet ripe. The trade of the place is in sulphur. I saw no female beauty, nor are there any public amusements in Girgenti; the windows of houses in the streets are mostly unglazed, and on the whole it forms a wretched sojourn. Signor Politi has a collection of prints and ancient vases, with a few antique statues, which is interesting, but much too advanced in science for the people amongst whom he lives.

CHAPTER XIX.

MARSALA.—June 7, 1835.

We left Girgenti on the 5th of June, and proceeded on our way to Siculiana, which is at a distance of eleven miles. On descending the hills we saw the small port of Girgenti, which contains few vessels, and those are principally engaged in the trade of sulphur. After we had gained the country we met a poor woman, who told us she had lost her husband; as we were not able to replace him, we gave her a trifle, and proceeded onward; all our inquiries after the missing individual were fruitless. Her sorrow was great and unaffected; she was left amongst strangers without a protector. At the port of Girgenti there is no admission to quarantine. The second town we reached after Siculiana, was Monte Allegro; the road afterwards followed the sea-shore, but this being the time of year for planting rice, the trenched gutters prevented our passing along the level, and we were compelled to traverse the mountains, much to my annoyance. The third town we came to

was Sciacca. There are three large rivers to pass, and some bad road between Monte Allegro and Sciacca; the first is called Radine, the second Fiume di Rivela, and the third Della Verdura. At this season, though full of water, they were passable with safety; but in the winter it often happens that both mules and men are carried away and drowned by the foaming floods; indeed mails are lost, and from the frequency of mishaps in the conveyance of the posts, it is no unusual occurrence for triplicates of letters to be dispatched by merchants to their correspondents. The lower orders in Sicily, however, and the couriers, are entitled to admiration from the dexterity they display in crossing broken ground and fording dangerous passes; hardy and active, they are undaunted by danger, and the habit of early education enables them to face perils at which the less practised would shudder, and from which the timorous shrink altogether. Their daring, however, though admirable and praiseworthy, does not ensure them success, and the want of high roads is one of the greatest miseries under which Sicily at present suffers. Near Sciacca there is a mountain called San Calogero, which sends down to the neighbourhood of that town, a distance of one mile, a stream of boiling water, almost hot enough to harden an egg at the termination of its transmission. Indeed, from almost every part of the ground spring burning

streams of sulphuretted liquid. The natives use it for baths, and drink it as an aperient: it is reckoned very beneficial in some stages of syphilitic complaints. But the most famous drink is from a cold spring called by the appropriate name of Acqua Santa. Nearly opposite to Sciacca, at the distance of five-and-twenty miles, is the volcanic island of Ferdinandea, which rose some years ago from the ocean, but has now sunk again to a few feet below its level. It was discovered by the British, but claimed afterwards by, and ceded to, the King of Naples. The island of Pantalaria, also volcanic in its origin, is removed fifty miles from the coast towards the south, and was called by the ancients Cossina. It has a crater amongst its mountains, sulphur springs, one of cold medicinal water, and presents nearly the same soil and natural objects as are to be seen round Sciacca. The approach to the town of Sciacca is very beautiful, being through olive-grounds and corn-fields, hedged with the Agave and Indian fig, and displaying plantations of mulberry-trees; and the position of the city itself is very picturesque. It is above the plain on an eminence, and commands a view of all the adjacent coast. On the evening of our arrival, a fine clear day in June, we saw the whole sea studded with fishing-boats under sail. The town of Sciacca contains the same population as that of Girgenti. It was the birth-place of Agathocles, a potter's son, who

afterwards became as illustrious as his birth was obscure. In the middle of the town there is a small but pretty garden, opposite the house of, and belonging to, the Marchese di San Giacomo, which is adorned with inscriptions on slabs of marble, by no means however analogous to its position, and amongst the rest with the following:—

"Qui fiori, qui frutta, aure ridenti liete,
Qui la pace del cuore, qui la quiete."

"Here mingle fruits and flowers, the balmy breeze,
Contented heart, and tranquil ease;"—

and all this within a few yards of a dusty thoroughfare. I saw the residence and the picture gallery of the marquis, but there were in it no paintings of value. The best was a dark portrait, apparently by the Calabrese. The delicious warmth of the atmosphere, and the flourishing aspect of all nature, as we proceeded on our journey, recalled to my mind the verses of Casimir De la Vigne, the French poet, where he says—

"L'onde avec volupté caresse le rivage,
Les oiseaux palpitans sous leur toit de feuillage,
Célébrent leurs plaisirs par de tendres concerts,
Des gouffres de Thétis, tous les monstres informes,
Font bouillonner les flots amers,
Des elans amoureux de leurs masses enormes;
Les papillons légers se cherchent sur les fleurs;
Et par un doux hymen confondent leurs couleurs."

All around us in this happy region was in sere-

nity and love. The distance from Sciacca to Castel dei Veterani, a neat town with eight thousand inhabitants, is four-and-twenty miles. The road is partly on the sea-shore, consequently level, and the remainder is by no means bad. We found on our arrival a very clean inn, and good beds, and were free from mosquitos, gnats, and fleas, the general attendants on repose in a warm climate, and by which we had been nearly devoured at Sciacca, where we were obliged to lodge in a private house, every bed at the inns being occupied. The fleas in that place would have done honour to Egypt, and although the host was paid three shillings English in value of Sicilian money for each bed, he was not satisfied. I may mention that out of the frequented roads in Sicily all charges are exorbitant, more particularly when the quality of what you get is considered. Shortly before reaching Castel dei Veterani, there is a very fine forest of cork trees; indeed, nothing can exceed the beauty of the high lands and country in general in the island; every sweet-scented flower grows wild, every ornamented shrub adorns the way;

> "Whilst sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
> To winnow fragrance round this smiling land."

Nothing is wanting to render these spots Elysian fields, save a little more culture and industry on the part of the inhabitants. The sun here at

this season is warm, but not oppressively hot; the violence of its rays are tempered by the bracing zephyrs of the ocean. What was once a hospital for decayed soldiers has now become a town; Castel dei Veterani, as the name signifies, having been a depôt for invalids. In the church of San Giovanni Battista there is a fine statue of Christ by Gagini, of whom I have made mention in my notice of Messina, and three tolerable pictures, much better indeed than those generally seen in the Sicilian churches. One represents the decapitation of Saint John, and is painted in the style of Gerrardo della Notte. There is a good effect of torch-light in the painting, but it is by no means so dark a picture as most of those I have seen attributed to its supposed father. The two others are, one of San Filippi Neri in adoration, which is the worst of the number, and a Conception, called by the name of Morealese, but I question whether it be by that painter.

The road which we took from Castel dei Veterani to Marsala is thirty-two miles in distance; there is a shorter way, but we had heard rumours of robbers, and were glad to compromise for safety by a little personal inconvenience. I may however mention that it is very rare for the traveller to be attacked by bandits in Sicily; he may, generally speaking, travel with gold in his hand, and this circumstance must impress the world with a favourable opinion of the islanders, when it is

considered that they are all poor, that the police is generally supine and careless, and that in the solitudes which occur, crimes might be committed with facility, and often, I should imagine, without any apprehension of detection. All the way from the place we left to Marsala wheeled carriages can be used. The view on leaving Castel dei Veterani is very fine; after proceeding five miles, the traveller passes a pretty village called Campo Bello, and then scarcely a town occurs till you reach Marsala—we passed round Mazzara. Of Marsala I can say nothing interesting; the wine depositories of Mr. Woodhouse attracted my attention as I entered the place, and are constructed on a similar plan to the "bodegas" of Xeres in Spain. The town occupies one side of the point of Boes, formerly Lilybæum, on which was built the city of that name. Cicero styled it "splendid," and it was a place of consequence during the Punic wars. Its famous port has been ruined, not by the Greeks, the Romans, or the Carthaginians, but by the Spaniards of modern times. It was suggested to Escurialar Philip by John of Austria, who had the command of the fleet at that time endeavouring to take Tunis, to fill up this port in order to prevent an attack on the town by the Moors, and to be able to save it in the event of one. This fatal step was taken; large stones were sunk, rocks were blasted to collect materials for a bottom, and destruction ensued to

the trade of Marsala and the west of Sicily. At the point of the promontory, Solinus and Isidorus say that the Cumæan Sibyl reposes, and the vulgar have been credulous enough to suppose that those who drank that water obtained the gift of prophecy. One imposture begets another; villainy is never at a stop; a proverb in Spain has it, "Una mentira es hija di algo," "A lie must have a parent;" and thus are the human race led step by step in delusion.

CHAPTER XX.

RUINS OF SELINUNTUM.

I MADE an excursion to this place, which gratified my curiosity, though there was scarcely any thing to see. Its history I give as it has come by tradition. At some few miles distance to the south-east of Castel dei Veterani, and between it and Sciacca, are the remains of a town named Selinuntum by the ancients, and called *Palmosa* by Virgil, from the circumstance of its numerous palm plantations, now extinct, but the leaves of which are to be seen on the various coins that were struck at its mint. The ruins are between two hills, and very near to the sea, amongst which are discoverable the sites of three large temples, although the divinities to whom they were consecrated are not determined nor known to the moderns: a few shafts of pillars, however, are all that remain of their erection. The first of these, which is to the east, has been conjectured to have been larger than any other known monument of antiquity in the island, if the temple of

Olympian Jupiter at Agrigentum be excepted. The width is said to have been one hundred and ninety palmi, and the length four hundred and twenty-five; that of Ephesus, dedicated to Diana, is four hundred and fifty-five in length, and two hundred and twenty in width, whilst the one of Olympian Jupiter in Agrigentum has four hundred and seventy palmi in length, and two hundred and thirty in width; thus exceeding in dimensions both the others. This temple preceded by nearly a century the foundation of those of Diana in Magnesia, and Bacchus in Teos, which were built by the architect Hermogenes. Of these fine edifices we see broken capitals scattered about, which are used as hearth-stones by the shepherds, and their plans are discoverable, but their glory gone. The road to them lies between plantations of cork-trees, and is encumbered with brushwood, so as to cost trouble in passing; and it seems as if nature was conspiring with time to conceal the remains of this patriarchal city. Besides the three temples I have already mentioned, traces are to be found, though very indistinct, of three other buildings. All we can judge from induces us to believe that the whole were of the Doric order. At about two miles' distance from this spot are to be seen, I am told, the quarries from whence the stone was extracted for building these temples, and it is observed that pieces of mineral of the dimension of thirteen palmi in dia-

meter, and nine feet high, were taken out entire, fit for building, and requiring only transportation to the place of use, which proves that the Greeks were much better acquainted with the machinery for moving large masses than the moderns. Various are the opinions of writers to account for the causes of decay and ruin in these temples; some opine that they proceeded from an earthquake, whilst others, amongst whom is the respectable Biscari, say from the violence of Hannibal. In the winter of the year 1823 two English architects, Messrs. Harris and Angel, (the former of whom died of malaria indigenous to the place, in July following,) undertook, with a permission from Naples, to make excavations, and by their researches several metopes were found, with figures engraved upon them, but still these are essentially obscure, and though forming a fine field for the learned to luxuriate in with conjecture and criticism, and particularly interesting to the antiquarian, nothing certain or definite is to be ascertained from them. These objects of antiquity, however, and every other article of value which had been disinterred by the spirited adventurers in science, were, with unexampled bad faith, seized by the rascally government, and transferred to Naples and to Palermo. One Englishman lost his life, and both their labour, and these metopes, which are in the Museum at Palermo, sculptures anterior to the Trojan war,

and inestimable as objects of antiquity, have been fraudulently withheld from their just acquirer. There were in all ten, but I only have seen five; the others appear wanting.—Necessity is the mother of invention, and the persecution of a people in one country is recompensed to others by colonies, and introduces oftentimes arts and letters in foreign lands where they are most wanted. The Phœnicians, always commercial and migratory, and expelled at last from Syria by Joshua the general of the Jews, carried with them into Sicily their most industrious inhabitants, adopted the motto of

"Omne solum forti patria est,"

and founded Selinuntum, Palermo, and other towns. They acquired courage and force by change of scene and the necessity for exertion, and were repaid for their adventure. They established Carthage in Africa, Cadiz in Spain, and the glorious anticipated harvest of tin tempted them to Britain; they then penetrated amongst the skin-clad natives of the Rhine in search of amber, and founded "Culm" (Cologne). A second Tyre rose at their command in the Persian Gulf. They are considered the inventors of glass of the purple colour, to which they gave a name, the art of dyeing, and the letters of the alphabet. When the Jews prevailed against Cadmus, he brought the instruction and the laws of his predecessors

amongst a hitherto barbarous people, and civilized the western world; and the archives of the Jews themselves, and what Christians consider as inspired writings, would possibly have perished, or remained hidden and unknown, had not his countrymen communicated the light of learning by the use of letters, and diffused the fire of knowledge to warm the torpid intellects of the ignorant and savage hordes of the Mediterranean. The foundation of Selinuntum is supposed to be so remote in date as a hundred years before the Trojan war. The name we now know it by is received from the Greeks, who expelled its founders, and possessed themselves of it, calling it Selinuns, from much wild parsley on the banks of a neighbouring small river; deviating in this case from the common rule of antiquity which christened countries and towns after gods, goddesses, or the illustrious. It was afterwards inhabited by the Syracusans under Gelon. The extent of its dominion was from Sciacca to the point of Lilybæum. Dædalus, on coming into Sicily, visited Selinuntum, and constructed there a bath famous for gradually transmitting heat. Empedocles of Agrigentum rendered the inhabitants an important service by curing a pestilential marsh by the introduction of a current of spring-water which existed in their neighbourhood, and for this he received divine honours, paid him on the sea-shore. Perhaps, indeed, some one of the

temples which we now see may have been erected on this occasion. At that period a number of cities almost incredible adorned Sicily, all rich and powerful, all democratic in their origin till falling into the hands of a designing leader, all governed by their own laws: so much was this the case, that it is scarcely possible to observe a single spot of the country, or a single stone of the highways, without their recalling to mind something of interest; nor to observe the neglected villages, the streets of houses with unglazed windows now occupying the places of palaces, the careless agriculture, and the general decline of wealth, without feeling commiseration and sympathy for the unfortunate inhabitants of this once great and commercial and warlike land.

After various fluctuations of fortune, Selinuntum fell into the hands of Hannibal, and was destroyed. Their allies, the Syracusans, arrived too late to assist them, but sent heralds to the conqueror, entreating that the temples of the town should be spared. He replied that the gods were hostile to the Selinuntines, and had already left the place. The character of Hannibal has always excited the attention of the curious: he was rough, and bred to camps, yet had not neglected learning; he was a proficient in Greek, the fashionable language of the days in which he lived. He had no religion, nor could be bound by any ties; he believed in no divinity, and understood nothing of

the compulsory nature of an oath, save what he offered when a child, of eternal enmity to the Romans, at the shrines of the Carthaginian gods. He achieved great things; he overran Spain, Sicily, and Italy, and had the honour of forcing a passage across the Alps, which none had attempted save Hercules. He died an exile and in bondage, yet a terror to his enemies to the last hour of life. Although an excellent politician, he was a greater general, and taken altogether, may be considered the most extraordinary character of the age in which he lived. Though he has met no favour from the Roman historians, his deeds are confessed, and speak for themselves. Hermocrates of Syracuse rebuilt Selinuntum in part, and it still existed in the time of Strabo; but it was again dismantled by the Saracens when they penetrated into Sicily, and the Normans completed the ruin of what little had been left by the Mussulmans. The tragical fate of the good Hermocrates deserves mention. He was banished from Syracuse for the lenity he showed to Nicias and the Athenian prisoners, and murdered with relentless barbarity on his return home. The religion of the Selinuntines may be considered to have been the same as that of the Greeks. Their belief was that a Deity existed whose nod shook the loftiest mountains, and caused all nature to tremble; that other subordinate gods existed, endued with more or less power, and formed a

link between man and the Supreme Being; that the eminently good and great amongst the human species during life were after death honoured with an elevation to the rank of deities, and seated amongst the magnates of the sky. This is certainly an elegant and ennobling mythology; it points out an immediate recompense for heroic deeds, and offers the brightest rewards for suffering virtue. The Christian church has either copied from or followed the heathen in this particular, and the fertile beatification of saints which the Roman calendar displays has added perhaps as many to the heavens as Jupiter could have claimed from his heathen worshippers.

Che qualsisia religìon più santa
Sovra la terra sostener non puossi,
Se miracoli ai popoli non vanta
Maravigliosi oltre ogni modo, e grossi;
Fu ognor la fé l'appoggio suo primario,
E tutt' altro non è che secondario.*

The Greeks were extremely pious, and equally superstitious. It is difficult indeed to separate piety and superstition; the mind which will admit a little from faith contrary to reason, may extend in many instances its credulity much farther; we believe what we wish, and delusion is the daughter of Hope in all stages of the admission of evi-

* Casti, Animali Parlanti, canto xvii.

dence. The most ancient Sicilian divinities were Ceres, Proserpine, and Bacchus, surnamed the Siculian, who exerted himself for the benefit of man, who planted the grape, and encouraged husbandry. He was the son of Jupiter by Ceres: there was another god of the same name, equally begotten by Jupiter, but from the embraces of Semele. He is represented armed with a thyrsus, accompanied by a host of drunkards and fauns, and is fabled to have been the conqueror of India. At Selinuntum the favourite gods were Jupiter, Apollo, Bacchus, Hercules, and the goddess Ibla. Modern readers may smile at an enumeration of names which they consider as empty sounds, and at the attribution of divine qualities to what never had an existence; but were the ages reversed, perhaps some modern mysteries and doctrines would distort with laughter the muscles of a very good heathen, and would appear to him much more incomprehensible than the propitiation of his gods with the sacrifice of a lamb, or the payment of an obolus to the ferryman of the Styx does to us. In any case, therefore, it becomes human nature to abstain from dogmatism, and when each individual recollects how often experience has obliged him to change in opinion on subjects which at one time appeared to admit of no doubt or controversy, how often he has been deceived in the plainest matters, and how little

human evidence is to be trusted—how great and mysterious all around us is, and how weak and short-sighted a creature man is himself—he will perhaps be content with inculcating the universal precept of every faith, "do to others as you would be done by," and respecting, as in duty bound, his own creed, leave others to theirs without any comment or discussion.

MAZZARA.

We went round Mazzara, between Castel dei Veterani and Marsala. The walls look much like the ancient Roman ones at Seville, and were evidently reared by the same people; they are with little apertures all round the top, square cut, and very fine; no doubt for resisting an attack with spears, but of no avail against the artillery of the modern day. No remains, it is said, are to be seen of the ancient city, which had its origin from the Selinuntines, as had likewise that of Castel dei Veterani, as I have called it. In the year of Rome 542, when that republic made the conquest of Sicily, the people of Mazzara joined themselves to the Romans; they always remained friends with their protectors, and were particularly favoured by them under Trajan. Some have erroneously imagined that Selinuntum once existed where Mazzara now stands. The Geme-

sian or Iliac Lake, which Empedocles rendered wholesome from being pestilential and impure, and which is near to where I have noted the ruins of Selinuntum, is proof to the contrary; and indeed this is also mentioned by Diodorus Siculus.

CHAPTER XXI.

PALERMO.—June 10, 1835.

TRAPANI contains nearly thirty thousand inhabitants, and reception has now been made in the harbour for vessels desirous of performing quarantine. This is an accommodation which all coming from the Levant will be benefited by, and ought to be thankful for, as it dispenses with the necessity for a voyage to Palermo, which was formerly required. The distance from Marsala to Trapani is eighteen miles, all of it carriageable. Immediately you leave the former town you are on a level road, and have in sight the three pretty islands of Levanso, Favignana, and Maretimo, formerly called Phorbantia, Ægusa, and Hiera, and named collectively the Insulæ Ægades. They are famous for being on the spot where the battle took place between Lutatius and Hamilcar, which compelled the Carthaginians to a peace—on which occasion the temple of Janus was closed at Rome. The whole of the land between Marsala and Trapani, and indeed the entire soil, is full of salt

mines. At six miles from Marsala is San Pantaleone, which is separated from the continent by a strait of half a mile of water in one part, and, under the promontory called of San Todaro, of two miles. In this island existed the ancient town of Mozia. It sustained a siege, and was taken by Dionysius the elder of Syracuse, but was afterwards recovered by the Carthaginians under Imilcon, in whose alliance it formerly was. I observed no other objects of interest on the road to Trapani save these; but I must not omit to mention that the small island of Buon Consiglio is supposed to have been the place where Procida and Palmerio Abbate combined the plot to murder the French at the Sicilian Vespers. As the whole of the road from Trapani to Palermo, a distance of sixty-eight miles, can be performed in a four-wheeled carriage, I repined at the tardy movements of my lettiga: however, there was now no remedy, and I was not desirous of the incumbrance and expense of a double conveyance. The leisure I had to observe the scenery somewhat compensated for my dilatory movements on the road, and it is beautiful all the way. The descent upon Palermo, with the sea in view, winding amongst mountains, which form sides to a plain and valley, unfolded an enchanting scene, and the sight was absorbed by trees and shrubs steeped in glowing green, and a carpet

sparkling with flowers and herbs of every colour and dimension.

SEGESTA.

THE heroes of antiquity do not always owe their origin to dignified progenitors. Acestes, or Egestus, whose name has descended to this town, of which only one temple remains, is said to have been begotten by a beautiful white dog upon a Trojan damsel, who had wandered into Sicily, and whom the river god Crisinus, enamoured of her charms whilst she performed her ablutions in his waters, enjoyed under that form. It is amongst us prejudiced people considered as an insult to be called the offspring of a *female* of the canine race, however much the term may be merited; but it did not, it seems, amongst the ancients confer obloquy to be accounted the descendants of a dog, when a divinity assumed that shape. The town of Segesta was destroyed by Agathocles, and razed to its foundations, for having taken part with the Carthaginians, who were at war with the Syracusans, over whom he reigned. One temple however remains, and it is the most perfect and best preserved of all which exist in Sicily. I will give the description of it by Ferrara, which is better than what a person like myself, less skilled in architecture, could impart. "This edifice has thirty-six columns, which are Doric, twelve for

each side, and six for each end. These form the peristyle round the ark, of which however nothing remains. The front view is turned to the east, and is in contrariety of position to what Vitruvius states to have been the constant custom of the Greeks, who turned it to the west; but this deviation probably arose from a wish to make it front the city, and because the hill on which it is seated can only be approached on that side, being surrounded by mountains, rocks, and precipices, on all the others. The edifice is raised on a basement of four grades or steps. All this exterior is preserved, excepting some portion of the last step, on which repose the columns. These latter are formed, some of ten, some eleven, and some twelve, pieces of rounded stone, and of unequal height. The length of the temple is one hundred and eighty palmi, taken from the centre of the angular columns, and its width sixty-eight. The columns are placed four inches to the interior of the corner of the last grade or step. Each of the other steps is an Italian palmi and a half in width. All the component pieces of the steps have an irregular prominence of the same stone, in form of a curb, and these are all of different height and width, which shows that they were left so purposely, for the convenience of transport, or in order to bring them near together without injury. The columns are rounded, and smooth in surface, and are six feet or palmi in diameter,

without counting an increase of a width which they have at the top and base, of some inches—for they are of a form converging to the centre. Such irregularities are observed in all the different pieces of the temple, and proceeded probably from a desire in the architect to allow some more stone than the necessary quantity for all extremities, corners, and tops, in case of their being chipped during setting. The columns are thirty feet in height, and the distance between them unequal. The heads of the pillars are three palmi and a third high, and they have in the ovolos, which are most elegantly curved, three fillets (listellini), with each of them three plain facets, (faccie piane), and their division (spartimento). Each of the two parts of the architrave is thirteen palmi in length, by more than four in height. The frieze has its triglyphs (triglifi) and its metopes. Every triglyph is four palmi in height, by two and a half in width. The metopes are the same height as the triglyphs, and square. The order of the triglyphs is one in the centre of the column, and another in the centre of the architrave. All are equidistant, save those of the angles, which are farther apart, in order to suit better the greater length of those parts of the architrave. The metopes have no ornament in their squares. The "cornicione," two feet and a half high, has equal projection on the plane of the frieze; it has the metopes with small distances between them, or-

namented with three rows of cylindric "gocciole" in the four angles. The four metopes have each a flower in relief in the middle, which is the only ornament the temple possesses. The cornice of the frontispiece has the "timpano" at the obtuse angle, eight feet and a half above the cornicione, and no indication appears of any ornament having been there. It is unknown at what period this temple was erected, and equally so to what divinity it was dedicated. The date of its foundation must have been in the prosperous times of the city which contained it. What is certain is, that it was never finished, and perhaps the Segestans were diverted from its termination by the calamities of war, in the same manner as the Agrigentines desisted from their temple of Olympian Jupiter by a like cause, before it was complete. The cause of its preservation after the ruin and during the destruction of Segesta, may have been its distance from that town." Having translated the description of this building as given by Ferrara, I will now give an account of some architectural words, which perhaps may render it more easy to be understood: I must however premise that either plates or models, and indeed both, are absolutely necessary for acquiring a knowledge of the art which raises habitations from the dull quarry. Ovolo means, as may be imagined, an oval or egg-shaped slab, as to its sides, on the ex-

treme top of the building; listellini are parts which enclose others of stone, either great or small, and form ribs; faccie piane are sides which form the salient angle of the building; triglifi are a work of square stone sunk at right angles in the building, and each has three ribs or fillets. Metopes are the squares between the triglifi in the Doric order, and were sometimes engraved with figures of animals, or fruit, or flowers. Cornicione is the part above the frieze. Timpano is the part at the bottom of the frontispiece; it is triangular, and stands on the cornice of the intavolato. The intavolato forms an S, and is covered with two other cornices.

On ascending the hill which leads to Caltafimi, an angle of the road brings you in view of the temple of Segesta, at a distance of about three miles. Lofty and precipitous mountains, clothed with verdure, and descending to join in the vale below, form the two sides of the prospect; varied and uneven ground is the stage on which the eye reposes, and in the distance, bounded by the horizon, on a carpet of green sward shining in the sun, we perceived this glorious monument of times gone by. No village is to be seen, no house appears, no road indicates an approach to the commerce and bustle of life: the building rises light from its lovely base, and seems to have been dropped in the site it occupies by some genius

from above. After much that I have seen of the busy world, and much that I, like all, have suffered, and much as the romance of youth is chilled by the experience of life when we mature in age, I confess that a thrill of enthusiasm, mixed with a deep feeling of devotion, passes through my frame at such an aspect, and I respected the memory and admired the opinions of the people who had chosen this most lovely situation for the construction of an edifice of worship, believing that the divinities might be tempted from on high by its beauty to attend on their sacrifices, and mingle with their feasts. At the rise and setting of the sun, when the mountains cast their long shadows on the plain, and a dubious light trembles between these venerable columns, a contemplative mind will turn back to their founders, now no more, with deeper interest, and rise from the harmony of nature below to that of the celestial residences above, and strive to unite itself with the spirit of the Maker of the universe, breathing the prayer of peace to all mankind, and obedience to his will on whom all depend. As the traveller approaches Palermo, he has the sea-shore on his left the whole way; and in the same direction, from the gulf of Castelloamare, is to be seen a still smaller one, of which the western cape is called "Muro di Carini." There existed the ancient Icara, devastated by Nicias, of which

perhaps the memory would have expired and been obliterated, had it not been the birth-place of a beauty who immortalized her parent soil. Lais, whose attractions have become proverbial, and who, contrary to the common custom of weak feminine nature, seems to have preserved her charms till they were surrendered, late in life, to all-subduing death, was taken by the victorious Greek who desolated her city, when only seven years of age, to Corinth, and sold as a slave. There she remained long enough to gain the name of the Corinthian. She was daughter of Timandra, the favourite mistress of Alcibiades. Already robbed of her virtue, and uncertain of the yet harder fate to which she might be abandoned, she determined to profit by the severe lesson taught her by the rigours of adversity, and that if it was not her fortune to be chaste, she would at least be rich. Money she knew gave power, and power commanded what are called friends. It was in reference to her exorbitant exactions that the line was written, which has passed into a proverb—

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum."

In her advanced years she passed into Thessaly in company with a favourite youth, but the women of that country, apprehensive lest, old as she was, she should corrupt their husbands, are said to

have caused her to be assassinated in the temple of Venus, about three hundred and forty years before the Christian era. Her fame has survived longer than that of perhaps any other beauty save Helen.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TOWN AND NEIGHBOURHOOD OF PALERMO.

It is observable during the tunny season that the weather here is always dull and cloudy; to-day, the 13th of June, it has rained incessantly. When the fishermen obtain a very fine specimen of the fish, which sometimes reaches the weight of seven hundred pounds, or even more, they carry it round the town, accompanied with a drum, to celebrate its capture. In spite of the untoward state of the weather, I visited the "Favorita," or royal garden, and was much gratified with what I saw. It is several miles in length; but the ornamental walks are few in number, and limited in extent. There is one broad promenade, with flower borders on each side, which are cut in various forms. The whole ground is bounded on one side by the mountains of the country, and on the other by a high wall, which separates it from the public road. There is good shooting in the "bosco," or wood; but the present king lets out both it and the kitchen garden, and drains a

revenue from what the former monarchs considered as a luxury sacred to the enjoyment of royalty. The building outside is of the Chinese fashion, and a similar arrangement prevails in its interior, which did not strike me as being either very elegant or noble. In one of the lower apartments there is a set of prints from drawings by Morland, the English artist, which occupy almost the whole room. The dining saloon, which is inconveniently placed close to a staircase, and forms part of a passage to another, has the table service supplied from below by pullies, which raise and let down the dishes as they are wanted. This is a plan for which we are indebted to Harlequin, that necromancer of pantomime on the stage, and by which he performs his mutations; but it has since been adopted by some of my friends in England with success, as a more easy mode of being expeditiously served at dinner. In one of the receiving rooms there is a table of some size, formed from a beautiful specimen of petrified work, and there are also silk hangings, presented by the Shah of Persia, which are remarkable for their beauty. It is interesting to observe that Ferdinand the Fourth, grandfather of the reigning prince, did not allow the weighty affairs of the crown and the dignity of his station to deaden the feelings of paternal affection and conjugal tenderness. In the bed-chamber he occupied are still to be seen small basso-relievo portraits of

all his children, with mottos of regard below. Under that of his consort (for his own does not appear, and this hangs alone) is inscribed "Me stesso"—"Myself." I turned from these scenes of luxury and recreation to contemplate what no good man can look on without sorrow, and no wicked man without dread, namely, the abode of maniacs, and the residence of those who live as not living, and who are only better than corpses, inasmuch as that precious and last consolatory gift of heaven, hope, is not absolutely denied to them. The Baron Pisani, in the year 1824, undertook the care of this establishment, and in the interval of ten years he has remodelled it, and gained a credit to himself far above "all Greek, all Roman fame." His reputation has extended across the Atlantic, his merit is appreciated in America, and his services to humanity are dwelt upon, without prejudice to their being foreign, in England, that country of jobbers and jobbing in the care of the wretched. Throughout civilized Europe, the talents of the baron are already acknowledged, and his system approved. I will say something of the origin of this asylum for lunatics in Palermo. The Norman princes, in the year 1071, dedicated a church to Saint John in the southern suburb of the town, to which afterwards an hospital for lepers was added by William the First, and it was called, from the purposes of its erection, "San Giovanni dei Lebbrosi." This build-

ing having been subsequently consigned to the care of the senate of Palermo by Frederic the Second, and in 1419 added to the great hospital, was also used as an asylum for a certain number of insane persons; but the small space allowed, its unwholesome situation, and the consequently unfortunate condition of the poor invalids, caused the late Queen Maria Carolina of Austria, to remove the establishment to the hospital of Santa Teresa, a short distance from the outside of the town. This receptacle was however badly kept, the invalids were sometimes ill-used and beat, and many, not incurably mad, became so from the filth of the building, the want of proper food, and the brutality of their guardians. In their present lodging, which more resembles a palace than a madhouse, there hangs against a court wall the portrait of a maniac who caused the death of a keeper who beat him, by the accidental wound from a reed he had in his hand, and with which he returned his blows. This has been affixed as an additional example to deter violence in the treatment of the prisoners. I saw here numberless apartments for every purpose; there are consultation rooms—rooms where the convalescent are allowed to see their friends, for both sexes—as well as for the display of the morbid anatomy of those who have exhibited uncommon and peculiar cases of phrenzy. There are for recreation gardens adorned with grottos and images,

and there is the representation of an ancient theatre, the walls of which are painted with views of what Syracuse was supposed to be in former times. These works have all been executed, and the gardens are cleaned and kept neat, by the inmates of the establishment, the celebrated conductor of it having ascertained that the surest and safest cure for madness is employment for the body and the mind, which may prevent the patient from dwelling on the cause of original malady, and improve at the same time the bodily health. He told me that on an average he was successful with rather more than forty cases in a hundred of ordinary occurrence, but in those of organic affection all remedies became ineffectual, and all treatment vain. In looking into the statistical accounts of the establishment, I find that among the moral causes the largest number of cases of derangement in the male sex arise from domestic infelicity, and in the female from jealousy and obstructed love. Among the physical causes, both in men and women, the greatest number in the list given proceed from epilepsy. The grand proportion, however, is greater of those diseased from moral than from physical causes. From investigations made by the Baron Pisani, it may be affirmed that the epochs most liable to derangement in the human existence are the following:— Amongst males, from twenty years of age till forty; and amongst females, in the extremes of

age, either before twenty or after sixty. In the establishment to which I have alluded, violence is never employed, and chains are altogether dispensed with. In the court-yard allotted to those furiously mad, I saw one of the sufferers in a paroxysm of the disorder, which attracted the notice of the baron; he gently approached, followed by the keeper, took the outrageous inmate by the arm, and enclosed him in an empty cell which excluded the light, and all noise instantly ceased:—he did not, on being conducted thither, dare to offer the least outrage to his conductor, and it seems, although deprived of proper reason, he knew that he had misconducted himself, and submitted to his punishment without a murmur; being surrounded at the same time by at least twenty of his companions. I was told also that they indeed were aware of the punishment he underwent, and that this seclusion is much dreaded amongst all. It is doubtless a curious study to watch the evanescent rays of reason in the progress of the disease of madness, and were it attended with any profitable consequences, it would be a desirable object to trace the first symptoms, from irregularity of mental power to the full development of insanity; but from all I can learn, no faith is to be entertained as to certain symptoms either in the moral or physical organization in this cruel malady,—and most are decidedly insane, and the bodily functions are deranged,

and physical causes complete and irremediable, before mental imbecility shows itself. The attendants on the maniacs in this establishment are generally for both sexes, and particularly for women, persons who have been mad themselves and since restored to reason.

I will now turn from this painful subject to say something of the fine arts. Above the great altar of the church of the "Santissima Rosaria di Domenico," is placed a picture which may justly claim the admiration and attract the notice of the most fastidious and difficult critic in the arts. It is by Vandyke, and represents the Virgin seated in the clouds, with the infant Jesus in her lap, surrounded by angels, the grouping of which is admirable, and almost equals the inventions of Murillo in the same respect: in the ground plan are the "Santa Rosaria," and a crowd of the holy in adoration. The subject is the intercession of the guardian saint at the time of the plague. The position of the Virgin and Child is the favourite one of Vandyke, and I have seen it repeated very many times in all copies and some originals of the master. The child is lying astride, partly on the lap of his mother, with the face turned to the spectator, and the arms extended in the air, with one of his mother's hands to support him. It struck me that the length of the female figures in the painting was out of proportion, but in this I may err, as the eye is easily

deceived by length of drapery, and the same has also often the effect of making the head of a figure appear small, when in reality it turns out, from measurement, to be full-sized. The colouring and harmony of the whole are rich and in good keeping. In this church there are many other paintings, the best of which perhaps are two by Morealese; one the coronation of Santa Rosaria, and the other the Descent of the Holy Ghost. From hence I passed to what is called the Castle "della Zisa," and surveyed with much pleasure this Moorish building—corresponding as it does with all similar edifices which I have seen in Spain and other places. The apartment which now remains, served doubtless in former times as a hall for audience, and is open on the ground-floor to a corridor. A spring of pellucid water flows from one of its walls, facing the grand entrance, and this is received in a square reservoir, which by a small gutter conveys the liquid into two others, all being on a level with the floor. The corridor is adorned with an Arabic legend on the frieze of its walls, but the modern embellishments which it has undergone are trifling, and in bad harmony with the ancient construction of the building. The name of Zisa is a corruption probably of the Arabic word "Alaaziz," which signifies "magnificent." A tradition recounts that this building was in the olden time both larger and more splendid than we now find it. It was seated amongst

gardens, and had a reservoir for fish, with subterraneous communications, (as was usual with the Arabs in all their buildings of importance,) which communicated to other palaces and castles in the neighbourhood. The object however of this erection is still doubtful, after all the investigations and discussions of the learned; but Professor Morso, author of a work on the antiquities of Palermo, inclines to the opinion that it served as a place of recreation to the Arab chiefs resident there, and not a Moorish college or university, as has been supposed by some. The Arabic legend or inscription is merely in praise of the Divinity, and has nothing to do with the history of the edifice it embellishes, nor does it throw any light on that subject. A church called also "Della Zisa" is near at hand, and contains a painting of Santa Anna by Morealese. It is of the fathers of the third order of Saint Francis. I visited the church of the "Macellai," which is in an obscure part of Palermo, but found nothing there of any value to the curious. I was tempted to the place by a priest, who desired me to buy a representation of King David viewing the charms of Bathsheba, in his possession, certainly a peculiar subject for an ecclesiastic to be possessed of, and what would be called in Spanish "cosa verde;" but I resisted his solicitations, as well in this case as in the exhibition of a Susanna, who looked any thing but chaste, and which the reverend proprietor told

me was a companion picture to the other. The pencil of great painters has never been so ill employed as in depicting histories, which may pass without offence to modesty or injury to youth in the severe narratives of holy writ, but which, when exposed under the seductive colours of a warm imagination, heat the youthful blood by representation, and cause danger to the moral sentiments of all who behold them. The plain which surrounds Palermo is one of the loveliest spots in the island. Its verdure, unlike what is seen in other countries of the same latitude, is always fresh and luxuriant, for there are springs without number, and perpetual rivulets trickling from the mountains, which refresh the thirsty plants amidst the ardours of the sun, whilst the fertility of the soil encourages the strength and luxuriance of vegetable nature. Elegant country-houses are spread in every direction over this charming neighbourhood, and are built with equal regard to good taste and convenience, resembling the German villas, and surrounded by highly cultivated gardens. To these retreats the nobility of the island retire to enjoy themselves; and as almost every one who is noble, or even rich, has his residence out of the town, the whole plain is one pleasure-ground, and is absolutely studded with richly cultivated spots. Two larger streams, amongst the many small, meander from hence to the sea, and one in particular, called "Oreto," has been rendered

famous for the victory achieved on its banks by the Roman consul Metellus over the Carthaginian forces of Asdrubal. Even here, it seems, there is no escape from the inroads of war and human crime: why cannot we gaze on these sequestered shades and verdant bowers, without having the reflection pass across our minds that blood has sullied the crystal tide, and polluted the pure element—that streams formed and flowing for the benefit of man, reflecting the beams of living day, and the hues of lovely flowers, have been witnesses that mortal rage respects no sanctuary, and glows as fiercely amidst an Eden as within the barren limits of a volcano or a desert. The other of the two rivers is called the "Torrenti dei Ficarizzi." In Palermo, which is a town abounding with water, there is one spring more famous than the rest—a pearl in the ocean, more pellucid than its brethren—it is called the fountain of "Garaffo;" and daily its basins, steps, and conduits, are occupied with water carriers, as it is considered the purest and lightest liquid in the town. The good genius of Palermo, in the shape of an aged man, with two damsels at his feet, is seated in a niche in the opposite wall to the right, looking complacently and benignly on the element which imparts health and vigour to his children. I may mention that one of the nuisances I find in the streets of the town is the quantity of noisy dirty curs, which obtrude themselves in every direction.

The present king of Naples, when he visited Palermo four years ago, amongst other good acts, ordered poison to be laid for this refuse of the canine race, and all dogs to be destroyed that did not bear a passport, or were unclaimed by an owner. By such means four thousand perished in a few days, and men were employed at a daily stipend to carry their wretched carcases to the sea, in order that a pestilence might not ensue from their corruption. Since that time they have taken new root, and as "bad herbs grow fast," they have become again very plentiful, and much need exists for a fresh purgation, to ensure the comfort of the passenger and tranquillity to the city. In the church of the "Fathers of the Congregation of the Oratory," there is a very fine painting of the patron Saint, Ignatius, suffering martyrdom from wild beasts: there is also a picture, attributed to Raphael, of the Virgin and Child, with the Baptist in adoration, but which is by a Florentine painter, a pupil of that master. In the private room of the Congregation are to be seen many pictures, and amongst them the portrait of a peasant, attributed to Titian, but I think without reason, together with some of the minor works of Morealese. The finest gallery of paintings in Palermo may be said to belong to the Principe di Campo Franco, who is acting lord lieutenant of Sicily, or viceroy in the absence of the brother of the king of Naples. It is not very

numerous, but contains many good things, and amongst the rest the following pleased me most, and I think would be most prized by connoisseurs:—a fine Domenichino landscape, full-sized, and a companion picture by Gaspar Poussin; a fine Spagnoletto, representing Tobit and the Fish (the saint is figured, contrary to custom, as an old man); a guitar player, by Valentin apparently—it is well coloured; a fine male portrait in black, by Sebastiano del Piombo, in his most finished manner; a female portrait by Titian, companion picture to the Sebastiano; a large picture by Morales the Spaniard, representing Christ at the cross, with two attendants, in the best style of the artist—it is the finest Morales I have seen, rich in colour, and fortunately unwashed; a small portrait side-face by Rembrandt, of much merit; a Madonna, Saint Joseph, and Infant Jesus, by Fattorino, one of the best pupils of Raphael:—the figures are the size of life, the child lying in the position which I have seen often repeated in the works of Sebastiano and Venusti, while the mother is raising a veil from her offspring and contemplating him. There is a small female figure of the Virgin, said to be by Lionardo da Vinci, but which general opinion has decided to be by Luini, and for which I have heard a large sum was offered by an English amateur, amounting, I have been told, to £4000, or eight thousand ounces of Sicilian money. Of the

Dutch and Flemish schools I observed little worth mention, save the Rembrandt which I have noted, and a small work representing a saint praying by candle-light, which appears like a production from the hand of Schalken. In the ante-room to the gallery I saw a Holy Family, which resembled an early Murillo. I was glad, as an admirer of the Spanish school, to find that the Morales maintained a place equal, if not superior, to that of the great men by whom he was surrounded, both as regards colouring and design. This whole collection was purchased from a relation of the prince, who was fortunate enough to obtain and collect the different subjects before Italy had been inundated by foreigners, and who ceded it to him whilst the change of government was going on under Napoleon, and all were glad, both during his time and at the return of the Neapolitan king, to realize what they could, even at a loss, and to escape. The prince was to allow his relative, who was a single man, and in the state which Lord Bacon considers favourable to great undertakings, an annuity of £500 yearly for his life, which however fell within the second payment; and thus, as often happens, though successful in the collection of what assured him independence, he did not live to enjoy the fruit of his labours.

The luxury of the Palermitans, for they are all fond of show, consists greatly in equipages; and those who visit the Marina, which is a drive on

the bay, separated only by a terrace on which pedestrians pass their vacant hours, may see every evening the splendour of the Sicilian capital. There are *elegants* on horseback, carriages in great numbers and of every form and fashion, moving to and fro, and well-dressed spectators, with indeed no small share of beauty amongst the females; I must say, indeed, that Sicily can produce as many fine women as any country I have yet seen. They are comely, with good figures, and with a fascinating expression of countenance. Sometimes their faces approach to the ancient Greek form, but the generality may be classed between the Spanish and the Italian. The complexion is olive in general, but I have seen here genuine red and white prevailing over the swarthier hues, which is scarcely ever the case in Spain, though sometimes in Italy; and there is a pliability in the muscles of the face, and a vivacity in the eye, which are truly Iberian, and do not correspond to the general sluggish regard and sleepy movements of the Italian. The classic regularity and length of the Greek face is not to me, I confess, so pleasing as this more gypsey-like countenance, and though more dignified certainly and imposing, and admirable in a statue, does not convey to me the same agreeable sensations as the "facies proterva" of the Sicilian witches. The Palermitans are very affable to strangers, and there is a general disposition to be

hospitable amongst them to all foreigners they meet; indeed, as in England, this desire to entertain keeps the majority poor. Like all nations under the same line, they are warm tempered, and much disposed to wrangle amongst themselves, and to go to law. The moral character of the lower orders is but very indifferent, and they are great thieves. It is usual to talk of Sicilian and Italian revenge, and the English, forgetting their own vindictive disposition, load these poor nations with the imputation of being implacable haters, and relentless pursuers of their revenge; but I conceive in this particular that my own countrymen are fully as cool and studied and unforgiving in their natures as these people whom they abuse; indeed, were it not that few regard them, many of our writers have so disfigured foreigners, that their readers would believe neither honour, generosity, nor good-nature existed any where save in Great Britain; and even there we have daily evidence that the English look down upon and undervalue the Scotch and Irish, claiming all precedence in qualities and consequence to themselves. I may however note that the distinguished painter Morealese, or Pietro Novelli, (for he was called the Morealese from the town where he was born in the neighbourhood of Palermo,) fell a victim to revenge. A goldsmith had put some false metal to ornaments destined for a convent of nuns, which the painter, who was engaged by the com-

munity to superintend the embellishment of the convent, discovered, and caused the rogue to be punished; he however waited his opportunity, and taking advantage of a public disturbance, fired at Novelli, and wounded him in the arm. Amputation would have saved the artist's life, but the injury being in the right arm, which was indispensable to him in his profession, he refused to consent to the operation; gangrene ensued, and the world was deprived of his talents. This great painter was born in the year 1608, and died in 1647, in his fortieth year. His performances are little known on the continent of Europe; at home he has been named the Raphael of Sicily, but I should be more inclined to class him as a Vandyke of the Neapolitan school, founded as it may be said to have been by Spagnoletto, which master Novelli resembles in style, but surpasses in colouring. The population of Palermo may be estimated at 150,000 inhabitants. The patron saint is Santa Rosalia, whose remains are said to have been found in the mountain of San Pellegrino, which adjoins the town. The arms or escutcheon of the town are an eagle on a red field, holding in his claws a scroll, on which are inscribed the letters S. P. Q. P.—"Senatus populusque Palermitanus." The catacombs are an object of curiosity and interest. The natural impulse of our natures is to shrink from annihilation—nature startles at dissolution and corruption—such is the feeling

that binds to the world the existence of mankind. Different nations and different sects, however, vary in the belief they attach to our resuscitation. The Egyptians were anciently desirous of being preserved after death as entire as possible. The greatest misfortune that could befal a Greek was to want burial, or to perish in the sea, which precluded interment: the Romans burned the corpses of their dead, and the Jews committed theirs to vaults and cemeteries, and preserved them as we do ours. The inhabitants of Palermo in particular, and the Sicilians in general, are desirous of remaining above ground as long as they can, and the vaults of the church of the Cappucini are filled with male and female remains of all for whom their friends have been able to procure admission, which was however easily obtained with money. The remains of the departed are confined in a chamber until the flesh has dried to the bones, which process requires a period of six months for completion. The skeleton is then dressed in the usual wearing apparel of the individual when alive, and placed in a niche of the wall, or an assigned situation in the long rows which occupy the sides of it. The males and females have different apartments allotted for their occupation, and the latter repose generally on beds or in coffins, whilst the males are placed erect. I saw also many trunks and boxes filled with dukes, generals, and ecclesiastics, all packed up for their

long journey. The friars who have the management of the vaults, and belong to the church, live from charity, and yet contrive to feed many poor, and do much good, for sometimes nearly a thousand mendicants are daily fed with soup. These holy men thus worthily perform two duties, one of taking care of the dead, and the other of providing for the wants of the living. In this monastic establishment of the Cappucini I saw no good pictures, but at the entrance to the cemetery I observed the two copper-plates of the holy and sinful death-beds, which are Italian subjects, and which I have seen repeated in many places in Christian countries. Of the theatres in Palermo, the small one, called the "Carolina," is but indifferent. The opera given was the "Esule di Roma," but the singers were all execrable; and soon, I hear, the house is to undergo a complete renovation. Whoever is curious to see the works of an early master of great merit, should go to the churches of Santa Cita, and that of the Parrochia di San Giacomo; he will find there altogether nine paintings by Vincenzo Romano, a pupil of Raphael, and which are certainly pleasing, and in some instances very fine, although the rank and general qualifications of their author are not equal to those of Julio Romano and Fattorino, or do not at least hold the same place in public opinion. The drawing observed in these paintings is sometimes faulty, yet it is in the classic style

of the art. The colouring approaches to that of Luis de Vargas, who, however, in spite of the great reputation he enjoys in Spain, is, I think, excelled by the present subject of my narrative. The grand picture of the Cita is a Descent from the Cross, with a magnificent group of females below the figure of our Saviour, and the whole of this composition is said to have been taken from a design given by Raphael himself. At the baptistal or parochial church of San Giacomo is to be seen a large work by the same hand, which represents the flagellation performed by two executioners. I must not omit to mention in passing, one of the best works of Morealese, which is to be seen in this church. It is an oil painting, eight feet wide by eighteen in height, and represents the Virgin receiving sacrament from a bishop. She is attended by angels, and the distance or ground plan of the picture represents an architectural subject, very well painted. There is in this, as in almost all other paintings of Morealese, the mixed style of Spagnoletto and Vandyke. The head of the bishop is very fine and full of life, and that of the Madonna youthful and engaging. The mode of managing the light in this picture has been censured, and the composition does not at all agree with the transmitted legend, which is, that the virgin was confessed by a saint in the Forêt de la Sainte Beaume, near to Marseilles in France. The first objection is however outbal-

anced by the many beauties which the painting possesses, and the second by the eternal deviation of painters, not merely from appropriate scenery and costume in historical representation, but also from consistency in epoch. Zurbaran, in his best work, or at least in that which amateurs generally consider his best, the Saint Thomas at Seville, has been guilty of errors in time, costume, and characteristic grouping. At the principal hospital, which is situated in the neighbourhood of the " Piazetta dei Tedeschi," exist the remains of a fresco by Novelli the Morealese, which in point of conception I think superior to the large painting at the native place of the painter, which I shall mention hereafter. It was executed on his return from Rome, and exhibits Santa Rosalia conducting the females of Palermo from purgatory to the presence of the Almighty. The outline of the entire composition exists, but only a part of it in colour, the remainder having fallen from neglect, and more also would have fallen of the little which is left, had it been confided solely to the institution which owns it: a number of lovers of the arts subscribed money, without which nothing in this world can be done, and after some trouble induced the chiefs in office to have it restored, and to them we are indebted for what we have. In front of this painting under an opposite arcade is another fresco, which is very well preserved, and represents the figure of Death

on horseback travelling over all mankind; it is of the early time of the art, and is attributed to Vicenti, a German artist of the fourteenth century. He has pourtrayed the attack of the common enemy with much happiness and force. Lute-players, huntsmen, loving couples, and philosophers are all represented in different attitudes receiving the fatal summons. The pale horse on which Death is seated is very strongly defined and imagined, and the figure of Death itself has much spirit. I have seen many early paintings of the German school, and the early state of the arts does not please me so much as that of the more recent and middle ages; yet in this painting I confess I looked with pleasure onand bec a me reconciled to the variety and dexterity of the composition, the quaintness of the countenances and the angular forms of the figures, and the dry colouring and abrupt effects of light which it contains. The painting of Morealese at the village of that name, which is considered his most famous work, exists in the convent of the Benedictines. It represents San Benedetto distributing bread to the poor. The force of this picture is very great; the lights produce much effect, and are managed in the manner of Zurbaran, to whose style the picture approaches. It has many figures, and under the saint and his followers are supposed to be shown the abbot then reigning over the institution, with part of the

municipal body of Palermo, for the insignia and emblems of the community are displayed. I will digress a little to give a few remarks on this picture, as it has a great name, and has been much praised. The opinions of men are however generally guided more by report than by experience; they follow each other in their judgment as mules in their pace, and acquiesce in a decision most frequently without personal inquiry. To deny that it has great merits would be unjust, but the defects which it seems to me to possess are, in the first place, that the perspective of the landscape, in relation to the groups of figures, is not well managed, for they are too large for their supposed distance from the point of view; and that the unity of composition of the whole suffers by the appearance which the landscape has in the distance, of being detached from the site where the figures are placed. The festival of the "Corpus" is celebrated at Palermo, but not with the same resplendent pomp as at Seville or Rome. This year it fell on the 18th of June, and I was present on the occasion—the procession of friars and their different orders was however broken and scanty, their march was unequal and disorderly, and the ecclesiastics walked with their faces masked with the white linen of their robes, having two small eyelet-holes to enable them to see their way; but they had a most unpleasing and death-like appearance, each head resembling

a skull. What I lost in display of religious splendour was amply repaid me by a view of the beautiful faces in the different windows, and well-dressed spectators of both sexes in the balconies, and the favourable impression I had received of the Palermitan ladies was confirmed and augmented by what I saw of them to-day. The occupations of their families in Europe, and the jealousy of their lords in the East, often hinder a town or a country from displaying the treasures of female perfection it may contain; on a day like the present all was alive in holiday raiment, and the happy spectator was admitted to a view of all that was "rich and rare" in animated creation.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PALERMO AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

June 20, 1835.

The ancient cathedral of Palermo served, at the epoch of their occupation, as a mosque for the religious rites of the Saracens, who have left in it some almost unintelligible inscriptions in Arabic, valuable only to the curious in that language. Professor Morso occupied himself in translating them from the Cufic to the modern Arabic tongue. After the expulsion of the Mahommedans, the Normans used the building for a church, and it rose to the dignity of a Christian place of worship, and was endowed and enriched with many gifts by the Bishop Gualterio Offamilio, a relative of Ruggieri, in the interval from 1160 to 1194, during which period he governed this church. He destroyed, however, in his religious zeal, much of the ancient architecture, but left one compartment, or chapel, if it may be so termed, entire. Almost as much damage has been done to monuments of ancient art by Chris-

tian as by barbarian enthusiasm, and in the present instance many other adjoining churches and buildings were sacrificed, in order to gain ground for the completion of this cathedral. In its nave are sepulchres consecrated to the remains of Anfusus and Henricus, sons of Ruggieri, together with those of the two wives of the latter prince, and the founder Gualterio is interred also in the same neighbourhood. Thus perish and pass away all mortal things, and all worldly splendours; the cold stone survives to mark the last abode of him who drew it from the quarry, and chiselled ornaments and lacquered urns attest the departed renown of a conqueror or a moral sage, when his remains would be dissipated by a puff of wind, and would afford no distinctive evidence different from that of the meanest subject or most unlettered vulgar. The contemplation of a grave is the practical lesson of religion; it is that only which has the force to cause presumptuous man to shrink within himself; he sees there his journey's end, and the poor vanity of all his high conceits. Few certain details of the history touching the cathedral of Palermo exist, and none of them are such as to gratify the general reader. The present building contains some statues by Gagini, some basso-relievos by Villareale, who is now living, and whom I consider a greater artist than Gagini, and two paintings by Morealese, neither of which are to be ranked amongst his most happy undertakings. One of them,

which represents San Francesco di Paula in adoration, and which is hung to the wall, appears to me a very poor performance, without either force or good colouring. The other shows San Ignazio Loyola, the first Jesuit and founder of that order, in the act of communication with the Virgin, and is a far finer work, but the shadows are dark and the design hard, and even this, although the best of the two, did not strike me as very pleasing. There is one monument, which rises from the pavement of this church, entitled the "Eternal Respect," from the great name which adorns its tablets; under it repose the mortal remains of Frederic the Second of Sicily, at whose court literature was cultivated, learned men patronized, and the arts encouraged, during a period when the whole of the rest of Europe was immersed in ignorance and barbarism. The Italian of Dante was the language of the island at that period, and it has changed little even at the present time from its original frame: it may be said that the language of that great poet, as well as of Petrarch, was and is the dialect of the present day. The idiom of Florence has formed a standard test of purity for later composers, but no modern writer has been able to throw into shade the sonnets to Laura, and the bold strictures on the princes and cardinals of the Popish faith. One writer, Geoffroy de Malaterra, observes, speaking of the cathedral church of Palermo, that if the

Alhambra at Grenada, and the mosque of Cordova, did not exist, this would be reckoned the finest specimen of architectural splendour erected by the Moors in the whole of Europe: he does not however make any mention of the giralda or tower at Seville, which I consider a much finer Moorish relic than what is left either at Palermo or Cordova. To those who have seen the various horticultural establishments in England, France, Germany, and Holland, the botanical garden of this capital presents nothing new, save that whereas in the north artificial means are used for producing vegetation and bringing plants to maturity, in Sicily nature does every thing, and the climate supplies of itself what with us is gained from fire. There are however forcing-houses here also, and one that was made in England, being destined for Vienna, was presented to the institution which it now adorns, in 1799, by Maria Carolina of Austria. The collection of plants is very valuable. I saw two specimens of the cycas revoluta from India, which cost £500 sterling; and I am told that in the grounds there are eighteen thousand varieties of vegetable nature. The palms which I observed bear fruit, though it never attains its full perfection, nor is at all equal to what is brought from the African coast; it is however eatable, and the servants of the garden consume it. At no great distance, to the south of the botanic garden, is the site of some ancient Arab remains, called

" Mar Dolce," and it is here that antiquaries suppose the famous Lake of " Albehira" to have existed, which was a piece of water for recreation, filled with fish, and serving for the diversion of the Mahommedan chiefs of the city. Professor Morso, who writes on the subject, endeavours to fix the account of this lake, but the only authority we have concerning it is the description given by a Jew, called Benjamin of Tudela in Navarre, who travelled in various parts of the world, more it seems for observing the synagogues of his countrymen, than from any love of general knowledge, and it has been suspected that he has given accounts of many places he never saw, and amongst them of this. He affirms, that in his time there were splendid pleasure vessels on this piece of water, used by the grandees of the country for sailing. All however is now dry, and even the site of the water uncertain. Near to this spot is another very memorable one in the annals of Sicilian history; I mean the tragic theatre of the Sicilian Vespers. It rarely happens that an oppressed nation at one blow exterminate their tyrants, and shake off the bonds of slavery, and throughout Europe it was considered a masterpiece of policy and hardihood for the government to have expelled the Jesuits from Spain, although they were an unarmed body, and incapable of offering any resistance to open force: but in this instance the courage and enterprize of a single in-

dividual, seconded by that of his immediate friends, was equal to the destruction of an entire army, inflated by success and insolent from conquest. I will endeavour to make the reader acquainted with the origin of this conspiracy, and the results of its development. Louis the Ninth of France, a prince of great virtue, wisdom, and courage, who on occasion of the plunder of Jerusalem by the Persians, raised a crusade against the barbarians, and performed memorable acts of valour, although with no ultimate benefit to the cause of Christendom, (for which he gained the title of saint,) had a brother called Charles of Anjou, to whom Pope Urban the Fourth offered the kingdom of Sicily, in the middle of the thirteenth century. Manfredi, who at that time reigned with authority of guardian to the infant king Corradino, son of Corrado, (who had wrested the island from the pontifical power, which had been desirous of its annexation to the dominions of the kings of England,) was hateful in the eyes of the supreme prelate, who consequently endeavoured to place Charles of Anjou on the throne. A similar offer had sometime previously been made to Louis in favour of himself and his children, which he had the prudence to refuse, and it is matter of surprise in this king's history, that he should admit the proposition for his brother, and assist him in its adoption, when he had declined it for his own family. Charles of Anjou, therefore, who was gallant,

young and gay, appeared in arms in Italy. Manfredi proceeded to oppose him, but was slain, and his army dispersed, at Beneventum. In this juncture Pope Urban died. It is said that Manfredi was abandoned by the Neapolitan troops and the barons of Puglia during the combat, and that, lion-hearted as he was, he sacrificed his life when he saw all was lost, rather than survive the loss of a kingdom which he had successively defended against four popes, and might still have commanded, had he not been betrayed by his faithless troops. The "periculosum opus aleæ," as the game of war may be termed, varied to the disadvantage of its successful suitor; his fortune changed, as is generally the case when all hopes are concentrated on one event, and perhaps self-destruction, if he did not indeed fall by his own hand, was only anticipated by a glorious death on the battle plain. Charles of Anjou was recognized king of Naples before he arrived at the gates of the city. Beneventum was given up to plunder for eight days, during which time the inhabitants were exposed to the brutality, lust, and avarice of the soldiers. Philip of Montfort was sent into Sicily with an army, and occupied the island in the name of his master, without any resistance being made. Soon after his arrival, however, new orders were issued throughout the country, and the possessions of all nobles suspected of hostility to the French were divided amongst the

adherents of the new king. Even at this day (for great antiquity, it seems, sanctifies every thing) are to be found many families in Sicily, who exact consideration from an admixture of French blood at this period. So much do we see vanity creep into the composition of our natures, and indulged even to the disfavour of our patriotism. If, according to the opinion of Lord Chesterfield, we may question the existence of natural affection to its parents in a child, where there are no sentiments of gratitude for kind acts received, no less may it be a sceptical point how far the vaunted principle of patriotism is proof against interest, or independent of the power of vanity. It is no gracious thing to dive into the recesses of our natures, and to anatomize to the core our moral sentiments. I have however the pleasure of knowing that it is as easy to imagine goodness in human acts as evil, and that the philosophy of Rochefoucauld may be used to destroy his own unamiable positions, by employing the inverse mode of reasoning to that which he adopts. As to patriotism, however, I fear we may say that what is commonly so called is little other than a habit,—a species of natural custom and impulse of the mind. The rough Englishman with his beer, and the lively Frenchman with his wine, thank the gods for all the goods they gave, without further inquiring whether their nation deserves their admiration, or whether there are countries of which

the natives are wiser and better than their own. They sit down contented, and consequently prejudiced, for their respective partialities do not proceed from experience but from habit. To return to the history of the Sicilian Vespers:—the confiscations of property, added to vexations of every kind, roused the indignation of the islanders against their oppressors, and a noble of Palermo, named Giovanni Procida, who had been educated in the schools of jurisprudence and medicine, and was at the same time the physician and confidant of the deceased Manfredi, resolved on transferring the dominion of his native country to Peter the Third of Aragon, and liberating her from the French yoke. Corradino had been defeated in battle by Charles of Anjou, and had expiated the just attempt of regaining his patrimonial empire by an ignominous death upon the scaffold. The army he had raised, of five thousand men, was destroyed at Tagliacozzo, near Tivoli, to which place he had penetrated. The attempt of Procida was perilous; but whether it be that a nation resolved to be free from a hated dominion generally succeeds,—or whether a fate in empire is destined from above, which, as the poet Pindar tells us, no human power can alter,—or whether great energy in one man can bend others to his wishes, and so command futurity and regulate events,—the project of Procida was crowned with success. He travelled to Spain, and commu-

nicated his plans to Peter, thence proceeded to Constantinople and obtained money to buy arms for the Sicilians from the Greek emperor, who was himself threatened with invasion by Charles, and rejoiced at an opportunity of confining his adversary's attention to home affairs. He then went to Rome, and his scheme was consecrated by the approbation of the supreme pontiff, already alienated by the tyrannical conduct of the French, and the little respect they paid to the holy seè. He had countenance also from the Grand Master of Malta, his plot was matured, and a small occurrence, like a spark set to powder, produced its development. Alaymo di Lentini, Palmerio Abate, and Gualterio di Caltagirone, friends of Procida, together with most of the Sicilian barons, were at Palermo; and being sure that in any meeting of the people for a festival or procession there would not be found wanting some excitement to angry feeling towards the French, Procida managed that the whole of his partizans should meet on the 30th of March, in the year 1282, on the Tuesday after Easter, outside the gates of Palermo, near the church of Santo Spirito, a place which the people of the town frequented on that day, and where patrols of French soldiers were stationed to maintain order. Amongst those assembled was a certain Palermitan nobleman named Roberto Mastrangelo, with Ninfa his wife, whose

beauty attracted the attention of a young Frenchman, in command of a body of the patrols. Drouet, for such was his name, under the pretence of seeing whether she carried arms, which the Sicilians sometimes did, but which was rigorously prohibited by the French laws then in force, audaciously passed his hand into her bosom. At this indecent outrage she fell fainting into the arms of her husband; a passenger, however, who was witness to what had passed, approaching, drew the Frenchman's sword from the scabbard, and sheathed it in his body. Then rose the cry for vengeance; the long confined rage of the people burst beyond restraint, and each dagger was buried in the breast of a Gaul. Even the churches were not sacred to the fugitives; their shrines were stained with blood, and many of the supposed fruits of French love were transfixed in Sicilian wombs. The grand justiciary, Giovanni di San Remigio, found no safety in flight; he was pursued and poignarded at Vicari. The fever for slaughter pervaded the whole island; in less than a month no living Frenchman trod the Sicilian soil. The garrison of Sperlinga, however, which was composed of that nation, though safe from assassination, were scarcely less happy in their fate; for being close besieged by the enemy, they perished from hunger, and famine effected on them what had been intended from the knife.

The islanders apply to the natives of that town the Latin line—

"Quod Siculis placuit, solum Sperlinga negavit—"

as they only did not join in the extermination of their enemies. After these great events, Procida procured aid from Peter of Aragon, and that prince presented himself in person to the Sicilians. Charles in the first instance attempted a descent on Messina without success, and afterwards challenged Peter to single combat, for having accepted the proffered crown of the revolted island. Peter assented to the invitation, and Bordeaux was fixed upon as the place at which their respective titles were to be determined, and their manhood proved, by the sword. Charles was punctual to his appointment, but a large army, with his sainted brother the king of France, accompanied him, and Peter feared treachery. Like a prudent man, he at the same time determined not to expose his person to an adversary able to use unfair advantages, and to save his honour. He appeared therefore, somewhat later than the moment fixed, in the arena; Charles refused to return to the spot he had quitted, and this comedy, from which all expected great events, went off with acrimonious epistles between the two monarchs, each of whom accused the other of cowardice. Peter gained a

kingdom without sealing its acquisition with his blood, and Charles retired with discontent, not to be soothed by the flattery of his courtiers. He attempted to regain by force what he had lost by bad policy, but all his endeavours were ineffectual, and he died in 1285, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, of a broken heart. It has been observed by our great moralist, that in the decline of life shame and grief are of short duration; but we have very many instances which attest that amongst mankind the fire of youthful passion is not extinguished by the snows of age, and that a daring and impetuous spirit will remain coeval with our animal organization. The holy writings express that grey hairs may be brought with sorrow to the grave, and often disappointment will extinguish a life which has resisted the importunities of accumulated years. Who can trace the connexion between our spiritual and animal construction?—by what magic power is it that a word will derange our physical organs, that an idea and an immaterial phenomenon will rend the brow and extinguish even sensibility, and that the exercise of our mental faculties influences even every bodily impulse of our frame?—Between the contentions of Charles and Peter justice is at a loss to decide in equity; certainly each nation, if strong enough, chooses its own ruler, and soon finds grounds in self-will for invalidating the claims of a stranger power, and posterity loses in

the contemplation of heroic achievements and splendid feats of arms, the cool consideration of justice or injustice in past events. Even the expulsion of Charles the Tenth from France, who was doubtless the legitimate monarch of that empire, is hailed as a patriotic act by its promoters, from the indirect reason that his family unjustly occupied the throne, being placed there by the hands of the enemies of the nation over whom he governed.

In the church of San Giorgio is to be seen a painting by Palma il Vecchio, of the Martyrdom of the Patron Saint. It is certainly a fine picture, although the subject is not pleasing—blood from the lifeless trunk inundates the foreground of the scene. I have seen but little of Palma, and confess he is not one of my favourite painters. The colouring of those of his works which have fallen under my notice is obscure and muddy.

The Royal University of Palermo was erected by Ferdinand the First of Naples, in the year 1806. A better form for the building than the one adopted was proposed by the architect Marvaglia, but the intrigues of his enemies prevented its adoption, to the injury of the public. The entrance to the present establishment is small and confined. There is a large court, round which are placed the different lecture-rooms. On the ground-floor is deposited the collection of ancient statues and marbles, which is not very extensive,

but contains some highly valuable specimens of antique art. The two most pleasing pieces of statuary are those of a Faun pouring wine into a cup, found at an ancient town called Oplenta, near to Portici, and of a young Roman consul, discovered amongst the remains at Tindari; of this latter the face is very handsome, and the flowing folds of the toga are inimitably executed. Both these statues are well preserved; the cup is the only part restored to the Faun, and of the two he is my favourite. Tindari stood on the mountain of the same name, about fifty miles from Messina, near the sea; the appellation of the place has been now corrupted to Tonnaro. It was founded by Dionysius the elder, and peopled with a body of Messenians exiled from the Peloponesus. Verres, as Cicero mentions, took from it the famous statue of Mercury, which had been presented to the town, after the taking of Carthage by Scipio, as a memorial of the munificence of Rome, and a testimony of the esteem that republic had for the fidelity of its inhabitants. A theatre and a gymnasium are still to be traced in ruins, and the former seems to have been built without the aid of cement. In succeeding ages this town made no conspicuous figure in history. Its remains were examined by Mr. Fagan, an English consul in Sicily, and he obtained possession of many portions of Roman statuary of the later times, but scarcely any thing of remote antiquity.

In the collection of Palermo, of which I write, are to be seen some of the metopes discovered by Messrs. Harris and Angel at Selinuntum. The number exhibited is five, but I believe ten were found. They consist of squares between four and five feet in size: two of them are nearly entire, and serve to make us acquainted with the arts in their infancy. One represents a figure, who faces the spectator, with two others, one on each side, suspended from a pole, having their bodies curbed up, and which the middle figure bears on his own shoulders, with a laughing countenance. I asked the history of the subject, and received the following explanation. There existed in antiquity an Hercules, called Melampiges, *i. e.* "with black buttocks," and the great man was much feared—quite a Paul Jones or Blucher in his day. Two youths meeting him, and not knowing who he was, diverted themselves, like silly boys, at his expense, upon which he seized and bound them for punishment; but the boy behind, seeing the conqueror's hinder part, said to the other, "there is no joking here,—we have to do with black-buttocked Hercules." He, hearing this conversation, laughed, and set them at liberty. The second metope represents Perseus cutting off the head of Medusa. Minerva is standing by, whilst the winged horse, Pegasus, springs from the falling blood. There is much spirit in the action of both these pieces of sculpture; they are

in basso-relievo, and somewhat rude in execution, as may be naturally supposed, when we consider the remoteness of the age in which they were formed; but they are such as their makers left them, unrestored and entire. The mask of Medusa, in the latter of the two, is most ghastly, and reminds me much of the countenances of Indian monsters shown at the present time. It may not be impossible that the arts, even then, travelled from the glorious regions of the east, and that Egypt herself reflected to the Greeks and Phœnicians a light borrowed from the more remote countries of the modern Hindoos. The third, fourth, and fifth tablets are very imperfect. The third represents two horses with trappings, similar to those appearing on the vase which I have described in the Biscari collection at Catania, and equally facing the spectator, and attached to a car, with two more detached for riding, but neither a charioteer nor horsemen appear. The fourth and fifth metopes represent a combat of the Amazons, who are victorious over two soldiers, but the entire upper part of the figures are wanting. Casts have been made of the whole for the museums of most European capitals. A judgment may be formed of the great size of the temple of Selinuntum, in which these objects stood, when it is considered that they formed only a very small part of the ornaments of the frieze, and stood between the triglyphs, as

is usual in the Doric order of architecture. One of the rarities in the Museum is a sun-dial made of marble, with four faces, which was found by Mr. Fagan at Tindari, and he only discovered the purposes of its formation, and the rarity of the acquisition, after the presentation he had made of it to the Sicilian government. They value it most highly, and I do not recollect in the whole range of my observations to have seen a similar work. I observed here a colossal statue of Jupiter from the temple of Catalfano, and two finely worked candalabras in stone, which seem embellished almost like those from the hands of workmen of the present day. The Jupiter has the peculiarity of a marble mask to a stone body, which demonstrates its sculpture to have been of an early date, before the workmanship of the former mineral had come into common use. It is also to be remarked that the date of the town of Selinuntum, which was seated amongst the mountains of Caltafano, is supposed to have been coeval with the days of Hercules, who is said to have slain its founder for the injury he committed on foreigners and those who visited his capital. According to Thucydides, it was one also of the three cities into which the Phœnicians retired when the Greek colonies invaded the island. It stood at the distance of twelve miles from the modern town of Palermo.—To continue with the collection of antiquities. A beautiful sarcophagus

from Girgenti is quite entire, and is ornamented with a most delicately worked frieze. The king of Naples has contributed three ancient paintings found at Pompeii, which are well preserved and well drawn. One represents a female scolding a serving-man, who has been to market, and holds a basket in his hand, having probably returned with purchases: in the back-ground appears an attendant. The figure of what I take to be a woman has the dress and costume of that sex, though the face, considered alone, would indicate a male. Another shows two men walking, but I could not from what I saw discover any plot or story; they are placed in an erect posture, and the colours of the whole in this piece of painting are very fresh, and the distribution of the drapery is skilfully managed. The third is a large plate representing a boar chase; the animals are drawn with much spirit and truth to nature, but the colours have faded from age in many parts; the outline is all that is discernible, and though interesting as a relic of the Roman times, it does not afford pleasure to the modern spectator, and is unsatisfactory as a painting. Above stairs is the picture-gallery, which contains casts of most of the good statues at Naples, and two from the works of Canova, one of which is the dancing girl, done from a young "Transteverina," or inhabitant of the nether side of the Tiber at Rome; the other is an Apollo, in which

the Italian has imitated the Greek Belvedere, but I think unhappily. The dancing girl possesses what Canova could give and the subject requires, grace of form and movement; but I confess the style of that artist falls far short of the force and pathos exhibited in the ancient sculptures. Lord Byron, whose opinion ought to be some authority in matters regarding the fine arts, says, "Italy and the world have but one Canova;" yet I affirm, and I believe there are many who agree with me, that independently of the grace his favourite possesses, there is little to admire in his works. I have been more pleased with the productions of many sculptors than with those of Canova. Villareale of Palermo, now living, rises as high above his master in terseness and sentiment and expression, as the tall cypress of the Bosphorus above the acacias of the west. Canova may represent a Hebe, a Ganymede, a dying gladiator, or a Hercules; they will be all well executed, they will all please, but the same air of effeminacy will pervade the whole. The gladiator will seem to die, as the luxurious Romans required, without uttering a groan. What is it that in the science of painting and design places and will place Michael Angelo eternally above Raphael?—the energy and vigour of mind he displays in composition. So it is with the chisel; the statuary who indulges and succeeds in the grand and the forcible will always prevail

over the general exhibitor of placid and languishing beauty. In an adjoining room I saw a very beautiful bronze received from Naples, representing Hercules slaying a stag. It stood most appropriately over a small fountain at Pompeii, embellishing the spot which possessed it. The animal is supposed to be in the act of taking the water to avoid its pursuer, who seizes it by the horns from behind. I cannot say that the collection of paintings exhibited here pleased me much. There is a small head of our Saviour, coloured on paper, which is attributed to Correggio, and a pleasing portrait by Holbein, as well as a good work by Brossino, of the Virgin in the Wilderness. I saw two large dark pictures of Morealese; they interested me so little that I did not note their composition. In the church of the Immaculata, close to that of Saint Francis, there is a Nativity by Caravaggio, and it is a very clear fine picture. Those who showed it me said it related to the life of Saint Lawrence. Caravaggio is certainly a great name, and he introduced into the arts a new mode of painting; but I confess I think his style leaves much to desire; for as soon as the surprise from the first burst of light is over, all effect is gone, and nothing remains on which the eye can rest with pleasure; every thing is made subservient to that one delusion, and he does not graduate and soften down his shadows in the mode of Rembrandt; his

works, however, are valued from the originality they possess. One of the most pleasing I have seen was acquired by myself at Palermo, (for Sicily is rich in works of Caravaggio,) and represents the Repose of Santa Agatha.

I have not as yet touched upon the villas in the neighbourhood of this town, for they are so numerous, that every one, from a prince to a shopkeeper, has some rural retreat to which he betakes himself, to forget if possible his cares, and to seek for repose. The cost of their erection, however, still weighs down the favourable balance of rental to many, and the most expensive life of an Italian or Sicilian is that of the "villeggiatura:" the "dolce far niente," the languor of idleness and luxury of inactivity, are worth little without some gratification, and some stimulant for the senses; and often in these retirements recourse is had to expensive sensual pleasures, to relieve the monotony and listlessness of ease and repletion. I will say something of their gardens. The dearest tribute we can pay to nature is her embellishment, and the costly garb of the mother goddess, when encumbered with ornament, pleases only during novelty; hence even in what affects our sight, a degree of discontent will reach the proprietor, after he has expended immense sums in alteration after alteration on pleasure-grounds, and experience may at last come to his aid, and tell him that true taste consists not in profusion

and waste, but in dressing the fair with modesty—that the genius of the place should be consulted attentively, that the general aspect of grounds in their primitive state should be always considered, and that their natural beauties should be assisted with all care, but not altered so as to become foreign; that hills should, where they exist, be garnished, and not demolished or cut through;—that water should be expanded, not confined, and that a dry plain should be distributed in walks, not floated in a lake;—that variety of prospect should be sought and improved by additions, not by demolition, and that difficulties should very rarely be attempted in removing already existing objects. I have been tempted to these observations by the sight of the encumbered parterres, the obscure walks which lead to nothing, and the redundant load of trees and shrubs which I have observed in the grounds of my Palermitan friends. In a confined space, every thing in extended landscape is aimed at, and generally without success. I confess I do not admire the formality of an ancient French garden; the square beds and the angular walks remind one more of a plan for a fortification than for a recreation, and I abhor straight lines of elm, of oak, and of yew; but I do not at the same time fall into a wish for the extreme of irregularity, for curling roads like figures on an Indian jar, where one terminates in another at every little distance; for labyrinths where, if

you extend your arm a few inches, you catch your pursuer through a screen of privet; and for popping walks where, if you are for an instant inattentive, you tumble over an useless seat or an insignificant urn. I detest a chubby Cupid squirting water into a basin of gold fish; but I admire a rivulet, however small it may be, that falls naturally from a spring, and is expanded amongst the plants for whose benefit it seems to flow. I may even say that strict attention to nature is what pleases, and will longest please, in all and every thing. To mount to the noblest work of God—man, or (as some say) woman—in either, does not a natural manner always please best? What gives grace to an Indian girl carrying a water pitcher on her head, but her natural ease and unrestrained movements? What pleases in the Spanish coquette? her natural manner. What places the French in a higher scale of presentation than the English? their freedom in movement and natural address. What renders an English fop a disgusting creature? his want of natural ease. When we highly praise any work of art, do we not say how true it is to nature?

The two villas of most consequence at Palermo are those of the Prince Butera and the Duke of Serra di Falco. They are both situated at the village of Olivuzza, distant from the capital about half a league. I will describe the latter of the two first. You descend from the main body

of the palace, which has two projecting wings of building at each end, to which are trained roses and evergreen creepers of different species, on a gravel walk which winds round a platform planted with the periwinkle. The sight reposes on winding walks, and thickets of aromatic shrubs, which grow luxuriantly in these climates, together with weeping willows. The different walks conduct you to diversified objects; to here a pheasantry, there a hermitage, a ruin, a fountain, or an artificial shower of rain, with which you are unexpectedly bathed. There is a labyrinth, with all its ingenious intricacies, and straight walks which terminate in a marble bust or sepulchral urn, hedged with gigantic rows of the lignum vitæ. The cells of the hermitages contain holy inmates, with each his peculiar salutation; one, when you approach his domicile, springs to your embrace, and expands the gates of his hut; another salutes you with an oriental reverence, and a waving hand; a third shuts the door in your face on your appearance. Though the creatures are formed from wood, they have the natural motions of man, and they even roll their eyes with a certain sanctified expression. The greatest objection I found to the distribution and arrangements of the walks in this garden was, that they were not open to the air, but close and confined with trees, that impeded the circulation of the evening breeze, which is so great a luxury in

these hot climates. The pheasantry, also, was shaded from the sun, and these birds, which delight in its exhilirating rays, pined and died from their inappropriate position, as was mentioned to me by their guardian, unacquainted with the cause of their mortality, until I explained to him the reason. To my objection of the closeness of the walks, the gardener replied that the duke delighted in shade, but he agreed with me in my opinion of its being detrimental to health and general enjoyment. On the whole, I was gratified with what I saw. The English style is beginning to be adopted in Sicilian landscape gardening, and perhaps it is from us that the natives have borrowed the taste for confined and apparently sequestered walks; but when narrow, they are always bad; should a shower of rain fall, you are drenched from the dripping of the trees in every alley. The duke is about to add to his other embellishments that of a magnificent range of glass, which is to extend from one of the sides of his main building or palace.

I now pass to the description of the villa of Prince Butera, which is neglected in some degree, and inferior in beauty to the one I have already mentioned, though nearly of the same size. The collection of exotic plants is however very fine. The grounds were laid out by a German, sent from Vienna for that purpose, but he has not been successful in his endeavours to please. A pitiful

piece of water contains one solitary swan, which seems pining for a mate that died some months ago, very possibly of vexation at the confinement he suffered. A meadow parched to dust, and intended for deer, has become the portion of two Spanish goats, the former creatures having also taken their departure for the other world. I saw a meagre range of glass, empty of shrubs, and two Dutch pits, with damaged frames and empty bodies. There is however a conservatory, which I think would afford gratification to a botanist, in his inspection of its different horticultural contents.

I have, I believe, mentioned all that is striking in these two residences; an English park and an English flower garden generally contain more pleasing objects than both these exhibitions united. Indeed, my countrymen justly bear away the palm in general adornment of their mansions and their estates. In the county where I live, every lady has her flower-beds; there are plots of ground for each miss who can claim a mamma; the worthy squires turn every angle of their fields into a surprise; something new and ornamental is invented and executed for each inequality of ground. The dusty manufacturers of Manchester, Liverpool, Bolton, Preston, Bury, and Wigan, must each cull a bunch of grapes from his own glass range, and the spirit of devotion to Flora pervades every class. Sometimes, indeed, genii very different from the fairies of the green haunt at

last these abodes, and executers of law, with grim visages, display commissions of bankruptcy and writs of arrest against their prodigal owners, in places sacred to Pomona and to Zephyrus. I mention, however, the general usage in Lancashire; if too much expense is indulged, those guilty of it meet their reward, but the country is at all events embellished, and its face rendered lovely by such profusion.

I return now to the capital of Sicily; and will give some account of the palace which the king of Naples occupied during the time that Murat was in possession of his kingdom. It is of very ancient date, having been built by Count Ruggieri, one of the family of the dukes of Normandy, who invaded Sicily, as it is said, with only sixty men, by aid of whom he took Messina in the year 1089, gained the permission of the pope to reign over the island which he had conquered, and died at Mileto in 1101. He was a successful soldier of fortune, and thus became a king; had he failed, his fame would have died with him, and his name would not now be blazoned at the head of a branch genealogy of the Bourbons of France. I was pleased with what I saw of the building; a small Arabic-fashioned room remains, in which the Greeks have also worked, for its ceiling is gilt with portraits of Christian saints, whilst the frieze and walls abound with Moorish carvings. Perhaps this is a remnant of what was found by

Ruggieri. The apartments destined for reception in this palace are the following:—an antechamber, decorated with portraits of the court servants—an adjoining one, with beautiful tapestry hangings, describing the adventures of Don Quixote; another room succeeds, similarly furnished, and then the levee room, which is about eighty English feet long by twenty-seven wide. Patania, a living artist of Palermo, painted the ceiling of this room. The panels of the wainscot are of red silk damask, with blue borders in white gilt mouldings; all these rooms open into each other. The private apartments of the king are on the opposite side of the antechamber, in which are the portraits, and their distribution is as follows. First comes a sitting room of small size—the furniture is green and gold, the walls are green, relieved with figures in fresco painting, which however are not well done; a room adjoining, exactly similar, in blue; these lead to a rather larger one, fitted up in the Chinese fashion; then succeed a bed-chamber and dressing closet, with some English prints, and afterwards a boudoir. On descending some steps, you arrive at a small antechamber, where is to be seen the genealogical table of the Neapolitan dynasty; afterwards you are introduced into a cabinet library, which appeared to me to consist principally of works by modern authors. I remarked an almanack in a fine gilt frame, which was calculated to

last for sixty years. The library opens into a room for writing, and from thence you pass on a terrace, which is supported by the large gateway of the town, called Porta Nova, and in which are to be seen a small green-house, and two basins with fountain pipes, for fish. This terrace commands the town, and the view from it is very fine. At the end there is a pavilion containing three rooms; the largest is used for dining. These apartments are nearly at the top of the palace, and give more the idea of being suitable for the habitation of a private individual, than for that of majesty. The court of Naples was long confined to Palermo, and therefore its abode was handsomely decorated, but it seems that what pictures they possessed have been all removed, for I saw none in the different apartments;* there are however a few English prints remaining. Amongst the rest, I observed the portrait of Master Lambton, engraved from the painting by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, which was considered a master-piece of the artist. It is doubtless a delightful thing to be able to possess the true resemblance of a lost friend or relation. While, however, amongst us the representation of man and animals is held both lawful and desirable, among the nations of the East it is judged improper to copy animated nature, as being a mockery of the power of the Creator, and a su-

pererogation of vanity in man to attempt it. In passing the palace of the Prince of Palagonia, my eyes opened on a broad brass plate, inscribed with the name of "Mr. Tough." The appellations of our countrymen are somewhat startling to those accustomed to the soft liquid numbers of Italian names, and when I have met in my travels caravans of John and Jenny Bulls, I have sometimes exclaimed with the poet—

> "Is there then no earthly place,
> Where one can rest in dream Elysian,
> Without some cursed round English face
> Popping up near to spoil the vision."

Let me address a few words to my countrymen travellers. You come abroad to save money, to mix with foreigners, and to improve your manners,—as well as in some instances to avoid your debtors; —attend:—money may be saved more agreeably in England than on the continent, if people are not ashamed of economy; and those who are subject to such false shame do not deserve to be rich. When England is abandoned for France, you should call to mind what Casimir Delavigne, the best modern French poet, says concerning the English nation, and he echoes only the voice and spirit of all his fellow Frenchmen:—

> "La France dans son sein ne les peut endurer,
> Et ne les recevroit que pour les devorer."

And again (on occasion of the death of Jeanne of Arc, and the invasion of the British)—

> "La France jamais ne perit toute entière
> Que son dernier vengeur fut il dans la poussière;
> Les femmes au besoin pourraient les en chasser."

Now then, ladies and gentlemen, go and spend your money and enrich a nation which hates and despises you; you will find, moreover, almost all agreeable places of the continent as dear as your native land, and you will want many comforts, even if you live expensively there, which you might have at will in your own country. As for society, you are ridiculed in it: I have not yet visited a nation which does not amuse itself with the formal manners of the British;—as for improving your manners, that may be done if you come early, are extremely prudent, and get rid of your English prejudices; but many a family has to lament the exposure to temptations, which have perverted the minds and ruined the prospects of its members, who might have lived respectably from youth to age in their own country, by their not knowing how to choose between the levities of foreigners and their really estimable qualities. When you can eschew the bad, and seize the good,—for no human natures are perfect,—you will certainly improve; but if to the heaviness of an English disposition you add the frivolity of the foreign one, you become "leaden Ze-

phyrs," and little else than heterogeneous, inconsistent creatures, with heads of bulls and tails of serpents. The experiment is perilous.—As for the bands of ruined gamblers, of desperate adventurers, who pollute by their contact the very steamers in which they cross the channel, live they in Paris, in Naples, or in Vienna, they will soon be known, speedily scouted, and invariably exposed; let them herd together, and let the nation be purified by their departure which has had the misery to give them birth. As for you, gentlemen, who travel for fashion, as long as you have guineas to spend in Europe, you will receive lip honour; when you are no longer serviceable to the people you visit, you will be thrown upon the dunghill. I am sorry to say that we are not popular abroad: the wars we entered into with France have caused the destruction of all the south of Europe; Germany is demoralized, Russia is jealous and angry, Italy discontented, Sicily and Spain ruined, Holland indifferent, and France friendly only from interest: how then can we islanders be well viewed by these nations, when in addition to political discontent, we so frequently attract private animosities by our prejudices, our difference of habits to those we live amongst, and our general exclusiveness in sympathies, and predilection for whatsoever is English. In making these strong charges and remarks, I am however free to admit that there are exceptions, and

tha ta travelled, well-educated, and well-disposed Englishman is an ornament and a benefit to the circle, wherever it be, in which he moves; of these I know, I am happy to say, many, and value and respect their acquaintance; but "odi profanum vulgus."

The observatory of Palermo, which is attached to the palace, is furnished with instruments by the English maker Ramsden, which are much valued, being the last he constructed. On the evacuation of the island, the British government was desirous of obtaining them, and offered a large sum for them to the Neapolitans, but without effect, and they were retained at a valuation by the latter. The baths of Termini are at a distance of four-and-twenty miles from Palermo, and the whole of the road winds past the sea-shore, and is fit for carriages. At every step of the tortuous way, new beauties present themselves:—at about mid-distance the "Capo di Gallo" stands boldly forth in the shape of an aspiring cone. I observed the mountains of Cefalu still tipped with snow on the ninth of July. The bathing establishment of Termini is under the direction of Signor Gargotta, who has rendered it a clean and commodious resort. The water is sulphureous, and particularly favourable for those affected with paralysis and rheumatic gout; when taken internally, it is slightly aperient. Its heat, on issuing from the soil, is 28° of

Reaumur. Signor Gargotta has a good collection of Sicilian agates and volcanic minerals, and a very bad one of paintings. As I returned, I was pleased with the distant view of Monte Pellegrino, and on the whole, though somewhat annoyed from heat, much enjoyed my excursion, more however from the beauties of nature than from the view of Termini itself, which is a dirty, precipitous, ill-built town, standing in an elevated position from the sea. Its population is numerous,—reaching, I am told, to twenty thousand souls in number. In passing on the road from Palermo to Termini, many tunny fisheries are to be seen, and the mode of taking these creatures is somewhat curious. The fishers place several compartments of net within a given space, with outlets from one to the other; the fish enter, and when they reach the centre one, called the chamber of death, and are enclosed in this labyrinth, the men, who are on the watch, strike them with a javelin, upon which they rise to the surface, and are mounted by their pursuers and killed. It is to be remarked, that the creatures being very large and powerful, danger might arise from a blow of their tails to the men and boats which are near, but this is anticipated by those who are astride, by the application of their hands to the sides of the heads of the tunnies, which immediately become immoveable and apparently stupified. I am gratified in being able to give an

account of the festival of Santa Rosalia, the patron divinity of the town, or if not a divinity, at least the propitiatory saint in the holy calends of the Romish church for Palermo. The inhabitants of the city were in ancient times afflicted with the plague, which threatened to desolate it; no human means were found equal to arrest the dreadful and exterminating malady, but the opportunely discovered remains of the female saint effected by favour from above what had been deemed impossible by ordinary remedies on earth. Hence arose the celebration of feasts in honour of the favourite and health-dispensing idol. Santa Rosalia was a native of Sicily, and related to the ancient Norman kings of the isle: her birth-place was Palermo. She flourished in the time of the second King William, and was a friend of Queen Margaret, who during the minority of her son William reigned in his stead. It seems, however, that her holiness preferred the retirement of a hermitage to the splendour of a court; and indeed it often happens that those familiar with the latter, descend to a choice of the former without regret. All is not gold to the mind that glitters to the eye; the sword of Damocles is suspended over our splendid banquets, and retirement from the world with but little is preferable to the embarrassment of great riches and power:—

"Puræ rivus aquæ, sylvaque jugerum
Paucorum, et segetis certa fides meæ,
Fulgentem imperio fertilis Africæ
Fallit sorte beatior."

To be master of time, to read, to walk, to muse at will, to repose at an early hour, and watch the breaking of the rosy morn through the shades of night; to be unembarrassed by cares for others, and unsolicitous for each passing event; to enjoy tranquil slumbers, and taste with pleasure the unsophisticated viands provided by nature; to glide through life without counting days, marking them only by kind acts, and to welcome the seasons in some rural pursuit, as they revolve;—this is to live happy, this is to exist in good earnest; and when the hour-glass of time has run through the allotted space of existence, the virtuous and tranquil spirit will receive the release of nature without repining, and exist again, and play round the spots it once loved, in the approving voice of those who are left behind. Perhaps in succeeding ages that pure fame will descend to posterity, and when time has stamped long past events with the marvellous, a beneficent genius will rise from the memory of the past, and be hailed by the unsuspicious vulgar at every village-feast with devotions and rejoicing. Santa Rosalia lived in a happy seclusion, unknown to and unnoticed by the great; her death caused no

sensation, and it was only in the commencement of the seventeenth century that a supernatural and simultaneous impulse in a body of the clergy guided them to explore her long deserted and almost unknown grave. The remains of her mortal being were discovered, and conducted through the plague-infected town, upon which the malady ceased. No supernatural cause elicited the disease, though a supernatural agency is said to have extinguished it. The vehement haste of the Spanish viceroy, Philiberto of Savoy, to possess a Turkey carpet proceeding from the infected East, without proper fumigation, spread the pestilence through Palermo. The following is a description of the festivities held in honour of this beneficent lady. The first day is marked by the procession in state of a triumphal car, which is drawn down the Strada di Toledo at six o'clock in the afternoon, and at ten begin the fireworks, which are attached to a scaffolding in the Marina, and are certainly very fine. A large pavilion of fire is represented, innumerable rockets are discharged, and the whole terminates with a grand explosion; or bouquet, as is usual on similar displays. The ornamental flames are of every colour; green, red, blue, and white, are faithfully shown. I have heard this exhibition of the pyrotechnic art represented as being finer than any in Europe, but I confess those of Paris pleased me as well; our English fireworks at Vauxhall are however de-

cidedly inferior to the Sicilian. I may notice here that the nights are damp and chilly even at this advanced season; and though the day had been very warm, a dew fell afterwards, quite sufficient to wet the card-tables placed on the terrace of the Princess Partanna, from whence I was a spectator. In this, in spite of the general fineness of the weather, I found a reasonable cause for the rheumatism I had felt subsequent to my arrival here, on the least exposure to night air: I imagine this humidity of the atmosphere proceeds in part from the vicinity of the sea, and in part from the vapours of the many streams which irrigate the plain of Palermo. The town also is surrounded by mountains, which do not allow the wind to carry away the miasmata raised by the sun during the day, so that they have their full malignant force when the burning orb declines. On the second day of the festival there are races between Sicilian horses in the Strada di Toledo; a course is made on each side with cords, and the street lined with spectators. The steeds are not mounted by jockies, as is the custom with us, but are discharged loose from the starting-place, with small spurs attached to cords, which dangle on their bodies, and are impelled to their utmost speed, first of all by cries, and then by the continual spurring of the steel with which they are loaded. Their course is arrested at the goal by a curtain spread across the street. To those accus-

tomed to the races of England, and to a frequenter of Newmarket, these contests will appear childish and unamusing, but they are productive of much mirth and interest to the Palermitans, who are unacquainted with better, and the animals are often fine creatures, and do honour to the soil on which they are bred. At about an hour after sunset, the triumphal car is drawn to the corner of the Piano della Marina, where it remains, while a general illumination of the town and the public walks closes the scene of festivity for the day. On the third day there is a repetition of races, with the variation of fireworks at night. On the fourth the races are continued, vespers are sung in the cathedral before the authorities, and there is an illumination, as usual, at dark. The fifth day is exclusively devoted to pious acts and to the ceremonies of religion, while the ashes of the saint are with great ceremony paraded through the town. Thus ends this festival, which is the most celebrated one in Sicily. In the church of the Benedettini Bianchi, is the copy of the Spasimo di Silicia by Raphael, which shows Christ fainting under the cross; and it was in this church that grand picture, now to be seen in the Royal Gallery at Madrid, once stood. Philip the Second of Spain, desirous to possess this noble work of art, offered the prior of the convent a bishopric if he would steal it and send it to Madrid:—

"In castles and in courts ambition dwells,
But not in castles and in courts alone:"—

The holy man was tempted to become a thief, and to run the risk of condemnation in the next world for promotion in this; he caused the present copy to be made, and when finished, placed it where the original stood, and shipped the other the same evening for Spain. In the morning the fraud was discovered, the authorities informed of the treason, and the monk exposed. Philip, powerful enough to break his word with impunity, and to refuse restitution, was hypocrite also to such a degree as to defraud the ecclesiastic by denying him the place promised as the wages of his iniquity, and to court the public opinion by saying he did so to inflict punishment upon the guilty wretch. This want of good faith, however, will astonish none acquainted with the character of Philip; he was an ungrateful son, the murderer of his own child, a tyrannical despot, a deceitful master, and an hypocritical fanatic. It seems as if Satan had again appeared on earth in the human form of this monarch to debase and ruin the Spanish nation, and disgrace the Spanish name. I have been gratified by the Prince Maletto with a view of the Morealese he possesses; it is near fourteen feet high by nine broad, and is perhaps the finest painting of the master existing in any private collection. It represents the God-

head in consultation with Christ, attended by a messenger Angel, with Cherubs in the distance, whilst the holy Virgin is seen seated in her chamber on earth. The scene is laid very boldly in the Heavens, where the whole is painted in an aerial and fine manner, whilst the earth below, the architecture of the house and the terrestrial appendages, are excellently pourtrayed. The shadows of the composition are not dark; indeed, it is one of the clear pictures of the master, and would be a truly valuable acquisition for any collection. There is a repetition of this picture at Naples, in the gallery of that school at the Museum, but it is so inferior that I am induced to believe it to be a copy. Amongst the private collectors of the town of Palermo I may name the Conde di Vintamila; his gallery is however not a fine one, but is remarkable for an early work attributed to a painter called Tibaldi, to whom the great Michael Angelo was indebted for instructions. The paintings of Prince Trabia are superior to those of the Conde; he has amongst them an early Raphael, which, although rather injured, is yet in a very desirable state; and a well-coloured and very interesting half-length portrait of a female holding a book, from the pencil of Titian. The Raphael represents a Madonna and child, with the figure of Saint Sebastian at the side, transfixed with two arrows. It came from Rome with other paintings inherited by the prince, and

was not known, till falling under the hands of Villareale the sculptor, who is also skilled in painting, to be cleaned, its real author was discovered, and its beauties brought to light. It appears to have been painted at the time Raphael studied under Lionardo da Vinci at Florence; indeed the Saint Sebastian approaches to the style of Luini, who was also a pupil of Lionardo, and it might be taken for a production of the hand of that artist. There are many other paintings of more or less merit in this gallery; but I have, I believe, named the two best. A portrait of the Fornarina by Raphael I have myself been fortunate enough to acquire since my residence here, to the shame of the amateurs, who would not purchase it on account of the price. It was obtained from the Ghigi Palace in the Piazza Colonna at Rome, being inadvertently exchanged by the family for other objects in the year 1810, and has since been concealed in Italy and Palermo. It represents the mistress of the great painter in her natural complexion, unadorned and unrefined by his imagination of ideal beauty; and from the fulness of the lower part of the body, (for the painting extends to the lap,) it would seem as if the subject was in the state that "ladies wish to be who love their lords." It is of Raphael's middle period. The head-dress is the same as that of the Almasia of Raphael, existing in the Palazzo Barbarini; the physiognomy of that of Barbarini,

although taken from the same Fornarina, is ennobled, he having formed her a nymph, half naked; whereas this is the real portrait of the woman. The sleeves of this portrait are painted with the same changing tints as those used by Raphael for his own likeness, in the picture of Saint Luke in the academy at Rome. In the collection of the Prince of Pandalfino there is also a portrait by Raphael, of Monsignor Castiglione, the painter's friend. In the design of this he has desired to follow the *grandiose* of Michael Angelo, and in the colouring of the head he has imitated Titian. The picture descends to the knees; the hands have either been washed, or are unfinished. The circumstances of the composition render it however a fine work of art. It is of the latest time of the author, and on canvas. When I first saw it, I thought it was by Sebastian del Piombo. I saw also here a recumbent Venus by Paul Veronese, in imitation of Titian, but it has suffered much. These pictures were inherited by the son of the prince from the Dukes of Belmonti, into whose family the young man married. The prince himself has formed a collection, and he showed me a Holy Family which he called a Raphael, but which, to my judgment at least, looked like a Fra Bartolomeo. He told me an English amateur once offered him three or four thousand pounds for this picture, which I should consider dear at as many shillings; but so it is,

we poor English are always loaded with the credit of paying higher for our admiration than the rest of the world. The prince possesses, amongst other pictures, an "Ecce Homo," very like Murillo, but much damaged; an interesting portrait of a canoness by Bellini, and a Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian by Gerrardo della Notte. He told me he was desirous to dispose of the whole collection.

There is in the town of Palermo a house of industry, where the poor of both sexes work, and are supplied with food, but bachelors are not allowed to enter, and I was denied the gratification I should have experienced in witnessing the efforts of virtuous industry.

I have as yet said little of the primary state of this town, and there is little to communicate in its history which can gratify the general reader. It remained in the hands of the Carthaginians to the end of the first Punic war, when it became a province of the Roman empire, which ruled it sometimes by a prætor, during the existence of the republic, and sometimes by a proconsul. It then was seized by the emperors of the East, who were expelled by the Saracens, and they in their turn by the Normans. In the year 1070 Count Ruggieri, as he is called, fixed his residence here, and named it the capital of the island. In the year 1130 the first Sicilian king was crowned in Palermo, and from that period the

city has increased in size and beauty. It is now one of the finest capitals of the Italian empire, to which it is annexed, and while the eternal city, Rome, contains only one hundred thousand inhabitants, Palermo has half as many more. It is four miles in circumference, and has fifteen gates, of which four are principal entrances. The latter are as follows:—Porta Nova, built in 1584 by the architect Gaspare Guercio, in the form of a triumphal arch, with an open gallery above; Porta Felici, at the other extremity, which faces Porta Nova, and is joined to it by a street of a mile in length, called Il Cassaro, communicating with the Marina. Pietro Novelli, the Morealese, furnished the design of this gate. The third gate is Porta Macqueda, to the north of the Strada Nova, and this faces the Porta di San Antonnino, which is to the south on the other extremity, at the similar distance of a mile. The Strada Nova and the Cassaro are both well paved, and each nearly fifty feet in width. The public places or squares in Palermo are not very remarkable, but are seven in number:—the Piana della Marina, where the Hotel Page is situated, and where I now write; those of the "Palazzo," of the "Duomo," of "Santa Teresa," of "Bologni," of "La Vigliana," and of "Santa Domenica." In the Piazza or Piana della Vigliana exists the ancient senatorial palace, which served, when Sicily could boast a free and independent legislature, as its place of

meeting; with a square, and fine fountain of one hundred and fifteen feet in circumference, ornamented with urns, statues, and various pieces of architecture. It was the work of Camillo Camilliani, a Florentine, and purchased by the Palermitan senate for twenty thousand dollars. The Flora is a public walk, the ground plan of which is square, and it has eight alleys, which run from the road, bounded by the wall, to a central point, where is a fountain and several pleasure houses, erected by the family of the princes of Palermo; there are besides eight other smaller fountains in the compartments formed by the different divisions of the alleys, and there are also footpaths in these compartments, circled with borders of box; the walks being shaded by the junction of lemon, orange, and mulberry-trees. The whole forms an agreeable promenade, but it is on rather too small a scale for the size and extent of the city in which it is placed. It adjoins the botanical garden.

Monte Pellegrino is distant from the town about two miles. It rises two thousand feet above the sea, and is nearly fourteen miles in circumference. The road to the summit is bad and precipitous, but may be performed on mules, or in a chair carried by men, who are engaged for that purpose, and when attained, it commands a view of the most westerly of the Ionian islands. Ulysses thus recounts his arrival amongst them:—

"Αἰολίην δ' ἐς νῆσον ἀφικόμεθ'· ἔνθα δ' ἔναιεν
Αἴολος Ἱπποτάδης, φίλος ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι,
πλωτῇ ἐνὶ νήσῳ· πᾶσαν δέ τέ μιν πέρι τεῖχος
χάλκεον, ἄρρηκτον· λισσὴ δ' ἀναδέδρομε πέτρη.
τοῦ καὶ δώδεκα παῖδες ἐνὶ μεγάροις γεγάασιν·
ἓξ μὲν θυγατέρες, ἓξ δ' υἱέες ἡβώοντες.
ἔνθ' ὅγε θυγατέρας πόρεν υἱάσιν εἶναι ἀκοίτας.
οἱ δ' αἰεὶ παρὰ πατρὶ φίλῳ καὶ μητέρι κεδνῇ
δαίνυνται· παρὰ δέ σφιν ὀνείατα μυρία κεῖται.
κνισσῆεν δέ τε δῶμα περισεναχίζεται αὐλῇ
ἤματα, νύκτας δ' αὖτε παρ' αἰδοίῃς ἀλόχοισιν
εὕδουσ', ἔν τε τάπησι καὶ ἐν τρητοῖς λεχέεσσι.
καὶ μὲν τῶν ἱκόμεσθα πόλιν καὶ δώματα καλά."

I may perhaps appear pedantic in quoting so much, but really the situation in which I find myself recalls to memory the passages of a work read at a time when I little thought I should ever see the places of which its illustrious author wrote; and I enjoy the curious relation of them with greater zest, when I observe the total difference between what they are now and what is said of them by the bard of antiquity. Like some ancient families, they have acquired from the past a splendour and a dignity which in altered circumstances does not altogether forsake them; and their present meanness—for they are the solitary abodes of only a few fishermen—has not altogether dispersed the halo of glory which crowned their heads in former times, and the memory of which has descended

to us. Now the winds of Æolus are chained, yet we still call to mind the monarch who restrained the angry tempest; and the bark which now glides by these green spots may felicitate itself from the recollection that no sojourn is required on its way, to propitiate a passage home from the dispensers of the elements. The necessaries and even luxuries of life are cheap and easily procured at Palermo. The innkeepers of the capital are by no means so backward as those of the country towns in affording accommodation to the traveller: their houses are generally good and well-furnished; an excellent dinner may be had for half a Spanish dollar. The Hôtel de France, and Hôtel Page, (kept by a Palermitan married to an English woman, from whence the name,) possess every comfort. I lodged in the latter. There are besides these many other respectable establishments. Living here is in other respects generally cheap.—I have been unable to gain any information of the manner in which Sicily contributes its portion of troops to the Neapolitan army. Throughout the island there is no conscription, and the wish of the government to force one caused the revolt of the inhabitants against the court of Naples in the year 1820. The garrisons in different parts of the island are formed of Neapolitan regiments, who are cordially detested by

the inhabitants. The luxury and splendour which formerly reigned here have sensibly diminished; and the misery of the poor is extreme. A law for the abolition of entails was passed ten years ago. Estates already anticipated therefore came into the market, and there were few not so; property changed hands, whilst most eldest sons inherited nothing by the decease of their progenitors, and were left only with the debts they had contracted during a prodigal minority. Still, however, there are some wealthy houses; the Marina still displays splendid equipages, and such is the love of expense inherent in the nation, that nobles will contract fresh incumbrances, and stare ultimate ruin in the face with indifference, provided they can minister to their love of show for the moment, and enjoy the passing pageant of the day. Both sexes have a rage for dress, and this rage is indulged when they are obliged to sacrifice their food to buy finery. If they can gain credit, the day of payment is postponed to the Greek calends.

I have, I believe, noted almost all that is worth observation at Palermo: the curious traveller may perhaps be pleased with the Mosaic roofed church of Moreale, in the vicinity, and the Greek colonies which are settled about twelve or fifteen miles to the interior; but were I to note every thing in detail, I should form a catalogue of things and places, rather than notes and

observations on what are most remarkable. My days are numbered in this capital, and to-morrow, the 18th of July, I shall embark for Naples. I have, I believe, said exactly what I think of the Sicilians, and without partiality either one way or the other; although some of my earliest friends have been of that nation, and I confess I have a favourable feeling to their countrymen. The Sicilians are very courageous, hospitable, and kind; whether they may be justly accused of cruelty, hypocrisy, and bad faith, I am unable to say, for my commerce has always been with the better orders: I certainly have not experienced such from those with whom I had communication. Saint Paul says, "Calabri mali sunt, sed Siculi pessimi:"—this is grown into a proverb, at least at Naples, for in that country they are glad of any excuse to vilify their poor subjects—one Sicilian, however, is worth five Neapolitans; if organized, the men would make excellent soldiers.

The distance from Palermo to Naples is one hundred and eighty miles by sea, which occupies four-and-twenty hours in the passage, and twice a month steam-vessels, with good accommodation, perform the voyage. The journey through Calabria by land abounds, I am told, with picturesque scenery, but offers no objects of antiquity or interest, and occupies nine days from

Messina. A steam-boat takes the traveller to Tropia on the Calabrian coast, from whence he performs the remainder of the way with a vetturino: the road is good. I subjoin some general remarks on Sicily. I linger in my adieu to that sunny isle, and say farewell to its emerald shores with regret.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GENERAL REMARKS ON SICILY.—July 5, 1835.

"Siculæ nimium ne crede puellæ" has become a proverb, but wherefore I am unable to determine. Inconstancy is the attribute of weak feminine nature; the restraints of Turkey, and the laws and reproaches of Europe, would fall innocuous on the sex, were they otherwise than varying in purpose; but that the Sicilians are more faithless than others I am not prepared to admit. The French ladies have been accused of great volatility;—but let the English look at home, and other nations to their own fire-sides, and perhaps they may allow that women are pretty much the same every where. Here, as in all other countries, (though a prejudice reigns against hot climates,) the higher orders are sometimes lax in conduct from indulgence, and the lower profligate from want of money and want of education; yet nothing has struck me since my arrival in the island that denotes generally immoral conduct in its inhabitants. Many couples live happily and respect-

ably, surrounded by their children, and enjoying the sweets of mutual confidence. The whole of the Sicilians are very fond of gestures, and perhaps no nation understands so well the mode of communicating by signs as they; a wink of the eye will almost, to their comprehensive understanding, express a sentence. I have heard it observed, that when once offended, a Sicilian is slow to forgive; perhaps this may be true—he feels acutely, and once wounded, time is required before the sore heals; revenge being no more than continued anger. An injurious word, or a slight affront, instantly raises the choler of a Palermitan to a degree which is wholly incomprehensible to the cold natives of the north. In the whole of my tour I have not seen a drunken man. The wines of the country are generally spirituous and strong; perhaps the best are from Catania and Syracuse, although the Marsala has had the advantage of being most known to the foreign market. I confess, however, I prefer the productions of Spain in this particular to those of Sicily, and some Muscatel show wine which I tasted at Syracuse did not strike me so good as what was offered me at Xeres in Spain. The mode of farming is like that of the Egyptians, the antiquated custom of their forefathers. Florentine farmers have been introduced by the more enlightened landowners, in order to cultivate estates, and improve, if they can, the scanty rent-rolls of the noble.

The horned cattle of the island are magnificent. The race-horses of Agrigentum in ancient times were exported to carry away the prizes of Greece; but now the breed is altogether neglected. The mules are very fine, and not inferior to what I have seen in Spain. The soil suits every species of grain, except oats. The palm and the sugar-cane are scanty in appearance, because their culture has been neglected. The silver-mines did not repay their proprietors for working. Sulphur offers, as may be supposed, a staple article of commerce in this volcanic country. The luxury and voluptuousness of the ancient inhabitants of the island have entirely disappeared; the "Siculæ mensæ" now exist only as descriptions in history, while the cookery is similar to that of Italy. Maccaroni is a favourite dish amongst all classes. A country so well supplied as this island is with meat, fruit, fish, and vegetables, must be naturally able to supply luxurious and ample food at a small cost; but the natives use these advantages as not abusing them; they are not excessive in their meals, and few would expend more than a few shillings for a repast, were their wealth even greater than it is. The traveller used to the prices of Europe will find himself served for a trifle in Sicily; that is, I mean, in the large towns. Of the arts and the artists I can only say that the former are much neglected; the pay of the professors being almost always in arrear, and in some

cases there being chairs named which do not exist; as in the instance of Arabic at the university, of which language there is no master. As for the artists, Patania is the most popular modern one in colours, and Pietro Novelli, the Morealese, the only ancient one, I confess, who pleases me. In sculpture they have had Gagini, and now possess Villareale, a man, I may venture to say, worthy of a greater place in popular opinion than he holds. He was protected by Lord Bristol, and held the situation of statuary to Murat; but at the change of political events he was chained to Palermo, and compelled to languish in retirement for the benefit of his native country, on a pitiful pension irregularly paid. He has not yet been paid the stipulated price of the late king's statue at Girgenti, which has been already seven years on its pedestal.—The climate of Sicily is similar to that of Spain, though not so hot; it is between the thirty-sixth and the thirty-eighth degrees of latitude. At the period of my visit to the island, the seasons were, I am told, reversed, for we had stormy, cold weather on the 22d of June, and I had often to complain during my stay of chill and damp evenings; this too at a period when the residents mostly cry out against the excessive heat. The gout, with which I am troubled, also haunted me perpetually, although the climate of Sicily is reckoned very favourable to that distressing complaint, and the

late prince of Paterno, the last of his illustrious line, survived till ninety under its constant attacks. With what I have seen here I have been highly gratified; its remembrance will continue with me for ever. Long abandoned to idleness, I had never had the resolution to attempt this journey; those with whom I associated, more ignorant than myself, never pointed out its pleasures to me. Should I be able to stimulate others to the tour, I shall not consider my pen ill-exercised. They will gain certainly two things, health and information, and some perhaps a third, money, from economy exercised during the jaunt. They will meet no difficulties nor dangers. The lover of Grecian antiquities will find a large field for speculation, and the imagination can dwell with pleasure on as many spots in Sicily as in Greece itself. The country is more beautiful than the parent one, and though the cloudless splendour of a Grecian sunset has always been the theme of poets, the Sicilian sky does not yield in beauty to any. Thousands are the glorious scenes which it presents to the imagination of the painter and the poet. On those sea-shores, fragrant with wild thyme and roses, and bathed by the balmy warmth of the air, how often have I repeated the expression of Virgil—

"Carmina pastoris Siculi modulabor avenâ."

The reed is here still an instrument of melody,

and the natural one of the country at the present day. The dances of the peasants are accompanied with the primitive melody of a tambourine, and the pipe of Pan,—in that respect differing from the custom of Spain, whose inhabitants adopt a guitar, although the two nations strongly resemble each other in their general habits and their usages. In the science of music, the Sicilians can boast that they possess Bellini, one of the first composers of the present day. I have even heard some assign him an equal rank with Rossini in point of excellence; be that as it may, the fame is by no means inconsiderable which he may claim from the comparison, even with that great man. Amongst those who have written in the Sicilian dialect, the poet Meli, compared by his countrymen to Anacreon, may be considered the best. His admirers even say that he has surpassed the Grecian bard. His language, however, is not known or used out of the island, and no writer will be generally popular who is not understood by the many. In order to please, phrases and sentiments must be familiar, and even amongst those who are skilled in the classic tongues, few can taste greater beauties in the original than in a translation. The pride of learned men, however, affirms the contrary, and all are willing to believe what is affirmed by the select, while the popular editions of ancient works, with collateral explanations, decide daily in contradiction to what

they would have believed. I confess, however, there is a pleasure in understanding the text, as well as the meaning, of such a poet as Homer or the Greek tragedians; and if our application of their words, or our estimation of their sentiments, may be sometimes erroneous, as we figure it to ourselves in perusal, the delusion under which we labour is at least a pleasing one, and preferable perhaps to the dry exactness of the grammarian, who dwells on syllables, and counts with rigour the exact construction of every sentence in a translation. The sylvan bard of antiquity, Theocritus, it is to be remembered, was a native of Sicily. I have not in my tour noted the plains of Enna, which are now lost and deserted. The Lake of Proserpine is a fetid marsh. The verdant bowers, the labyrinths of roses, and the enamelled meads on which Minerva, Diana, and Venus, according to the poets, wove the flowing garments of Jupiter, have all disappeared. Tradition alone points out where were the cave of Pluto, and the cradle of Ceres. Castrogiavanni, a modern town, with a population of twelve thousand inhabitants, occupies this former paradise, and its position is exactly in the centre of Sicily. These plains were once famous for beauty, but travellers will now seek it there in vain.

I have touched little in my narrative on politics, and I consider that politics and religion are both subjects to be approached very tenderly Most

adopt sentiments on each of these matters with enthusiasm, and the dispassionate inquirer often raises angry feelings, only by expressing himself on them with candour. I can however say, that whatever may have been the talents or the intentions of Lord Castlereagh, the partition of Europe which he sanctioned at Vienna, has caused his memory to be execrated and his name detested throughout Europe. The inhabitants of the country on which I now write were desirous of independence, or in case of being made tributary, that they should be so to England. Instead of this, they have been handed over in subjection to a nation they detest, with the mockery of an independent constitution. "De mortuis nil nisi ~~bonum~~" is a motto which doubtless inculcates a sentiment generous, if not just: death should end censure. But in spite of the lamentable departure of the nobleman whom I have mentioned, it seems that the perversion of the opportunities he had for benefiting mankind have so enraged them, as to cause the yells of an exasperated English populace over his grave to be re-echoed on these pleasing shores, and to have attached a lasting obloquy to his character. The sufferers by the baneful effects of his policy have snatched his remembrance from oblivion, and destined it, as it appears, to undergo perpetual crucifixion and perpetual torment. France, which was conquered and enslaved by his means, has become again free—all

ranks are levelled, and no further revolution can well take place there. In England, however, the levelling genius is powerful as a young Hercules, and the policy of that ministry, guided by him, which was to keep down reform, has only served to dam up a destructive torrent, not to divert its course, so that its spirit now rises with giant force against all restraint, and will perhaps indulge in excesses which a more liberal course of government might have averted. Napoleon knew well how to restrain popular license: he fell a victim chiefly, perhaps, to his own ambition, but also was ruined by our government, at whose head Lord Castlereagh then was; and we were sufficiently impolitic to undertake the custody of the prisoner of all Europe, and, as it seems, by petty vexations to the captive, to draw down upon our heads the odium of the French, and of a great part of Europe. This also was the work of the minister in question; guilty as Buonaparte may have been, we should not have forgotten what he once was; we ought to have known that the swine may revel, if he please, on the remains of the dead lion, but that mercy and generosity are qualities superior to the triumphs of successful malice; they ennoble the victor more, and in the long run are also more politic. I have said little of the modes of society in Sicily, and of the forms of worship established by the religion of the country. There are certainly many customs

practised different from those of the English, but from my long residence in Catholic countries, perhaps the strong points of discrepancy have escaped my attention. The manners of the inhabitants, both of Sicily and the continent in general, are more bland than those of the British, and public amusements are easier to be found than with us: I may perhaps affirm with justice, that foreigners in general glide through life more agreeably than we do. The dinner-hour of the higher classes here is three o'clock; much more conducive to health than that of our fashionable repast at seven or eight. The opera begins at Palermo at ten at night, but as there is no ballet, it finishes about twelve. The interior of the churches are not furnished with pews, and all comers share the church alike. Amongst the natives of the continent, the practices of religion are as sincere as our own, although less ostentatious. The modes of prayer are to be found in the different books—it is not my province to dwell upon them.

CHAPTER XXV.

NAPLES.—July 20, 1835.

I ARRIVED in this terrestrial paradise yesterday; and were it possible for nature to do more than she has done to render the approach to the town agreeable and enchanting, I should not require it. I must be understood, however, as speaking of the Bay of Naples as a lovely sight, but I cannot call it a grand one. Vesuvius, with its burning cone, appears, at least to me, not as a mighty feature in the view; I may even call it a secondary object—the neighbourhood of the different isles, and the circular form of the bay, are what produce the most effect. This prospect is reckoned one of the finest within the reach of the traveller, and it certainly is so; it has moreover the advantage of being easily accessible. Art has in truth combined with nature to embellish these scenes, and all that man can wish for is to be obtained in the luxurious city which I am about to describe. I have heard it observed that the female sex at Naples is not eminent for beauty,

and perhaps the goddess Venus may not have been very bountiful to the higher orders; but the common people and middle classes have generally fine dark eyes, and hair flowing in luxuriant ringlets, with good teeth and fine forms. Such is the portraiture of a Neapolitan beauty. The roll of a female eye here flashes with an expression of all the luxury of ancient Capua. This is the land of gesticulators, who are more comic, perhaps, in common discourse, than even the divinity himself, Punchinello, who is so much admired amongst them. It is now fifteen years since I first set my foot on this soil: I recollect it as the seat of pleasures in my halcyon days of youth; and if, as Lord Byron says, time steals

> "Fire from the mind, and vigour from the limb,
> And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim,"

I must not repine at years having taken away what years always will, but endeavour to enjoy myself as well as I can in what are left. True philosophy consists in looking forward, not in looking back; in endeavouring to make experience guide and command the future, not in embittering by remembrance what is gone by. The past we cannot recall, therefore should not in reason pine over the memory of mishaps or imprudences, but throwing away the dark mantle of retrospection, view only what is pleasing and oyous in the picture of our lives. Most people

say, 'had I not done so, how much better it would have been for me;' the wise man will, on the contrary, observe, 'thus will I never do again.' With this mind, I purpose to describe objects as they now appear to me to be, and I shall add such observations upon Naples as time and circumstances may have induced me to believe will be interesting.

The harbour of Naples is not a very good roadstead, being in the winter time unsafe; its approach is finest between Capri and Ischia, for although Vesuvius is a dwarf in dignity when compared to Ætna, the cloud of white smoke which rises from its summit is there seen to advantage, while from Ætna no vapour is observed. The one may be called the kitchen of the Cyclops, where they are ever at work, whilst the other, Ætna, is their forge, and only used occasionally. Yet in spite of all, Ætna looks to me more like a volcano than Vesuvius. The climate of Naples is less warm than that of Sicily during the spring, winter, and autumn; but in August it is equally so, and oppressively hot. Most of the inhabitants then retreat to Castellamare, or to the country. The fruits here are fine, and I saw many specimens of the palm-tree, but it bears badly.

My first visit on my arrival was to the Museum, where are placed, in a gallery set apart for the purpose, the collection of paintings belonging to Prince Leopold; they occupy two rooms. This

assemblage of works of art is very fine, but those I admired most—and amongst thousands the amateur has favourites—were three:—one by Salvator Rosa, of Marius the Roman general, wounded —a Deposition from the Cross, by Guercino, and a Holy Family, with two friars in prayer, said to be by Perugino. I saw in the same room an artist copying an exquisite Sassoferrato, which represented a single figure of the Virgin, with her hands crossed in resignation. There are to be seen some fine landscapes by Poussin and Salvator Rosa, and amongst a very few of the Dutch school, a beautiful head by Mirevelt, which made me long for many more works of the same class. I noticed also the portrait of Andrea del Sarto, by himself. This artist sometimes copied Raphael, and the style of this portrait resembled the manner of that painter so much as to make me imagine at first that it was by him. The Museo Borbonico has occupied in its description many thousand pages of paper, and yet affords almost to eternity new matter for the press and the steel of the engraver. By the objects it contains, a new world, with new manners, new morals, and new costumes, are called into existence; the ancients are raised from the cold abodes of the dead and the narrow tomb into warm day, the lapse of centuries is retraced, and those who, like myself, after an absence of fifteen years from a town or a country, find most friends departed, and all changed,

will view almost with an idolatrous admiration those antiquities which again appear after the ruin of the cities they adorned, and the convulsions of the nations to whom they owe their origin. Their statues stand in original simplicity, like pilgrims who have told their tale,—like strangers, alone and solitary,—like wanderers amongst strangers from whom they crave protection, deserted and unknown. The present Museum was formerly called the Royal Academy. In 1799 Pompeo Schianterelli extended and improved its plan. The upper story was finished, and the Farnese collection of marbles and antiques was withdrawn from Rome for its embellishment. The subsequent invasion of the French, and the revolutions of the empire, prevented the immediate completion of the projected building, but on the ejection of the Muratic dynasty, and the reinstatement of the Bourbon branches in the sovereignty, it received its present name, and obtained its just consequence. In the first room below stairs which I visited are contained the frescos from Pompeii; they consist of paintings from animated nature, as well as landscapes, which formerly adorned the mansions of the lava-buried town. I saw depicted birds, beasts, flowers, and fruits of every sort, in particular mushrooms, apricots, peaches, and grapes; vases of glass or crystal, of the present shape; and amongst other things a caricature of Seneca leading along Nero; the former shown as a grasshopper, and

the latter as a parrot. On a slab of white marble is imprinted an exquisite drawing of Theseus slaying the Minotaur, with Ariadne standing by; and the correctness and delicacy of the design equals any thing I have seen of the same sort in the present day. I cannot however pass this encomium on most of the disinterred representations; although free, they are generally weak and incorrect. But the progress of the art amongst the ancients must not be judged exclusively by such specimens; all that is shown is not to be supposed to have belonged to the highest efforts of art, and perhaps most that appear are rude productions of unskilled people, hastily daubed on the walls of the houses, (as every one was painted,) and serving no more for a criterion of what designers they could boast, than would an English alehouse portraiture with us. The ancient drawings, generally so faulty in proportions, are here amply vindicated by the representation to which I have alluded. I saw also a painting of ancient Puteoli, containing the delineation of the point of Caligula, his bridge, the Castello di Boja, and the temple of Serapis. In the room opposite, to the left on the ground-floor, are contained the most recently received antiquities from Pompeii, in the class of mosaics, as well as the frescos of the temple of Isis. Those of the temple did not strike me particularly, though their habitation is the most perfect one remaining of the city; but the

mosaics from the Herculaneum theatre quite ravished me; one represents a masquerade, and appears to be the work of Dioscorides, a Greek from Samos, whose name it bears, although I do not find him mentioned in the list of celebrated ancients; the subject is composed of three figures only, but their execution is very good, and the freshness and colour of the stones most beautiful. The other is from the room of the Faun at Pompeii, and represents a young Cupid of the train of Bacchus, with fruit, and this mosaic is entitled to particular note and attention. In the same room of the Faun there is also a splendid mosaic of large size, representing every different species of fish. These are certainly fine works, and would be considered so in spite of their antiquity, were they offered for sale in the present day. It would appear that the Roman habitations were more remarkable for ornamental decoration than for abundance of internal furniture; the remains of seats are very scanty in proportion to those of pictures, though it may also be presumed that many were removed from the different towns during their conflagration, and also that many perished from the fire. In the division of the marbles, which occupy three large galleries and eight smaller ones, the eye rests with satisfaction on the Balbi family from Herculaneum, and the horses which bear the weight of two of the younger members are boldly and faithfully sculp-

tured: they are of Greek workmanship;—but were I to note every thing with minute attention, months might be passed in these interesting chambers. I shall therefore only point out what objects I think will most attract every class of visitors. They are as follows. A Faun and Bacchus, from the Farnese collection,—the elder Agrippina—the Caracalla—the monument of Tiberius after his conquest of the fourteen provinces of Asia Minor—the cup of solid porphyry, the diameter of which is twelve feet—the Flora from the baths of Caracalla at Rome—the vase of triumph, sacred to Bacchus, from Mola di Gaeta—the giant Atlas bearing the world—the Aristides from Herculaneum. But what is this number amongst so many priceless treasures? I saw here, and regarded with much attention, the Psyche attributed to Praxiteles, from Capua, and the Venus Callipiga, found in the "Casa Aurea," or golden house of Nero at Rome, also supposed to be by the same sculptor. The Psyche is unfinished, and unfortunately we have of it only the head and part of the body, so that the remnant appears crude, but it certainly has, in the contour and position of the head, a most beautiful appearance. Immediately on being seen, it attracts attention, and I have seen no marble bust that an amateur, I think, would more eagerly desire for the ornament of his cabinet than this one. The Venus Callipiga I was disappointed in, and a

great part of it is restored; the parts, however, from which it takes its name, are entire, and possess all the plumpness and rotundity desired. The marble has become somewhat yellow with time. One of the legs is miserably set on, and the head is half new. In the apartment of the Egyptian antiquities is to be seen a table from the temple of Isis at Pompeii, which M. Champollion has explained as relating to the rites of the religion of the goddess, and her statue is also to be seen, holding the key of the river Nile. Here are also the sepulchral tables of the judgment of Osiris, also the Jove of Serapis, who was the Egyptian Pluto, and two antique columns of Egyptian briccia, which is a species of stone formed by the deposition of different kinds of pebbles, which unite together and form an indurated mass. I saw a tiger's head in bloody jasper, which is reckoned a great rarity, and a genealogical sepulchre, or rather box, of painted wood, full of small wooden figures, and in which a fresh one was placed every time a member of the family died to whom it belonged. The collection of bronzes, as well as funeral urns, at this Museum, is unrivalled in quality, and unequalled in number, perhaps by all those of the world united. Of the ancient bronzes from Herculaneum I noted the following:—the statue of a Roman consul, the original of which is unknown; that of an infant Hercules, of Augustus, of the dancing and recumbent Faun

intoxicated; of Antinous, the impure favourite of the emperor Adrian; of two Discoboli or quoit-players; of Apollo drawing the bow, which Canova has imitated; of Nero on horseback, who in this representation seems a young man of six-and-twenty, with a pleasing expression of countenance, the features as yet unfaded from the malignant vapours of excess. The head of the horse, the emblem of Naples amongst the Greeks, here exists in gigantic proportions, together with the key of an aqueduct. I saw also a very fine Mercury. Of the bronzes from Pompeii the most celebrated is perhaps a Diana, with coloured eyes, and it seems the ancients indulged in this nearer approach to the reality of nature, and made the eyes of their statues sometimes of clear metal, silver or glass. Of the pictures I will say something before I proceed further with the antiquities of the disinterred towns. I candidly confess I found the gallery poor, in comparison of what I had expected, in paintings. In the whole there are but few good specimens of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and even in the province of the Neapolitan masters I only saw two fine Salvators, and these were inferior to those in the gallery of Prince Leopold. That there are here fine works of art must however be admitted, and I will name such as struck me most. Indeed, any of them would elevate and ennoble an inferior collection; but when we come to Italy to see pictures, we expect

an abundance, perhaps unreasonably, of the very best works of every different master, and we are dissatisfied if a fine specimen of every name is not immediately offered to our sight—many I have known go away grumbling, and declare that they have seen more paintings worth seeing in England than in Rome, Florence, and Naples. This, however, is prejudice and illiberality; we must always bow our stubborn necks to the superiority of the great masters, and the abundance of their performances over our own in this lovely country. On entering the grand gallery, I saw, by Correggio, two magnificent studies for the fresco paintings of the cupola in the cathedral of Parma, two gigantic sketches of Saint John the Baptist and the Evangelist, and two more works by the same master for fresco, one of Christ in the clouds crowning the Virgin, and another of the Virgin, with an Angel in attendance. Here are several more paintings of a smaller size attributed to Correggio; two however are certain and genuine pictures, one of the marriage of Saint Catherine, which is highly valued, and the other a Madonna in prayer, with a rabbit at her feet, which has been much washed and damaged. There are besides these a Virgin and Child, a "Guazzo," a Holy Family, a San Benedetto, and two sketches of the Deposition of our Saviour from the Cross—whether these are really by Correggio, the learned in the art only can decide; they are claimed as

his, and appear as such in some respects, but have not the beauty of those works which I have previously enumerated. I saw a beautiful picture of a saint at her devotions, in the possession of Signor Amoroso, a painter and picture-dealer at Naples, which he assured me was by Correggio; but that master had many imitators, some indeed at Naples, and I was afraid it might be from their hands, and not from those of the genius of Parma. There are in the gallery eight paintings attributed to Raphael: two in his early manner, which are undoubted, and six in his more mature, of which the picture of Leo the Tenth, the reviver of literature and the arts, attended by the cardinals Louis of Rossi and Jules of Medicis, and the Holy Family, which has been so often copied, of the Virgin and old woman, I believe Santa Anna, Christ, and a Saint John, are copies; the former by Andrea del Sarto, of whom it is recorded that he afterwards mistook this picture for his own. The original is in the private receiving-room of the pope at Rome. I do not recollect by whom the other is supposed to have been copied. Close by this is to be seen a magnificent Holy Family by Julio Romano, perhaps the best picture he ever painted; it is called "della gatta," or "of the cat," from the circumstance of that animal being introduced with great effect. It quite overwhelms its neighbour with force of colour and design, which, were the picture really by Raphael, it probably would

not do. Of Hannibal Caracci there are many good specimens; in one of them, which is a most exquisite work, we see the portraits of himself and of Michael Angelo di Caravaggio, on whose shoulders he has placed two apes, while he shows him offering fruit to a parrot, seated on the hand of a dwarf. It seems in this work he wished to satirize his rival as a copier of others, by making him the friend and the associate of imitative animals. He has also covered the body of Caravaggio with white feathers. This is a remarkable and interesting picture, and I did not find the colouring of it so dull as is often experienced in Caracci's pictures. It is as comic and as lively in appearance as what we see of Hogarth, to which painter's treatment of the ludicrous I may compare this. The Deposition from the Cross, by the same master, which was brought from Rome, and has been highly praised, fell short of my expectations. The drawing and expression are certainly all that can be wished, but the colouring is obscure and leathery; it resembles what we see on China trays, being glassy and dead. Of Claude I saw the Egerian landscape, which however has suffered, and become dark in the distance. Although not in the warm manner of Claude, it is magnificently conceived, and finely painted. Number 154 in the catalogue is worth noting. It is a large work of Antonio Salaro, surnamed the "Zingaro," and represents the Vir-

gin seated on the throne with the Child. It is full of figures, and the last portrait to the left is that of himself, the Virgin that of his wife. He was a blacksmith by profession, and gained his spouse only by abandoning the anvil for the pallet and the brush. Love, famous in all times for causing metamorphoses, in this instance added a fine painter to the Italian schools, and ennobled the calling of a dusty servant of Vulcan. A large picture is seen here of Fra Bartolomeo di San Marco, the master of Raphael in colouring. Of Titian there is not a great deal, save the famous Danae, with a Cupid of large proportions standing at her feet, which is in the reserved room, and a portrait of Philip the Second of Spain, which I did not like so well as the one of the same monarch I have seen at Madrid. The allegory of infant innocence, sheltering under a guardian angel to resist the temptations of the fiend, is, I think, the most beautiful picture in the gallery. It was painted for a Sicilian family, whose arms appear, by Domenichino, and purchased by the late king of Naples for twenty thousand piastres. It faces the spectator as he enters the gallery, being at the extreme end from the staircase door. The great author of this, as well as so many other sublime works, was denied the honours living which posterity have decreed him dead. He was called the "bue," or "ox," of the Caracci school, and Lanfranco pressed his presumption so far as

to refuse to work over outlines left by him on the cupola of the cathedral church of Naples. Time has however vindicated his abilities; he is placed by moderns on the same rank of merit with Raphael, while Lanfranco classes as a second-rate painter, and even as such is not sought for nor admired. Of Michael Angelo di Caravaggio, the Judith is a copy; the Bacchus of Spagnoletto an original. In both the spectator is struck by the strong effect of light, and the two styles are not dissimilar. I have been fortunate enough at Palermo to meet with a Domenichino, which as a cabinet picture it would be difficult to match. It represents the repose of Venus, spied out by two Satyrs, while the goddess is surrounded by a variety of Cupids at every different employment and sportive diversion; some are occupied with the toilet, some are bathing, others culling fruits from the trees. A beautifully painted landscape is seen in the distance, and every action is chaste and pleasing in the different groups. There are in all more than forty figures, and I consider myself fortunate in having been able to procure a specimen of a master whose works are by no means common, and still less so when composed on fancy subjects. The size of the canvas is about four feet and a half long by two and a half wide. I now return to the antiquities of the ancients. The two master-pieces of sculpture in the Museum are, as may be imagined when I

name them, the Farnese Hercules by Glycon the Greek, a massive hero resting on his club, and the group of the "Toro," or "Bull," at which Apollonius and Tauriskius worked jointly, the former of whom was one of the three creators of the renowned Laocoon at Rome. Both of these subjects are formed from one solid piece of marble, and both are eminently fine. The head of the Hercules appears rather diminutive for the size of the body, which is nearly of twice the natural dimensions. This statue was found in the baths of Caracalla at Rome, without legs. Michael Angelo, then living, would not hazard his reputation by making new ones, but deputed Guglielmo dela Porta, one of his best pupils, to do so. The real limbs were subsequently found in the Villa Adriana at the same place, and presented to the king of Naples, by Prince Borghese. This statue is well preserved, whereas the group of the Toro, of which there are four figures besides the animal, together with some basso-relievo work, have been much damaged. In the collection of the rarities of later times, I was much gratified by the sight of three busts by Michael Angelo, representing Pope Paul the Third, who formed the Farnese collection, one of which however is unfinished; as also of a cup and writing-desk by Benvenuto Cellini, the first of which is in agate, and the latter in silver, and which were personal property of the pontiff. The best collection of the works

of Cellini, the history of whose eccentric life is almost as varied as his inventions are singular, is to be found in Munich, where he was much employed. He introduced the style which has been imitated by all future fancy-workers, and particularly by the silversmiths of Louis the Fourteenth of France. If they have not, in their torturing labyrinths of form, equalled the ingenious Italian, they have at least executed pleasing objects of furniture, and the dressing-tables and boudoirs of Europe are still fashioned from the ingenious designs which have descended from them to posterity. This taste, however, has declined within the last few years, and workmen no longer labour in the manner of Cellini; the change may be attributed partly to the great expense attending performances of that nature, which purchasers are unwilling to pay for mere ornaments, and partly because in the long run simplicity pleases most. The eye becomes fatigued with a superabundance of carving and chiselling, and longs at last to repose on plain surfaces. It is the same feeling (if I may be allowed to ascend from toyshops and trinkets to the altars of the divinities) that causes the simple majesty of the Doric in the Greek temples to be preferred to the gay Corinthian, the composite, or the Gothic, in the later periods of the architectural art amongst the ancients, and in our modern churches. I saw some good boxes, in the old

raised style of fruits and flowers, of Florentine stone, which have become scarce, and are valued by the curious. I have not seen any of those in Tuscany, but I was favoured with the sight of some belonging to Mr. Beckford, the author of Vathek, in Paris, and they were certainly superior to what we have here. I am myself in possession of two, one purchased at Madrid, and one in this town, that are well executed. The collection of Roman pottery and terra cotta articles are sufficient to supply a town. I was shown plates of earthenware, egg-cups, flat dishes for holding the blood of the victims at sacrifices, pots and pans, mortars with pestles of lava for bruising herbs, strainers for soup, wine cups, ornamented with the heads of animals at the bottom, (for the Romans passed their cups round till empty, and then rested them on the brim, as indeed we did in the good old times); earthen spouts for the gutters of houses, also varied in device, and of different shapes; chesnut-roasters, or dishes with apertures at the bottom to receive heat; anointing phials, from which a small tube emitted the liquid to the body after bathing; models for casting figures, and lamps of every size and form. There were jars or cages for fattening dormice, which creatures were, it seems, reckoned a delicate food amongst the Romans, however much the idea of such a banquet may dismay the ladies, and disgust the epicures, of Paris or London. Two bowls

of pease and corn, blackened by heat, but still entire, have descended to us. In another room I saw a valuable bronze mask of Petrarch, taken from the face of the poet after death; but on inquiry for the history of the model, I was told that the papers containing it perished or were lost during the revolution of 1799. My attention was also attracted by a cross, with curious carved ivory figures, forming an oratory, which belonged to Stanislaus the Pole, round which he collected his troops to prayer, and which formerly adorned his sepulchre at San Giovanni di Carbonari, where his ashes now lie. Of the ancient sepulchral urns, I can only say that they are so numerous that a volume would not suffice for their description: those from Nola are considered the most valuable. Out of the multitude, the three following pleased me most: one sold to the government by Mr. Millingen, an English dealer in antiquities, and connoisseur in coins, for the sum of three thousand piastres;—it represents Hercules slaying the Centaur, and Dejanira looking on, together with another figure, apparently a priest; from Nola. The next is a procession in honour of Bacchus, and the third, which I admire most of all, the representation of events at the taking of Troy. On the flesh of the slaughtered Centaur are to be seen streams of blood, and I confess a good painting could not better represent the subject than this enamel.

I obtained two favourable specimens of the Greek urns of Agrigentum from Signor Politi during my stay at Girgenti, and he reckoned them amongst the best that had fall enunder his notice; they are diminutive in size and composition to what are seen here, but not inferior in quality; they have also the merit of never having been broken, whereas half of the ancient urns in this Museum have been repaired; they are in the first instance dug out in pieces, and then put into the hands of a workman, who joins them together, and afterwards glazes them so well as to defy the most minute scrutiny. The only test is nitric or muriatic acid, which will eat away the superficies, and so show the crevices. Restorers are equally skilful, and charge as high for repairing these urns, as their brethren of the profession do for pictures. It may be noted that the Sicilian Greek vases have generally a red ground with black figures, whereas those of Nola have invariably a black ground with red figures. The price of all these articles, however, has fallen considerably of late, and more especially since the excavations made by Prince Borghese at his villa near Rome, the *subterranea* of which abound with objects of the same class, not yielding in excellence of workmanship or beauty of form to any others, either from Sicily or Nola. The armour, the household appendages, and the surgical instruments, found both at Pompeii and Herculaneum, are very in-

teresting, and differ little from those used in the present day; I particularly observed this in the instruments serving for the obstetric profession. We are dragged into the world now as we formerly were; time has not changed our natures nor our necessities, and the part we have played and play is, to issue into life painfully, to live with anxiety, and to depart with fear. I saw no Roman bed capable of holding two persons; they are very narrow and solid; what I saw were made of bronze. There is some Grecian armour from Pæstum, which, though worn by time, is still intelligible in form. The appearance of the modern imitations is so near that of the original, that any theatre or any armourer in Europe could supply a complete suit for Achilles, were he to return again to day; perhaps not quite so perfectly as the god Vulcan, but quite sufficiently so to equip the hero for battle, and enable him to brave Hector and the Trojans. The articles of glass found in the two ancient cities present novel forms, and are of various colours, green, white, and a very beautiful blue; but I saw none of purple; the fact also which Pliny asserts, and which has been doubted, is determined in his favour, namely, that the Romans used glass to their windows, of which several panes are to be seen in this Museum; thicker indeed than in that of modern use, but in quality and size the same. The ancients had a fanciful and elegant

taste for their vessels; all we have might have been borrowed from them; many of their glass cups might be imagined to have been fused in the present day. Their gold ornaments appear mostly to have been laboured with the hammer. The spiral form of the serpent, for armlets and bracelets, was popular with them, but they employed little chiselled work. They used pendants for the ears, rings of gold and silver, and bracelets, with collars of all metals. The collection of papyri is more worth seeing from the process of detaching the folds, than from the materials themselves, which resemble dry hard rolls of tobacco. The different layers are unfolded by applying gum and gold-beater's skin to the cinders, which communicate with a wheel. The width of each line of manuscript is not more than two or three inches, and five persons superintend the operation. The lines are printed on paper as they occur in the original, and what has perished in the process of opening is supplied by the divination of some Greek professor, and distinguished by red letters. Some of the cinders are wholly unmanageable, and what has as yet come to light are not the works of any very eminent man. The library of the Museum contains more than two hundred thousand volumes of printed books, amongst which are many of the fifteenth century. They show to strangers the manuscripts of Thomas Aquinas and Tasso. There are studies for consultation

of the various authors under the weight of whose lucubrations the shelves groan, and every facility is given to the researches of the learned. The principal saloon of this vast repository is two hundred feet in length by more than sixty in height, forming a striking contrast to the confined and narrow appearance of our Bodleian receptacle at Oxford, where a dim light only glimmers between the obscure buttresses.

The church of the princes of San Severo contains three monuments, for which the government is said to have offered thirty thousand dollars, which were not considered an adequate price by the family to whom they belong; and they are really curious from the extraordinary effect produced by their drapery and accessories. The first represents the mother of Don Raimonde, one of the princes, under the shape of a female figure of Modesty, covered with a veil of marble, so managed as to show all the muscles of the body underneath. The second is that of the father of the same prince, under the allegory of a man delivering himself from the snares of vice by aid of a good genius. The snares of vice are represented by cords, which encompass the body, all formed from the same piece of marble, but touching the figure in very few places. The third is a dead Christ, covered with drapery, supposed to be damp with the dew of death; and perhaps no illusion can be more forcibly expressed than what

is seen in this figure. The tranquillity of eternal repose, the relaxation of inanition, and almost the incipient dissolution of decay, are presented to the eye; indeed the contemplation of it, in the solemn abode of death, gives a sickening sensation to the frame, and I was glad to escape into the open air and the sunshine, to avoid the effect of the painful representation. Corradini was the inventor of this style amongst the moderns, and wrought here, as also did Queirolo; the former was a Venetian. The Greeks did not often labour to give the effect of muscular action through garments; but it is exhibited in the Esculapius of Syracuse, and Canova amongst the moderns was generally successful when he attempted it. Whether it be a high effort of the art I am not prepared to say, understanding as I do but little of sculptural power. The cathedral church of Naples, the patron saint of which is Januarius, stands on the site of two temples formerly dedicated to Apollo and Neptune, and is the largest sanctuary in the town. Its treasures are now dispersed, but it can still boast the chapel of San Gennaro, in which are four paintings and some frescos by Domenichino. The interior decorations of the cupola are by Lanfranco. The following is the account I am able to give of them. The first picture shows the tomb of the saint, to which are seen repairing the blind and the lame, in order to be cured of their infirmities; another repre-

sents the saint on his knees, begging for martyrdom, whilst the heads of his fellow-sufferers are strewed on the ground beside him: the third is a miracle of the restoration to life of a corpse, on passing the tomb of the holy man; and the fourth the application of the holy oil of his lamp to restore the deformed and crippled. Of the frescos, the one over the door, the "Capella del Tesoro," has allusion to the plague of 1656. The three within the presbitero or railing of the communion-table, show San Gennaro before Timotheus, whom he restores to sight, and from whom he suffers death in return; his exposure to lions, who instead of devouring him, lick his feet; and his torture by being suspended from a tree, to which he is attached by cords under the arms. In the Sacristia is the sketch of Domenichino, wherein San Gennaro is represented casting out devils, and this remnant is worthy of notice, from the circumstance that it was the last of his works, and during his labour upon it the artist was poisoned. In speaking of these paintings, it may be sufficient to say that they are by Domenichino, which is saying for them quite enough to those who are his admirers. The jealousy of Spagnoletto and his brother painters, which frightened away Guido from Naples, left for Domenichino the work which cost him his life; and by these untoward events, the flight of Guido, and the death of Domenichino, the world has been de-

prived in this instance of what it is now vain to look for.

The antiquarian will see, in the adjoining church of Santa Restituta, the same columns supporting the Christian place of worship as served for the heathen temple of Apollo. The paintings I have enumerated of Domenichino are all on copper, silver coated; they have his full power of colouring, whilst the frescos are paler. The one which represents the decapitation of the saint has been injured by the carelessness of some workmen, in erecting and taking down a scaffolding which held musicians during the time of one of the festivals. In the cathedral, amongst the many pictures it contains, is a very fine work by Spagnoletto, who, to be prized and estimated, must be seen in his large compositions, and he then becomes really grand, meriting the fame he enjoys in Italy, but which is denied him in England and France, owing to the judges of those countries not seeing him to advantage. It is a subject painted on a copper-plate with silvered surface, and representing the exit of San Gennaro unhurt from the flames of a furnace, to which he was condemned by his persecutors. The violence of the fiery flames repulse the by-standers. The picture contains eleven principal figures, besides angels, and is clear, transparent, and well-conceived. The sky is cloudless, and as blue and pellucid as if it had been imagined by Guido. The master-piece however of the author is at the

church of the convent of the Chartreuse, which now serves as a hospital for invalided soldiers, and represents a Descent from the Cross, in which are seven figures, besides two angels in the corner of the painting, managed much in the manner of Murillo. Saint John sustains the body of our Saviour, the Mary Magdalen is weeping over it, with a sublime and concentrated expression of grief, whilst Joseph of Arimathea is seen in the back ground. There is also another classical painting by the same hand, of the communion of Christ with the Apostles, in which the painter departs from his generally dark colouring. For the Deposition I am told that Lord Bristol, a great admirer and patron of the arts, offered eighty thousand dollars, nearly approaching to £20,000 of English money—but this I should doubt; great riches make almost as many enemies as great wit, and foreigners, needy themselves, are glad to father on the opulent extravagant stories of their expenditure, in order to have the malignant satisfaction of satirizing their judgment. If an innkeeper catch a rich noble, it is a glorious harvest for him, not merely in the repletion of his pockets, but also in the gratification of a sly ridicule; a shirtless waiter will pocket an extravagant present with a sardonic sneer, and I am sorry to say that lavish liberality, instead of attracting gratitude, only provokes envy and criticism. This however arises from the inherent principle

of our natures, to desire what is not our own, and to dislike those who are richer than ourselves. Experience, philosophy, and the conviction that each bears his burden—that what is paid in opulence is often stolen in enjoyment, by sickness, by domestic misery, and often by early death, check this unamiable feeling in the enlightened, but the classes who exhibit it are those who reflect little, and consider the most exquisite happiness of life to consist in a full purse and an accumulated income.—I observed in this church a large Nativity by Guido, and several paintings by Paolo Fanoglia, poisoned by his rivals from jealousy at an early age, but who, had his genius been matured, would perhaps have rivalled Raphael. Such encomiums are indeed often lavished on those whom untoward circumstances have immaturely ravished from posterity, without justice. I am willing however to admit them, and will not be so far the cynic as to hazard an objection in disfavour of flattering tributes, paid to those we can never see again. Carlo Maratti is here seen to advantage; he is not a painter I admire in general, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his lectures to the Academy, has, I believe, called him the last of the Romans. His Baptism of Christ, however, to which I allude, is a striking performance. The walls are covered with good Massimos, and the spready tapestry-coloured canvas of Lucas Giordaino and Solimene. This church affords a rich

banquet to the lover of the arts. The Deposition of Spagnoletto is reckoned one of the three finest pictures of Italy. The two others are, a similar subject by Titian at Venice, and the Transfiguration by Raphael at Rome. The convent to which this church belongs was founded in 1325—it stands under the castle of San Elmo, and commands a view of the bay, the town of Naples, and Vesuvius, as well as the plain country as far as Caserta. The ornamental sculptured wood-work of the interior is very beautiful—the material came from the Brazils, and has been admirably inlaid by a German monk, a member of the community. How much is it to be wished that more religious communities possessed diligent brethren, and that each, in his hours of recreation, devoted himself to the embellishment of the habitation he occupies! Strangers would not then, so often as now, sicken over barren walls; some new attraction would be offered to them at every step. Why are trees not trained to grow in monastic gardens, till they present bowers? Why do we see empty beds and scanty stumps of vegetable nature, when all might exhibit the bounties of each succeeding season? Why do not relics abound of the industry of the inmates, instead of the sad reality of sullen idleness and languor? The Gospel forbids it not—the Epistles of the Fathers command diligence, and many are the hours that might be conscientiously abstracted

from devotional exercises. In the quarter of Naples called Della Stella exist the famous catacombs, which by some have been considered as communicating with Pozzuoli; now, however, the passage is interrupted, however open it may once have been, by the fall of some of the arches. The inscriptions and paintings over the tombs are all referable to the time of the primitive Christians. Here are deposited the bones of San Gennaro and San Guadioso, the latter of whom was bishop of Bithynia. I saw nothing interesting in these catacombs—the only reflection they inspire is the melancholy one that we are all doomed to occupy similar habitations, and to return to dust; many of us before we have done any thing worthy to mark our existence, and almost all sooner than we desire. The church of Santa Chiara, in the quarter of San Giuseppe, presents the visiter with the novel sight of a temple without a nave. The walls of this building have fallen once, and threaten to fall again, from the unsupported width of the roof. On each side are chapels, to the number of ten, and the frescos to be seen here are fine, but not very interesting as regards their authors: Mura Bonito and Conca worked here, but these are not names like those of Raphael, Guido, Domenichino, and Caracci. The design of the architecture is Gothic; the interior of the church resembles more an enormous ball-room than a place of worship. It was founded in 1310,

and consecrated in 1344. It is used by the nuns, and served by the priests of the Franciscan order, and contains a pillar of the temple of Solomon, brought from Jerusalem. It repays the visiter for his trouble of inspection, being highly adorned. On the walls were once to be seen the frescos of Ghiotto, but an abominable Spaniard, called Berionovo, caused them to be white-washed, saying that the colours made the interior look melancholy. Ye detestable successors of the Moors! when shall the traveller reach a spot undefiled and uninjured by your barbarous want of taste?— In this church repose some of the members of the royal family of Anjou, and amongst others Giovanni the First. The church called Gesu Novo is perhaps the most beautiful temple in Naples. It was built in 1584, after the design of Pietro Provedo, a Jesuit. It is in the shape of a cross, and has three aisles; but its cupola was destroyed by an earthquake in 1688. In the angles under what was once the cupola, are to be seen the portraits of the four Evangelists, by Lanfranco; and in the chapel called of the Trinity is a picture on the mystery of the same subject, by Guercino, together with two frescos by Cosenzio. Above the painting of Saint Ignazio, which is by Anparato, are the pictures by Spagnoletto. Those over the arch of the great altar are by Massimo. The picture which attracts most attention is the one I have noted by Guercino, but I confess I

find it dark, and it wants also simplicity; there are many figures in it crowded together, and it stands in an unfavourable light. The attention of the spectator is fatigued in its contemplation. Guercino is a fine painter, and may hold a very respectable rank by the side of Guido in merit, and I think his delineation of female beauty is perhaps superior to that of any painter in the Caracci school, of which he was one. Why is it then that this master, Guido, and Hannibal Caracci himself, are surpassed in pleasing effect by Domenichino? Perhaps because they are not so natural: it is the talent, no doubt, of representing *real nature* under seducing colours, that has placed both Domenichino and the Spanish Murillo on the same point of eminence in the arts with Raphael. When these great men wished to represent the workings of passion, they did not go to sketch-books, or the works of other masters, to borrow ideas; they had observed nature, and had treasured her workings in their minds, to serve them on occasion: as Johnson expresses himself concerning the intuitive genius of Shakspeare, when they wanted to copy nature, they looked inwards and found her there. The pillars of the church are handsomely ornamented with mosaic, and formed in part of Sicilian marble; but I found in them the same fault that struck me in those of the cathedral of Saint John at Valetta in Malta, as well as in some others of the temples in

Sicily; they are too gaudy for the solemn dignity which should reign in a place of worship. In Naples is to be found what the far-famed capital of his holiness, Rome, does not afford; I mean a church with the whole external front of marble. It is attached to the order of the Geronimites, and the principal part of the architecture is by Dionysio Lazzari. The interior is distributed into three aisles, and there are twelve columns of Egyptian granite, in single pieces of twenty feet in height; above these are architraves instead of arches, which is a barbarous mistake of the builder. There is here also an excess of splendour and ornament, so as even to offend the eye with repletion of show. It is full of pictures, to which great names are affixed, but there are only two of interest, and those are by Guido:—one over the altar-piece in the Sacristia, representing the meeting between Christ and Saint John the Baptist, which has however very dark and obscure shadows, and is by no means in the pleasing style of the master: yet it is not without merit, and produces much effect. The other is a figure of Saint Francis in devotion, of which there is a repetition at Rome, and discovers the saint kneeling, in flowing robes of a dark blue or grey colour, with both hands extended on high, whilst his eyes are directed also to heaven. The saint is supposed to be declining in years, but the form exhibits all the vigour of robust manhood. The

colouring of this picture is also dull, but the subject and conception of the figure have been reckoned fine, and it has been often copied by painters. It is not seen to much advantage in its present position. The furniture and wardrobe of this church are splendid in the extreme, and the annexed monastery has a valuable collection of books. In the library is to be seen a manuscript copy of the tragedies of Seneca, illuminated with miniatures, which represent the action of each, done by Solario. This church and convent are situated in a quarter of the town called "di San Lorenzo." The church of the Annunziata had been destroyed by fire in the year 1757, at which period perished all the paintings with which it was adorned by Santa Fede, Lanfranco, and other painters. The grand altar was besides consumed, which had cost seventy thousand ducats, and the form of which was adopted from a design of Fansaga. Its restoration to its present state was begun in 1760, and completed in 1782. The money laid out was nearly £50,000 sterling, and it is now one of the handsomest places of Catholic worship in the town. The marble columns which support the interior are to be admired, but there are no good paintings left. Behind the Annunziata is to be seen the fountain of the "Scapellata," a work of Giovanni da Nola, executed in the year 1542. Nola was pupil of the famous Michael Angelo. There are many

other churches in Naples, of more or less importance, but I have, I believe, noted those which are of most celebrity. That called "Dei Spagnuoli" contains several fine monuments, and indeed such are scattered up and down in every direction. From the edifices built in honour of the great Ruler of the universe, I pass to those constructed for the sacred persons of the kings who rule over the natives of the country in which they stand. The first palace, properly so called, is the Palazzo Vecchio, which was built in Naples at the time of Charles the Fifth of Germany; for all the princes of Anjou, in the early periods of history, inhabited castles or fortified places in their different seats of conquest, in order to be protected from the attacks of a dangerous populace, and to intimidate them by an armed position; and even this place has its different drawbridges and other fortifications. The present Palazzo Reale, which his majesty inhabits, was begun by the Count of Lemos in 1600, on occasion of the visit of Philip the Third of Spain to Naples, and finished by the succeeding viceroy, the Duke of Benevento. It is nearly one hundred feet in height from the ground, by one hundred and fifty in length. The proportions therefore of its dimensions are imposing, and denote a princely abode. The whole building, including the appendages, occupies much ground, and communicates with the arsenal, in which I observed two fine steam-vessels laid up

in ordinary, they are of eighty-horse power each, and though purchased from England at an enormous expense, have never been brought into service: the marine force in store is pitiable to one who has seen an English dockyard. The interior of the palace is more commodious than grand. The suites of apartments for reception on state occasions are not very striking; the throne consists simply of two chairs elevated on a step platform. There are some fine pictures, however, in the different levee rooms, which are three in number, besides the audience hall. Those I admired most were two by Guido, one representing the four seasons, and the other the race of Atalanta and Hippomenes. The latter is in the best time of the author, and is beautifully coloured and designed. Guido has a peculiar manner of spreading a silvery light over his pictures, and sometimes quite dazzles the eye, and produces a magical effect, by this means: indeed, it is this, I think, which may by observation enable the amateur to distinguish between those which are really by him and the pictures of his pupils; many of whom colour equally well, and design equally well, but have not been able to catch in imitation this peculiar property or power. It is necessary, however, to have seen many of the works of the painter before this circumstance will be appreciated; but when once the observer apprehends it, he will not then be easily deceived by copies of Guido's works for

originals, at least not in the high class of the painter's performances. Time, however, is required for this difficult study; all masters vary so much, that scarcely any general rules can be laid down for judgment in distinguishing them, and perpetual practice is required even to understand a single school tolerably well. After all, the learned differ; true pictures are sometimes thrown away from caprice, and dealers make fortunes by their pretension, and the general ignorance of purchasers and of the opulent. The stumbling-block in this respect to Domenichino is, I think, the Cavaliere D'Arpino, a very eminent painter, and whose works I have myself taken for Domenichino's; and they are doubtless often sold in England for his, but in Domenichino, even when on a large scale, the muscles and articles of the limbs are minutely expressed, or at least generally well defined, whereas there is less terseness in the details of D'Arpino. For striking first-sight effect, I think the latter equal to his prototype. Here again the eye and experience are the sole guides for judgment: both Domenichino and D'Arpino must be studied. I saw in the palace a painting of the early time of Raphael, divided into two parts; the higher shows the Eternal Father, with two Angels, the lower the Virgin and Child, Saint John, Saint Peter, and Saint Paul, and two female figures; so that whatever its merits may be, it has anachronisms enough. The personages are

hard and dry, and supposing it to be by the great painter to whom it is attributed, my meed of praise must be withheld from it. What pleased me most in it was the force of colouring, which is certainly great. I saw here also a very beautiful Caravaggio, of Christ disputing with the Doctors, clear, well-toned, and altogether satisfactory. The figure of our Saviour is that of a young man, not yet out of his teens. The Dream of Joseph, by Guercino, is also good. For the first time I had an opportunity of judging of the performances of Camuccini, a modern artist whom I almost prefer to the French David, and who has laboured in the same style. They consist of two large gallery pictures, of the deaths of Cæsar and Virginia. The grouping is good, the conception grand and classic, and the position of the figures easy and natural. The colours however are pale. The ancient painters, and particularly those of the Dutch school, were satisfied with few personages in a picture; provided these were sufficient to explain the subject in the full force of their conceptions, they were unwilling to introduce many. In later times, however, and I may say in the decline of the art, the ground is encumbered with multitudes of persons in different attitudes, and thus the attention is withdrawn from the original plan to the contemplation of their action, which should be as secondary and subordinate appendages. This I imagine to pro-

ceed from want of vigorous and masterly judgment, or *inspiration*, in the painter, who is glad to hide his poverty of original conception in meretricious and foreign ornament and trick. The Venetian school, that of the followers of Murillo, or the Sevillian, the French, and the English, as also the Neapolitans and the pupils of Rubens, who himself set a very bad example, have all wofully erred in this particular. There are doubtless many figures in some of the great works of the good masters, but they rarely encumber the ground, and indeed so cautious were the Dutch in this respect, that although painting in a style which required many figures, their pictures being ordinarily subjects of society, the inimitable Gerard Dow, Ostade, and even Teniers himself, made their best pictures contain no more than two or three figures; sometimes indeed only *one*.

The private apartments of the king and queen are very comfortable, and resemble more those of opulent individuals than of crowned heads. They are in distinct suites, and furnished in the modern French style. That of the king terminates in a terrace, on which there is an onamented walk amongst flower-beds and pavilions. The design of this royal palace was furnished by Domenico Fontana. It adjoins to the great theatre of San Carlos, and has a handsome space in front, from which the passenger sees it to advantage. Opposite is a church, with a dome, dedicated to San Francisco di Paula, and

in the middle between the palace and the church are placed two equestrian statues of Charles and Ferdinand of Bourbon, in bronze. The two horses and statue of Charles are by Canova, that of Ferdinand is by Cali, a Neapolitan.—The royal palace of Capo di Monte was one of the favourite retreats of Murat. The view from the balcony takes in the island of Capri, the coast of Italy, the town of Naples, Vesuvius, and the various neighbouring hills, and much garden-ground immediately below. The site of this palace commands a prospect as interesting as any of those to be seen from royal residences. The interior decorations are but meagre. There are however three tapestries, one a portrait of the late Charles the Tenth of France, another the death of Admiral Coligni, and the third the adventure of Henry the Fourth with the miller. These are well done. I saw a likeness of the favourite Spanish pointer of Ferdinand the First, the late king, who was devotedly attached to sporting. A wing was wanted to this palace, which has been added by the reigning monarch. The rooms are generally very large, and it is an imposing edifice. During some time it served as a museum for pictures and antiques, and in the bed-room of the queen is to be seen a beautiful mosaic pavement from Pompeii. These two are the only palaces containing any thing in their interior of much interest to the traveller.

Naples has several promenades, drives, and

walks: the most picturesque is that of Capo di Monte, and the most level that of the Chiaja. The first is a continuation of the Strada di Toledo, and leads to the royal palace, crossing what is called the Valli della Sanita, by a bridge; and the two hills which support it are called the hills of Life and of Health. This road abounds with romantic views, and is covered with luxuriant trees and herbage. The drive or promenade of the Chiaja is by the side of the "Villa Reale," a magnificent alley of trees and shrubs near a mile in length. I may however remark, that in the whole capital of Naples there is only this one shady walk; but as the country and sylvan scenes are so easily accessible, and are so very beautiful, it is not perhaps necessary to have more.

The botanical garden of Naples is, in my opinion, very inferior to that of Palermo. It was formed in 1810, under the direction of the architect Fazio. The extent of the ground for plants is forty "moggia," that is, forty times the space necessary for growing a bushel of corn. Till the seventeenth century there was a botanical garden above the "Casa dei Miracoli," belonging to the hospital of the Menziata. At the end of the last century it was proposed to add to the Academia Reale the gardens of Santa Teresa, and to make there a botanical garden. Signor Tinore is the director of the present establishment, and exercises the charge reposed in him with much care and diligence:

he is in correspondence with most of the botanical establishments of Europe.

There are eighteen public theatres at Naples, besides those for "Marionettes," and the family of Punch. At that called the "Fenice" there are comic melodrames and operas; at the "Fiorentini," comedies and operas; at those of the San Carlos and Fondo, which are the most extensive, there are operas and ballets. The "Teatro Novo" has comic operas, as well as that of "San Ferdinando," which however is not always open. San Carlos, with the others, are scarcely ever closed except during Lent, as is the common case in all Catholic countries. Let however any one who is fond of innocent amusement, and desirous of returning home with a light and jocund heart, betake himself to the little San Carlino theatre, and eschew San Carlos. It is there that, in an oblong room of ordinary dimensions, he will see the best comic actors perhaps in Europe, and enjoy perpetual amusement, whilst even the lover and professor of music may languish with vexation amidst the tedious monotony of the first opera-house in the world. True indeed is it that comfort does not lie in the splendour of ostentatious wealth, and equally true also that jocularity and mirth may be enjoyed independent of the society of a splendid saloon. At San Carlos you hear the syrens and heroes of the histrionic art, at San Carlino you meet familiar Pulcinella, the idol of the Nea-

politans. I have given remarks on paintings, on statues, and on temples, but I have not yet touched upon this illustrious personage. Pulcinella, in Italian, means a small fowl or chick, and was applied in derision, as a nick-name, to a youth of Acerra, a village not far from Naples on the road to Avellino. The clown was born with a projecting nose, and had the whole of the upper part of his face marked with a black natural stain. He had a gawky gait, and possessed a certain degree of facetiousness and satirical humour, mixed with apparent simplicity, which gave a contrast to his discourse, and afforded delight to those with whom he conversed. Ultimately he appeared at Naples, dressed in white trowsers, with a white riding-dress tied across the waist, a peaked hat without a brim, and a small riding whip. This strange apparition collected groups, and amongst the curious who flocked to see him was the family of the famous Camerini, a writer for the stage. They admired the eccentric peasant, took him to their home, and finally adopted him as one of the family. The talents and colloquial wit he displayed induced Camarini to introduce his figure on the stage, as a mask from whence to discharge satire and to extract laughter, and with so much success that this buffoon has retained undisputed possession of it to the present day, with the undiminished admiration of the public. The opera of San Carlos is now sus-

tained by subscription, and though not so well mounted as formerly, the administration have engaged some respectable singers. Barbaja, the late director, told me it had nearly ruined him, and the truth is the poor man was selling his collection of pictures, formed in happier days, when he had the administration of the gambling-tables as well as the theatres. The tenors I heard were Pedrazzi and Duprez, of whom I preferred the latter, who has a charming organ. I heard again the Ronzi de Begnis, after an interval of many years, and confess I remarked the course of time in her changing notes. The Tacchinardi has a soprano voice, with powerful execution, but it is not very touching; although a good singer, she cannot for an instant be compared with Malibran. Ronconi, and the nephew of the veteran Porto, were the two basses, of whom the latter has a voice equal almost to that of his uncle—but where are Rubini, the Fodor, the Colbean Lablache, and David and Tamburini? Some grown old, all absent;—and to me the great theatre of Naples resounds only with the echo of its former harmony. Fifteen years have given me the gout and some grey hairs, and what is worse, have rendered me more querulous and less easy to be amused than I was before I had the honour to count them. As the Neapolitan school of music is famous in Europe, I will note that it is in the monastery of San Pietro di Majella, in the quarter of the town

called San Giuseppe. The number of scholars of both sexes, educated free of expense, is one hundred. Somelli and Paisiello left their manuscripts and posthumous works to this establishment, and the lessees of the different theatres are obliged to deposit here the partitions of music which are presented on the different stages. There are two directors, one of whom is the famous Cherubini, for the vocal, and there is another for the instrumental department. The musical library is fine and well chosen. Besides masters for music, the pupils have the advantage of professors, who instruct them in various other branches of knowledge, necessary for the education of youth. This establishment is however exceeded in consequence by that of Vienna, which contains five times the number of scholars, has an archive of seven thousand works in ancient and modern music, with a gallery containing the portraits of almost all the early and contemporary luminaries and distinguished cultivators of the tuneful art. The ancient Neapolitan school of painting follows the Roman in its character. Andrea de Saleano, a pupil of Raphael, was its founder. Paintings however exist of one Tomaso degli Stefani, a Neapolitan, painted as far back as the year 1231. Two very eminent in this class are the Cavaliere D'Arpino, and Massimo, surnamed Stanzione; the former, as I have already observed, so closely resembles Domenichino as to be often mistaken

for him in his works, and the other is called the Guido of Naples. Ribera, a pupil of Caravaggio, and called the Spagnoletto, is the giant of the Neapolitan school, and painted much for the town. His daughter's being debauched by John of Austria plunged the father into such distress that he left Italy with a single servant, and was never more heard of. He was of a very proud, vindictive character, but a great name as a painter. Salvator Rosa is classed also in this school: his life has been written by Lady Morgan. Of a great and original genius, he was a poet, a painter, an engraver, and a comedian: he excelled in all he undertook, and is now one of the most popular landscape-painters in Europe. His historical subjects are well treated, though sometimes his figures approach to the roundness of Francanzano, who was his master. A sojourn he made in Calabria, where fame, always delighting in the marvellous, associated him with the bandits of the country, formed his peculiar style, and none have surpassed him in the delineation of trees, torrents, and mountains, and the savage wildness of nature. I have seen however some landscapes by him which have all the tenderness and feeling of Claude. Whatever privations he may have suffered in these rugged abodes have been amply repaid by the great fame their delineation has procured him in his works, and it would be difficult to point out in the present day any artist to whom

is awarded such an universal tribute of applause by the common consent of mankind. In the art of engraving, the invention of which we owe to the Florentines, the Neapolitans have no peculiar school, but Ribera, Salvator Rosa, Lucas Giordano, and in later days Raphael Morghen, have all distinguished themselves by etchings and prints. In the modern style of lithography, Bianchi and Cucinello are at the head of the art they profess. I cannot say that I was much pleased with what I saw of the modern school of sculpture at Naples, and indeed the Neapolitans have never been famous for the labours of the chisel. Their most popular artists are Solare and Antonio Galli. In painting they have, for figures, Guerra and Smargasse, who is, I believe, a Frenchman,—Fergolo and Caselli for landscape; of these the first is perhaps the most eminent. I saw a fine production executed by him, a view of Palermo and its neighbourhood, purchased by the present king. There is an exhibition-room for the encouragement of artists. In pictures of still life, when I saw it, it was miserably poor. I may observe that at Naples I have seen no private collections of pictures or antiquities entitled to particular notice: a restorer to the Museum has a meritorious saint, monk, and angel, by Guido, for which, although a poor man, he has refused five hundred pounds from my guide, Mr. Woodburn of London, our great English connoisseur, whose

good taste and judgment I have had an opportunity of being acquainted with. The proprietor has also some other paintings, but none which equal this in merit, although distinguished by very great names. The saint, with a head white from age, is turned in an oblique direction from the spectator, whilst the angel is introduced in the corner communicating with him. It is certainly a fine painting, both as regards composition, colour, and design. The proprietor is said to have acquired it for a small sum during the revolution; and the three companion pictures, inferior in quality, are two of them at Paris, in the royal collection, and the third at Naples, in the Museum. I was shocked and surprised by the enormous prices asked at Naples for indifferent paintings; indeed, they were so extravagantly disproportionate to their merit, that I was at a loss to conceive from what circumstance the extortion proceeded, whether from ignorance or knavery. Every successive stranger has however drained something from this land, so fertile in the arts, and little now remains worth buying. John Bull, formerly the beast with horns that turned all he touched to gold, has been lately more cautious; he has no more "fœnum in cornu;" he has bled freely enough. The Russians, an infant nation in taste, are beginning to take his place, to the benefit of the poor Italians, who want money, and they need not regret what they part with at

the prices paid, were their habits of economy and society such as might be desired: but it is better for them to have their pictures, than to waste their value in gambling and sensual gratifications.

When the Neapolitan forces, of eighty thousand strong, were driven back in Romagna by twenty-five thousand Austrians, their general, Murat, whose heart and courage were as great as his political knowledge was small, bit his fingers, and exclaimed, "O for ten thousand of my French countrymen!" The Neapolitans are a fine class of men in person, tall and well-built, and by no means demonstrate in their external appearance the effeminate character which is attributed to them. They are said however to be very base in conduct, and tyrannical to all strangers on whom they are quartered; worse than locusts in Egypt are the Neapolitans on the Italian plains. When they were in Bologna, they ruined many of the places they inhabited, and are cursed by the natives to this day. The language of Naples is very impure Italian; indeed, a person familiar with Tuscan has some difficulty in following an ordinary discourse. The dialect too varies in different parts of the same town. There is the Chiajan, that of Santa Lucia, of Capo di Monte, and indeed of every different suburb. Many Greek words have been left by the Greeks, and adopted by the moderns; amongst the rest "bastazo," for a porter, from the word βαστάζω, which

signifies "to carry" in the Hellenic tongue. Their wit however is very great, and all are ready with an apt reply. The representations at San Carlino are in the Neapolitan tongue. I have heard some Englishmen observe that humour was peculiar to their nation; that is, I suppose, they mean by humour drollery of expression, which may excite mirth from the incongruity of assemblage in images which are aptly but unexpectedly brought together, or from action or gestures which are either overcharged, or at variance with the apparent subject treated. I confess, however, I think the Italians in general, and the Neapolitans in particular, exceed any nation I have yet seen in their portraiture of laughable occurrences, and their abundance of quaint replies, from the highest order of satire down to the lowest buffoonery. On the French stage nature is too often forsaken; there is a perpetual attempt at quick retort; even at the "Variétés," which I may oppose to the San Carlino, and where you have broad farce, the attention is often fatigued by an eternal play of words and forced analogies: and at the English small theatres the comic representations are often dull, and void of taste and imagination. The actor Liston is a performer of high merit, but his effect is more in what he does and what he looks, than in what he says: his action and countenance express more than his lips utter. With the Neapolitans nothing is forced; the ludicrous

comes and goes without effort;. the trifler amuses, the buffoon produces laughter, you are never weary, and go away satisfied with the natural mode of acting and speaking which the performers exhibit; you saw them to be merry, and you were satisfied.

I am sorry to say that the use of the knife is general amongst the Neapolitans, and an accidental burst of passion is too often attended with homicide, even amongst the better orders. They are however very simple, and think strangers always fiercer devils than themselves; so that an angry word will often make them fly. The laws in force are very lax in restraining murder, which, if proved to be unpremeditated, and occasioned by sudden passion, is not punished with death. The sentence is nominally ten years' imprisonment, but often, by soliciting the favour of the king, the criminal escapes, perhaps at the end of eighteen months. Highway robbery is invariably punished with death, and this has the unfortunate effect of making the bandits murder to escape detection, knowing as they do that there is but one and the same sentence for both crimes. I have at the end of this chapter said all the good of the Neapolitans that their friends can allow; I will now repeat an anecdote from the mouth of their enemies. When Charles the Third of Spain entered their country, he inquired of the Marquis Tanuccio, a Florentine nobleman, how he

was to treat his new subjects: the minister replied, "with three F's," with "Festa, Farina, e la Forca"—that is, with shows to divert them, as they are a credulous gaping people; with flour to make paste and maccaroni, for a Neapolitan is always eating, and will guttle and cram himself even after his appetite is gone; and with the gallows to restrain their cruelty and treason. They made, in return, the following epigram on Charles and Tanuccio, on occasion of the return of the former to Spain. I may mention that "Ciaccio" means, in vulgar Italian, an ass or donkey.

"Se si parte il re di Spagna,
La Madonna lo accompagna,
Ma se lascia con noi Tanuccio,
Lo Frastiamo sopra un Ciaccio."

I see no great wit in this childish composition, and insert it only as a sequel to my anecdote.

The military force of the Neapolitan states does not in the aggregate amount to more than sixty thousand men, of which fifty are troops of the line. The number of their ships of war, including great and small, is twenty—a small quota in the naval armament of a European empire; and these, I am told, are not well manned. Their discipline is however good, and the shortness or weakness of their numbers proceeds not from inability to find sailors, but from an indisposition in the government to pay more than a limited num-

ber. I am inclined to think that Neapolitans would do more as a naval than a land force; they are by nature and habit fitter for the former than the latter. The king however thinks differently, and pays all attention to his royal guards, foot and horse; and if he succeeds in rendering what soldiers he has a formidable force, he will deserve praise; but I much doubt his succeeding. The contingents from Sicily, which form a large portion of the army, are and always will be discontented in his service, and that cordial feeling of patriotism which rendered the French invincible while it lasted, and has caused the British arms to be so much respected, is wanting to the whole corps. Every one however has a hobby, and Ferdinand the Second may perhaps as innocently amuse himself with a military plaything, as with a capricious mistress or an intriguing tyrannical confessor. To persons like myself, whose dear delight is peace, who love antiquities and cultivate letters, a little money laid out in excavations of many parts of his dominions hitherto unexplored, a few more paintings added to his museum, and judicious bounties extended to rising men of science, would give more satisfaction than the most perfect manœuvres which he may bring his troops to execute, and all the splendour and glitter of a military parade; but he thinks perhaps that the first duty of a leader in states is to provide for the safety of his sub-

jects, and that arms, and arms alone, are the occupation of royalty: that although it may be criminal and unworthy to indulge in ambitious schemes, or unprovokedly to molest a neighbour, it is a matter of duty and self-preservation to be able to resist aggression, and that prudence dictates the expediency of appearing in a position able to intimidate those whose amity it may be impossible to ensure. The defects, indeed, of human nature, which render such a view of things just, not merely in empires but also in the fortunes of individuals, oftentimes cause the reflection to escape even crowned heads, how much more valuable are the blessings of peace than the fluctuating advantages of war, and that kings conquer and nations triumph only to fall in arms by turn. Arts and literature, and commerce, and manners, are brought to perfection under the shade of the olive-branch, whilst the laurels of the conqueror often hide wounded brows, and sometimes are unworthily worn by him who is willing to sacrifice the interests of his country to his own private aggrandizement or vanity. A writer who defends the Neapolitans, says, that no people are less understood by those who make a short stay amongst them than they are. They have been reproached with want of courage, and out of their own territory, of late years, they have certainly not distinguished themselves by intrepidity; but they defended the country step

by step on the invasion of the French, and amongst their leaders there are to be found many military men of merit. The corps which formed part of the army of Napoleon, both in Spain and in Russia, passed as respectable troops. I may mention that the Sicilians and the Calabrese were allowed by the French to be proverbially brave. In all street quarrels at Naples, the bystanders invariably protect the weak side. The lower order of citizens, the same author says, are generally honest, although strangers have not been disposed to allow them that virtue. This I have myself remarked, that a traveller who arrives at an inn, and makes purchases at a shop recommended by his landlord, does not reflect that the latter exacts a per-centage from the tradesman on all he sells, for enjoying his patronage. The purchaser pays dear for what he buys, and in the true style of John Bull, if he be an Englishman, always open to false impressions, says that all the natives of the country where he is are rogues. because he has been excised by an individual.

Provisions are dear in the town of Naples; bread, meat, and wine, cost more perhaps than in Paris. Lodgings also are extravagantly paid for; small rooms let high, whilst large palaces go for next to nothing. The Palazzo Belvedere, seated above the town, and the summer residence of the late English ambassador—the water reservoir or cistern of which cost sixty thousand ducats in con-

struction—is now for sale, with the land attached, for only double that sum. In spite of the heat at Naples, there is always in summer a sea-breeze towards mid-day. The display of equipages on a Sunday in the public drives might rival the London ring. The Neapolitans are all fond of show; the lowest merchant will have his gig or carriage; the consequence is the usual one; improvidence begets poverty, and those who have made a handsome figure during their lives often die paupers, without enough even to supply them a decent burial. All here are fond of good living, and exist only for pleasure, when they can enjoy it. Their hours are very late; they turn night into day. Cards, I am sorry to say, are the diabolical books over which they pore, and to which their whole attention is directed: I may say, in some instances, to an extent on which their very existence depends. The education of the females is generally much neglected. After enumerating all the advantages and all the disadvantages of Naples, were I to choose a fixed abode, it would assuredly not be in that town. There is little neatness in the streets, and an eternal noise reigns throughout; bustle and confusion for ever surround one. I like more, for myself, the retirement of a Spanish town than the gaiety of an Italian one; for a man of pleasure, who is rich, there is but one abode in Italy, and that is Naples. You may study and economize at Milan, Flo-

rence, and Rome, but those who travel purely for amusement will go to spend their money at Naples. The hotels are equal to those of Paris; that of the Vittoria is the one in which I lodged. Zin, the landlord, is a connoisseur of paintings, but lost a customer, a rich Jew, by furnishing his apartment with crucifixions of our Saviour, in which figured the most revolting physiognomies of his Asiatic brethren.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PRECINCTS OF NAPLES.—August 12, 1835.

At the end of the Chiaja at Naples rises a hill, which formerly was embellished by the villas of Cicero, of Marius, of Pompey, of Lucullus, of Virgil, and of Pollio; which last of these names is, in my opinion, as worthy of fame as any of the great ones which precede it, when it is recollected that he was the first who established a public library at Rome, and was as gallant and renowned a general as an elegant historian. The favourite of Augustus, he enjoyed a prolonged term of life, and died peaceably at eighty years of age, after a useful and honourable career. All remains of these edifices have now disappeared, but the hill remains in its original beauty; it bounds Naples to the west, and a passage is cut through the rock, affording a road to the famous Pozzuoli, which is called the grotto of Posilippo. At sunset, in the autumn season, the oblique rays of light penetrate through the cavern, which is more than half an English mile in length,

with a highly pleasing effect. At its entrance, on a steep crag hanging perpendicularly over the passage and marked by a small column, is the tomb of Virgil. He whom we now consider as a god in poetry, whose memory is so much respected, and whose place of sepulture has gained so much renown as to be visited by the inhabitants of distant countries, was near losing the memory of his last abode, had not the piety of Silius Italicus, honouring the dignity of the Mantuan muse, pointed out this sepulchre to after-generations by a monumental inscription. Here the young and the old pluck some leaf from the trees, or gather a stone, or preserve a flower, in memory of their visits to the spot, and the retreat Virgil loved when living possesses him dead. Near this place reposes another poet:—on one side of the hill of Posilippo is the small church of Santa Maria del Parto, founded by the poet Sannazaro, and the house he occupied is still to be seen, contiguous to the bank washed by the sea. His tomb in the church is admired; the supporters to the monument are two figures of Apollo and Minerva, found, it is said, on the site of the villa of Lucullus, but presented in this holy precinct under the reverend names of David and Judith. I question however the antiquity of these statues; they appear of a much more modern date than that which is ascribed to them;

the marble is not white, but full of veins, and they seemed, to me at least, heavy.

On the evening of the sixth of August, I left Naples for Castellamare, which place I reached after a sail of about three hours. The distance is however only fourteen miles. At night, the face of nature illumined by the moon, with the outlines of the mountains cutting with their dark edges the silver azure of the sky, produced a striking and most beautiful effect. Vesuvius exhaled from its conical summit a cloud of smoke, which, growing wider and thinner in the distance, appeared like a plume of grey feathers waving to the wind. Castellamare is a watering-place famous for mineral springs, and well peopled, having ten thousand inhabitants. The waters are most beneficial for the gouty and the bilious, and are variously intense in quality. They are sulphureous and purgative, and when they do not act upon the bowels, search out other parts of the system, particularly the kidneys, and pass away, either in urine or perspiration, with the best effects to those who use them. The natives of Calabria, Apulia, and the other Neapolitan provinces, flock to these waters in the summer season; they arrive green as olives, or yellow as oranges, and depart with clear and healthy complexions. Many English, Russian, French, and other foreign families, fix their abodes in this watering-place during the summer, to avoid the

heats, and almost all take the waters, some from necessity and some from fashion. Mr. Roskelly, the eminent practitioner of Naples, a man to be praised as often as he is named, especially by myself, for he is the only medical man whose prescriptions and advice have benefited my health, has a high opinion of the efficacy of these mineral springs, and prefers them for his patients, in many instances, to the antidotes and drugs found at the chemists. Castellamare is barren of antiquities; but it possesses what are more essential to its visiters, namely, excellent inns. I may add, the place is not infected by flies or gnats, which are so offensive in most towns of this latitude during the hot weather.

On the morning after my arrival, I embarked for Sarento, which is eight Italian miles distant, and had the pleasure of contemplating its temple of Neptune from the sea. This ancient edifice consists of a vault on the shore, which communicates with another at some distance by a path cut through a large projecting rock, thus forming two divisions. The second vault, which is of considerable size, presents a chamber full of deep water, fit for bathing, for which purpose it was doubtless used in ancient times. There are projections of pavement, and some remains of ancient walls, under the sea in front of the entrance, indicating that the whole distance between the two caverns was enclosed by walls. The admirer of Italian literature will

here enjoy a treat:—the house inhabited by Tasso is still to be seen. Without entering into the question whether this poet be equal to Virgil or Milton, (for I believe no one will dare to compare any succeeding epic writer with Homer,) it cannot be disputed that he has passages of tenderness and description, the beauty of which appears to me never to have been surpassed. In the garden of Armida, he may have copied the author of the Odyssey—and that indeed is no fault—but generally speaking he is quite original, and dependent for praise upon himself alone. What once served for his residence is of moderate size and antiquated construction; a staircase, separating at the top into two branches, leads to the different apartments, most of which, I was told, remain in the same state as they were when he inhabited them. The proprietor occasionally accommodates families who choose Sarento for a residence. The terrace on which Tasso used to recreate himself is not of large dimensions, but commands a beautiful view of Naples, and the opposite coast of Misenum and Pozzuoli. The balustrades or railing of this palace were formerly of worked volcanic stone; they have been exchanged for the more light and fashionable material, iron. That, however, which was once the abode of genius, has to me a charm after the inspiring spirit has fled: I delight in treading the sanctuaries of the learned and the ingenious.

No one can help attentively investigating their situations, and feeling enthusiasm on spots which have been hallowed by the presence of those inspired from heaven for the benefit or delight of mankind. The shores of Greece are still the shores "where burning Sappho loved and sung," although no poetry resounds there now; and the imagination may people Marathon with shades of heroes, though there are no more Persians to destroy. From the town of Sarento are to be seen remains of two ancient temples, one to Venus and another to Fortune, placed at a point of land some way off, and through which a current of the sea passes. To this promontory many parties of pleasure repair; pic-nics are made up by the neighbouring residents, and passengers halt to refresh themselves under the ruins, and enjoy the amenity of the climate and the prospect. Independently of its classic associations, the whole of this coast is beautiful. A cool and refreshing breeze generally reigns in the summer from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, and I have observed that in Naples, and also in this quarter, the ardours of Sirius are more intense after sunset than at mid-day. The population of Sarento may amount to eight thousand inhabitants. The duomo, or cathedral, is a neat building, and the episcopal chair or throne has its canopy supported by two marble pillars, one of which is made of giallo antico, procured from the

ruins of the temple of Venus. There are many bas-reliefs exhibited at the entrance to this church; among the rest I saw a remarkable one, representing the seven sages of Greece, and two others, roughly executed, of the Battle of the Amazons and the Rape of the Sabines. Tricks upon travellers are frequent here, and I was on this occasion the chosen object of imposition. The guide of the place told me that an old woman had recently discovered, whilst at labour in the fields, an ancient and very magnificent vase, for which she had already refused twelve piastres. I anxiously procured this relic for examination, and found it a modern antique-shaped English sugar-bason, of a black colour. The cheat was immediately detected, when I saw that on a side medallion, a little boy, dressed in the costume of the last century, was dancing to a tambourine which he held in his hand. After an excellent dinner at Sarento, I departed for the island of Capri, which I reached after a sail of four hours. The shape of this island is that of a slice of melon, elongated and very narrow. The finest and most picturesque scenery is towards the side which faces Africa. Murat expelled Sir Hudson Lowe and the British from this point, and the national flag of the leopards was lowered before the hero. I trust my countrymen will sometimes confess that they have been beaten by the generals of Bonaparte, without cavilling at the writer who

may commemorate their misfortunes. Capri is miserably poor, but the island abounds in the picturesque; the town itself is situated on an eminence, where we slept, and there is another village of large size at about two miles to the left, called Donna Capri, ascended by steps, which amount in number to the days of the year. Vegetables and fruit are carried from the continent to supply this barren isle, the population of which cannot exceed five thousand persons. Quails are abundant here in the season, and form an article of commerce. The wine made in the island is in the hands of a French house, established at Naples. The liquor, as drank on the spot, is not unpalatable, but what is generally sold as Capri wine is much adulterated with other vintages. On the point of disembarkation there is no pier, and all that meets the eye are a few huts of fishermen. The ruins of the palace of Tiberius are to the southern extremity of the island, and, were it not for the scenery, are hardly worth the trouble of visiting. The obscene caves recorded by Suetonius have been destroyed by time, and if it were not authenticated by history, it would be difficult to believe that an emperor should have fixed his residence in such a spot, remote from the world, when there are doubtless many places on the main land equally eligible for enjoyments, however criminal, and more convenient for the easy acquisition of luxuries and the ordinary comforts

of life. Some of the ancient medals found at Capri are disgustingly indecent. The blue grotto is a chamber in the rocky side of the island, approached through a very narrow pass, just high and wide enough to admit a small boat, and in which the partial transmission of light causes the sea to appear of a dark blue colour. There is nothing besides the palace of Tiberius, and this grotto, that should attract strangers to Capri, who are not painters; but for the latter there are romantic sites and splendid points of view, which may employ their pencils and their studies for many weeks. The only industry of the islanders consists in making straw fly-fans. Nature has here imparted a pure sky and healthy marine breezes—Hygeian gales are wafted continually through the isle—but she has denied riches and luxuriant gifts. In the opulent countries of Europe, the towns are clouded by impure smoke, and the respiration is often impeded by unwholesome exhalations; the health of the human race there dwindles to debility, whilst at Capri the elastic spirit bounds under the weight of threescore, unlike the dull and faint manhood of a commercial existence. Thus it seems that perfect happiness has nowhere been ordained for this world, and a compensation of good and evil pervades animated nature. Bad health, physical and positive misery, exist where there is nothing to distract the mind; and where the bodily state

is good, sometimes the spirit is wounded, and existence becomes more insupportable even than a shattered frame can render it. Repinings are however useless; the truest sage bears his misfortunes with the least murmuring; we are all destined to run our course, and in spite of the impropriety of a belief in the predisposition of events, which we cannot control, most at times feel themselves compelled to acquiesce in the opinion that there are occasions on which our will is not free, and that some accidents and dispensations arrive in a manner so unforeseen and so unmerited, as to shake the piety even of the good.

On the 15th of August I sailed from Naples to Misenum, a promontory famous, in the time of Augustus, as the roadstead for the Roman fleet. The distance, with a fair wind, is performed in three hours, or even less. A theatre exists there in ruins, which is separated from the harbour by a side of rock; the latter was circled with houses, for the accommodation of those serving in the vessels stationed there, and for merchants. Galleries are still to be observed, wrought in the rock, through which the frequenters of the theatres passed, without making the circuit of land to reach it from the town and ships. At the entrance of this harbour the Romans sunk large masses of stone to form a breakwater, lest their galleys should be incom-

moded by the waves. It has always however been secure from and impervious to gales, from its natural position. At the extremity is to be seen a steep declivity, where mountains cut upon the horizon, and at this point the unsuccessful treaty was entered into between Augustus, Antony, and Sextus Pompeius. The two former accepted a repast on board the master galley of the latter; he had them in his power, and a perfidious stab would have rendered him master of the world. The great spirit of his father, however, was transmitted to him, and forbade the deed. He allowed his rivals to depart in safety, though by so doing he courted his own destruction. The tide of fortune never permitted such another opportunity; while perhaps the security he had in the superior naval force at his command when this presented itself, lulled his fear of ultimate failure, and he thought it unworthy to gain by treachery what he might fairly presume that he should compass by honourable force. I confess I have not generally that good opinion of kings and conquerors, to imagine that their consciences are too tender to allow them to take advantage of what chance may throw in their way, from motives of delicacy; yet many will hesitate, whether from goodness or prudence, in committing actions for temporary advantage, which may render them infamous to posterity, and they sometimes respect virtue, because without it even their

position is insecure and precarious in the world and amongst their subjects, and they afford an example to others which, by imitation, may sometimes serve themselves.—Here also are placed by Virgil the Elysian fields, on a plain a little to the right. Some poets have imagined them to be situated in Africa, some at the mouth of the Danube, and others have wandered remotely to seek them in the moon. Virgil however disdained to travel from home for the residence of the departed righteous; he looked round his own fair land, and easily found an appropriate spot for the residence of his worthies. Such as these fields were then, they remain now; no volcanic convulsion has distorted their lovely aspect, and no horrid gap has opened on their gently waving face. Here there are no chilly winter blasts; the temperature remains even and mild throughout the year. Small forest timber covers their slopes, and they enchant all who see them, without the aid of art or the embellishments of human caprice.

At the distance of half a mile from the sea-shore, between Misenum and Baia, exists the famous "piscina," or reservoir of water for the inhabitants of the former place in ancient times, as well as for the fleet which might happen to be then stationed in the port. Viewed at present, and empty as it is, it gives the idea of a large cathedral, supported by arches, and divided into aisles. You descend steps till you arrive at the floor of the

excavation: the top is level with the ground, and is sustained by forty-eight pillars, divided into sections. The internal size is two hundred and twenty-eight Italian palmi in length, ninety-three in width, and twenty-five in height. The material of which it is constructed is brick, covered with strong plaster-work, and almost the whole has remained entire to the present day, and appears as if it might be again repaired and made fit for service at a trifling expense. The water was conveyed to this tank from a distance of forty miles, and was then distributed to the different quarters where it was required, by pipes. The gutter or passage for the fluid is still to be seen. I confess I was charmed with this ancient Roman work, and it is the cleanest and best preserved composition I have seen of the great people by whom it was erected. Its author is not known; some assign it to Augustus, some to Agrippina, and some to Claudius. Perhaps, however, the first of the three may with most reason claim the honour, as a supply of that extent was necessary for the fleet stationed there in his time, being considerably prior to that of the two other reputed founders. To the back of the Piscina are to be seen various subterranean chambers, called the "Cento Camarille," of which tradition has given no certain account. They have been conjectured to be prisons, used by Nero. Along this road, to the Lucrine lake, extended the "Via Herculea"

constructed by Hercules, according to Strabo, and remade by Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus; and near to Baia is a monument called the Sepulchre of Agrippa, which however is supposed to be nothing more than the remains of an ancient theatre. In an inlet of the sea are to be distinguished ancient baths; they appear merely as ruined edifices, but the moderns have dignified them with the pompous appellation of temples to Diana, Mercury, and Venus. This whole coast is full of ruins, and it was here that almost all the famous ancient villas were established. Marcellus, who is celebrated in the golden verses of Virgil, expired at the country-house of Cæsar, which was at Baia. Of the town of Baia nothing remains; a modern fort alone indicates where the most dissolute of all the Roman residences once existed. A sojourn there was considered at that period, by the grave senators and moralists, as savouring only of effeminacy, and nothing was heard within the walls save the sounds of the lyre, and the sighs of licentiousness and love. Of this town Seneca observes, that the contagion of vice in it was so strong as to shame even the affectation of virtue, and that the inmates threw away the mask of decency, and gloried in their depravity. Baia is said to have been founded by Baius, a companion of Ulysses, but stricter inquiries give reason to believe that before the Romans became a debauched nation, the place

was not known, and that in comparison with Pozzuoli and Capreæ, it is of modern date. Following the angles of the coast, I arrived at what are termed the baths of the palace of Nero, and now figure only as springs of sulphureous water, emitted from the earth at a boiling heat. They are used for bathing the sick of the different hospitals, who enter the water for a few seconds, and come out inundated with a profuse perspiration, occasioned by the steam, in a similar manner to the frequenters of the baths in Turkey. They are accommodated with seats to regain strength from their languor, on which they repose till the desired object is attained. The entrance to the cauldron is confined and narrow, under a low vaulted arch, which concentrates the heat of the vapour. When brought to day, the temperature of the liquid is ardent enough to boil an egg in a few moments. All round this neighbourhood are to be seen mouldering walls, and the causeway to the spring is formed from the original hard cement employed by the Romans. That a large edifice once existed here is beyond doubt, although the certainty of its nature, or the purpose for which it served, more than as enclosing a bath, cannot now be traced. Almost facing this is seen a small hill, with a conical top, which was raised from the level earth in three days by a subterranean fire, and it now separates two small lakes, the Lucrine and the Avernian. It was here that Virgil,

in his poetic fancy, placed the descent to the infernal regions, and close by the banks of the Avernus was figured the grotto of the Sibyl. Cicero possessed a villa to the west of the Lucrine Lake, called Cumana, and which was distinct from the one at Pozzuoli, called the Academia. Among the ancients, the bed of oysters belonging to the Lucrine Lake was much esteemed; and the two sister waters were joined by a canal, before the appearance of the mount which now divides them. The hill is called, from the suddenness of its appearance, Monte Nuovo. The ancient appellation of Pozzuoli was Dicearchia, being founded by Diceus, son of Neptune. It was under the Romans a position of such consequence as to be called the Little Rome. The church of the modern town was founded by Saint Paul; and the present cathedral was originally a temple of the Corinthian order, dedicated to Augustus. The town is surrounded by the mounts Olibanus and Gaurus, the Leucogean hills, and the Monte Nuovo. Near to the parish church is a colossal pedestal, round which are figured the fourteen cities restored and rebuilt by Tiberius after an earthquake. From the port of Pozzuoli are to be seen the arches on which Caligula constructed a bridge to Baia, in order that he might pass from one city to the other on horseback; of this bridge the supporters still remain. The great curiosity of the town, however, is what is called the temple

to Isis, though some maintain it to have been erected to Esculapius, from the mineral waters below, and it now serves as part of the building to the baths: it was never finished. The groundwork of the plan, and three columns, still remain perfect. The former is one hundred and sixty-three palmi long, by one hundred and forty-two wide. There was a coloured portico in the middle, ascended by steps, and round which stood sixteen columns. Time has however spared little of these. Round the whole interior were rooms which served for the accommodation of the priests and holy men attached to the edifice. It had four entrances, besides a principal one, opposite to which was the cell where stood the statue of the Divinity, and which was ornamented with six large columns. An anomaly which has never been explained, is, that many marine remains are found close up to the site of this building. The mineral waters, as may be supposed from the vicinity, are sulphureous, and esteemed beneficial for the rheumatic. As the traveller draws near to Naples, he will find a hermitage on a promontory, surrounded by sharp rocks of great size, and on one of them is suspended a basket, attached by a pole, where the holy man, devoted to Saint Francis, the god of the fishers, implores charity from the passengers. Some remains of ancient brick in this place are said to denote the school of Virgil, and on the brow of a neighbouring emi-

nence is seen a white spot, called the Solfaterra. Although limited in extent, it was considered a volcano, and called by the ancients the furnace of Vulcan. The lake of Agnano, on this road, near Naples, is formed by an accumulation of water in the fiery pit of an extinct volcano, and on the side is the Grotto del Caso, noted by Pliny, which exhales carbonic acid vapour, destructive to animal life in a few seconds. A dog exposed to it quivers and loses animation almost immediately, which however the creature regains on removal and exposure to the fresh and wholesome atmosphere.

I will now say somewhat more of the eastern side of Naples, namely, of Portici, Herculaneum, and the neighbourhood of Pompeii. To be diffuse on these places, the most interesting perhaps in the world, would require a volume; I will therefore only sketch their general character and appearance. Portici may be called a suburb of Naples, at four miles distance. It stands over the remains of Herculaneum, and is a modern town, but contains a pleasure-seat of the royal family of Naples, and the court choose this and that of Capo di Monte for their autumnal residence, spending nearly two months in each place. The palace of Portici was built by the Bourbonic King Charles, with however a very bad plan; for the high road runs between the middle of the building. It possesses a fine view over the bay to the back, and the general dimensions of the

rooms are grand and striking. In one of them are the portraits by Gerard of Bonaparte, of Madame Letitia his mother, of Lucien Bonaparte, and two of the gallant and ill-fated Murat; one as he appeared in his imperial robes, a full length, and another half length of him as a high admiral, in a beautiful suit of silver and blue. In spite of altered circumstances, these portraits of great personages still keep their places. When envy and prejudice have passed away, they will perhaps be considered as European treasures, and kingdoms will dispute for the possession of those whose lives were a romance, and whose great deeds would form a history, equalling almost, in the strangeness of its interest, the narratives of fable. A small theatre is fitted up in this palace with much taste. Specimens of the Neapolitan porcelain, which however is much inferior to the Dresden and French, abound in the rooms, and tables in verd antique and lava meet the eye of the visiter in every direction. They are in accordance with what is to be expected in a volcanic neighbourhood, the material of which forms ornamental furniture. I saw many objects of curiosity, many painted walls, and carved sideboards, and every thing reminded me that taste had not yet abandoned the people among whom I moved, that the spirits of the older worthies still animated their successors, and the inspirations which they possessed breathed from out their descendants, damped indeed by subjection,

and fettered by new customs and a new religion. In fact, a country so beautiful as Italy cannot but give birth to people whose minds are accordant with its loveliness. They look on nature, and are inspired; they regard the models and works of their ancestors, and are penetrated with their beauties; give them books, and they appreciate the labours of those gone before, and form a style in every thing they undertake pure and chastened after their model. If the Dutch, amidst their fogs and humid skies, have produced representations of nature novel and enchanting, why should not the Italian, with his natural ingenuity, succeed, who has all creation, sea, land, and heaven, open and smiling on him, and requiring scarcely more than true representation in a copyist, to gain him credit in their display?— The remains of the town of Herculaneum are very interesting; it is said to have been founded fifty years before the taking of Troy, and we have a certainty that it was coeval with the very earliest period of the Roman republic. In one street the houses remain almost entire, and some of them consisted of two stories. The Museum of Naples is enriched by the spoils of this ancient city, and contains all that is most curious in its paintings and sculpture, although enough has been left standing on the walls to give a very good idea of the ancient mode of adorning chambers, and their peculiar forms. Herculaneum

had been much damaged by an earthquake sixteen years before it was overwhelmed with lava. This last calamity happened in the 79th year of the Christian era. The flood of burning liquid was deposited in various strata or beds. The sea was driven back near a thousand feet by the rush of the stony deluge, and the ancient port of Retina entirely filled. Charles the Third began to make the excavations, and was the first to examine these subterraneous vaults, which are much below the surface of Portici. The accidental circumstance of sinking a shaft for water disclosed the theatre, which is of the usual horse-shoe shape, similar to the one at Pompeii, but larger. Pliny the younger wrote an account of the eruption, which destroyed both these towns. In consequence of a desire to see an old friend and acquaintance, Mr. Keppel Craven, I undertook the journey from Castellamare—which is at some distance from Herculaneum, and to which I have proceeded—to the Monte della Virgine, where he resides, at the village of Penta, near Salerno. The road the whole way from the sea-shore in this direction, is very romantic and interesting; I passed mountain scenery of the choicest kind, and was gratified with a sight of Italice, a village on the hills, not to be approached in a carriage. It was hither that Pliny fled to avoid the eruption of Vesuvius, in which he perished. This hamlet,

of a date anterior even to the other towns buried by the fiery mountain, maintains its original situation, and though now extremely poor, was once rich, till converted by Sylla, who ruined it, into a villa. The inhabitants, however, have as yet lived from youth to age through successive generations unmolested by the fiery element, and secure in their mediocrity of fortune. They have seen the riches and the power of their neighbours rise and fall, and have contemplated in security the convulsions and destruction of worldly pride and greatness. They have been protected by the divinity who wards off ruin from the humble, and in these retreats the rustic has sunk to the grave, not by the sudden blast of calamity or violence, but by the gradual decay of a calm old age. Of those gone by it may be said that, the common lot fulfilled, all are equal in the grave; but the moralist has pleasure in being able to picture to himself some good genius protecting the simple children of nature, who, satisfied with what he bestows on them, look not beyond the accomplishment of their ordinary wants for pleasure and delight. The town of Nocera, through which I passed, and which stands more than half way between Castellamare and the Penta, (the entire distance being seventeen miles,) presents nothing interesting; but soon after leaving it, I entered on dells and glades worthy of, and which would do honour to, our romantic Derbyshire. The

residence of Mr. Craven is very spacious, and replete with every comfort. He himself is favourably known to the public as the author of the Tour in Calabria, a work displaying learning, genius, and a cultivated mind: his conversation and his manners are equally pleasing, and the former most instructive. It were much to be desired that he would give to the world his essays on the Abruzzi. The shape of his house is picturesque in the extreme; it was formerly a convent, and much land is attached to it, so that the owner unites the employment of an English country gentleman to the pleasure of an Italian villa: all the monastic peculiarities of construction remain, whilst judicious management has introduced every modern convenience. After dinner we drove on the Salerno road, and passed the village of Baronisi, where the famous bandit "Fra Diavolo" distinguished himself during the occupation of the territory by the French. A price, however, was set on his head—gold is tempting to all, even when not obtained by the apprehension of a criminal—he was seized and slain, and I saw his betrayer sitting quietly in conversation with the other country folks at the door of an apothecary's shop, the general resort for all idlers in the small Italian towns. How often have I enjoyed the delightful opera of Fra Diavolo in the happy clime of France!—Distant scenes and associations crowded to my mind, and I

attached far more interest to the village of Baronisi, and this history, from recollection of the places and persons amongst which and whom I heard it, than I probably should otherwise have done. A withered leaf—any slight token—will often call back the emotions of the heart, and cause it to overflow. I was obliged to leave my hospitable entertainer on the following day, and proceeded to Naples, passing again through Nocera, and visiting the ruins of Pompeii. This city, on which volumes have been and still may be written, and which would occupy in minute examination many weeks, I scanned with a hasty glance, but I hope my mind was alive to the recollections they bring back of ancient history, and the awful lesson they impart to the beholder of the perishableness of all earthly things. As we cannot penetrate into the future, we are curious about the past; and Pompeii presents a rich banquet for the inquisitive. The man of pleasure will be able to guess, from the remains of this town, how the baths, the porticos, the kitchens, the theatres, and the apartments of the votaries of epicurism were distributed two thousand years ago:—if he be not satisfied with modern luxury, he will have it in his power to copy the ancient. The philosopher will see the schools, the halls of justice, the prisons, the barracks of soldiers, in short all the domestic economy of those from whom our ideas of government and policy are borrowed: he can

compare the former with the modern, and be at least satisfied by informing himself whether they were better or worse than those of his own country. The moralist may linger in the street of tombs, and remark that the inflexible creditor spared neither the young, the rich, nor the great, and was as capriciously unmerciful to the inmates of Pompeii in those days, as he proves himself to us in these. The forum, which is four hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty broad, is surrounded by its marble seats, and conveys even now to the spectator the idea that it wants only inmates to be again the market of the town. Close by are the remains of the basilica, or justice-hall, the college of the priests, and the temples of Venus, of Jupiter, and of Mercury. I saw a beautiful marble altar for sacrificing, which was under lock and key in one of the ruined houses, previously to being transported to Naples. I had been told, however, that the government had determined on leaving all the different features of this disinterred town where they were found, to render their illusion still more complete, and no more to dismantle its houses. I saw among the excavations, where the explorers were now at work, the grape flourishing with its tendrils over the mutilated shafts and walls of a half-buried edifice. The tesselated pavement, so famous as to have been engraved and exhibited in every corner of Naples, represents the battle of Arbela

between Darius and Alexander, forming the pavement of a small room, and is covered and protected by a shade of glass;—but there is a smaller one quite perfect, an allegorical representation of the river Nile, and filled with marine animals, which I think much more beautiful in point of colour and execution, and, as far as I could judge, by the same hand. This last, however, is left shamefully without protection. Of the large mosaic a considerable portion is wanting. The temple of Isis is small, but very perfect; indeed, the only part wanting is the roof. After lingering a few hours in this place, I proceeded on my journey to Naples, dining at the Torre del Annunziata, and gained the capital through the towns of Torre del Greco and Portici, which form a street of five miles in length. The road is volcanic all the way, and pieces of lava obtrude themselves in every direction, both in the town and country. The buildings of these suburbs of Naples are almost all palaces without an inhabitant, untidy and ill-kept; they have generally gardens down to the sea, and present an aspect of departed opulence. Caserta is a famous royal seat, which I have neglected to see, and am told that its aqueduct is magnificent, and the structure of its palace accordant with what is due to royalty; but all is modern, and those familiar with English parks and English splendour are often disappointed and fatigued with what they

see on the continent, even before they reach Naples.

I have now finished what I have at present to say concerning the shores of the Mediterranean; and though removed now to a great distance from Italy, I confess that it contains perhaps more worth seeing than more distant regions—that is, the west of the Mediterranean is more interesting than the east. Every one however can judge according to fancy; and I hope at no distant period to give to the world my notes of what I have observed in the Archipelago and on the Bosphorus.

THE END.

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